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THE

CHRISTIAN PSALMIST;

BEING

A COLLECTION

OF

PSALMS, HYMNS, AND SPIRITUAL SONGS

COMPILED FROM

THE MOST APPROVED AUTHORS,

AND DESIGNED AS

A STANDARD HYMN BOOK,

FOR

PUBLIC AND SOCIAL WORSHIP.

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Speaking to yourselves, in psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs.
Paul.

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PUBLISHERS' ADVERTISEMENT.

CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

Pew Edition.

JAMES KAY, JUN. & BROTHER, 122 Chestnut street, PHILADELPHIA, and JOHN I. KAY & CO., corner of Third and Wood streets, PITTSBURGH, respectfully inform the CHRISTIAN SOCIETY at large, that, under the authority of the "*Committee of the Christian Book Association*," and the superintendence of Elder Frederick Plummer, one of that Committee and one of the Compilers of the work, they have published a stereotype Pew edition of the "Christian Psalmist," the standard Hymn Book of the Connection, which has been executed on a most legible type (made expressly for the purpose). This edition is fully equal, in quality of printing, paper and binding, to the Pocket edition, already extensively known throughout the Connection; with which, it is scarcely necessary to state, it corresponds, *word for word, and page for page.* Price for the Pew edition wholesale, 60 cents per copy.

CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

Pocket Edition.

The Publishers of the Pew edition of the "Christian Psalmist," also inform the Christian Society, that, by direction of and under an arrangement with the above Committee, the publication of the Pocket edition has been transferred from the Messrs. Harper of New-York, to them. They will execute it in a style equal to that of the best edition already published. Price for the Pocket edition, wholesale, 33 1-3 cents per copy.

A large supply of the above Publications in plain binding at the prices above mentioned, and in various extra bindings at the customary advances on the prices in plain binding, will be kept constantly on hand, in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. Orders, enclosing a remittance, from Ministers, Churches, and individuals generally, are respectfully solicited. The books will be promptly and carefully forwarded to any part of the United States, as directed.

PREFACE.

SACRED music has ever been considered an essential part of the exercises of the sanctuary. It is truly a delightful privilege, as well as a duty, to which we are frequently exhorted in the holy scriptures, to celebrate the high praises of God, and to lift up our hearts with our voices "in the assembly of the upright, and in the congregation."

In the performance of this sacred duty, it is highly important that a strict regard be had to the sentiments contained in the language we employ. However great may be the poetical merits of the hymn, if it be found to contain expressions at variance with, or doctrines not explicitly and clearly taught in the word of God, it should be rejected.

Acting upon this principle, the compilers of this work have endeavoured to select such hymns only, as are in strict conformity with the language of scripture, and they confidently believe they have introduced none which may not be used by any body of Christians without offence to their peculiar views in matters of doctrine.

In making their selections, the compilers have had recourse to a great variety of collections of devotional poetry, and have examined, perhaps, most of the best publications which have appeared since the time of the pious and excellent Dr. Watts. A great proportion of the hymns, however, it will be seen, are taken from the compositions of Watts, Wesley, Doddridge, Cowper, Newton, Steele, Beddome and Montgomery, who are deservedly regarded as standard authors in sacred poetry.

This selection will be found to embrace compositions upon all the prominent subjects of the scriptures, including the emblematical figures and representations in which they abound, together with a great variety of hymns expressive of the affections and emotions of

the heart under particular circumstances in life. Many of the hymns relate to the superiority and importance of the active and personal virtues, or that religion which rests not merely on speculative belief, but which changes the heart and controls the life of its possessor.

The compilers have occasionally met with hymns requiring some slight alterations, which they conceived themselves justifiable in making in order to adapt them to the general plan and character of the work. Few alterations have, however, been made, except in changing the singular number into the plural, where it could be done without affecting the measure or harmony of the verse, the plural form of expression being considered more appropriate in social worship.

In the general arrangement of the work, it has been thought judicious to appropriate one portion to the psalms, another to the hymns, and a third to the spiritual songs. The several parts of each psalm are arranged according to their metres, and numbered continuously. The hymns are distributed under their proper heads, and the songs are placed at the close of the book, and arranged under running titles as far as was practicable.

In the index to the first lines, and also in that to the subjects, the psalms, hymns and spiritual songs, are referred to indiscriminately, and the reference is always to the page.

With these remarks and explanations, the compilers submit this work, on which they have expended much time and labour, to the Christian public. And, at the same time, they would affectionately urge the importance of singing "with the spirit and with the understanding also." Let the purport and energy of the sentiments contained in the hymn, be transfused into the heart, and we shall thus avoid the imputation of offering to the Most High the homage of our lips, while our hearts are cold and unmoved; and thus will God indeed be worshipped in his earthly temple.

THE COMPILERS.

New-York, March, 1833.

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PSALMS.

1. FIRST PART. C. M. TATE & BRADY

The Righteous and the Wicked.

1 HOW blest is he, who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk;
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk:

2 But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bent,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

4 Ungodly men, and their attempts,
No lasting root shall find;
Untimely blasted, and dispersed,
Like chaff before the wind.

5 For God approves the just man's ways;
To happiness they tend;
But sinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

1. SECOND PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 BLEST is the man, who shuns the place,
Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways;
And hates the scoffer's seat:—

2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has placed his chief delight;
By day, he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

3 He, like a plant of generous kind,
By living waters set,
Safe from the storm and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.

4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair,
Shall his profession shine;
While fruits of holiness appear,
Like clusters on the vine.

5 Not so the impious and unjust:—
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff, before the storm.

6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand,
Among the sons of grace
When Christ, the Judge, at his right hand
Appoints his saints a place.

1. THIRD PART. S. M. WATTS.

1 THE man is ever blest,
Who shuns the sinners' ways;
Among their councils never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place:—

2 But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labours of the day
And watches of the night.

3 He, like a tree, shall thrive,
With waters near the root;
Fresh as the leaf, his name shall live;
His works are heavenly fruit.

4 Not so th' ungodly race;
They no such blessings find:
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

2. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

Christ exalted and his enemies warned.

1 ATTEND, O earth, when God declares
His uncontrolled decree:—
"Thou art my Son—this day, my heir
Have I begotten thee.

2 "Ask—and receive thy full demands—
Thine shall the heathen be;
The utmost limits of the lands
Shall be possessed by thee."

3 Learn, then, ye princes—and give ear,
Ye judges of the earth;
Worship the Lord with holy fear,
Rejoice with awful mirth.

3. C. M. Tate & Brady.

God our defence. Morning.

1 THOU, gracious Lord, art our defence;
On thee our hopes rely;
Thou art our glory, and shalt yet
Lift up our heads on high.

2 Guarded by him, we laid us down,
Our sweet repose to take;
For we through him securely sleep,
Through him in safety wake.

3 Salvation to the Lord belongs;
He only can defend;
His blessings he extends to all,
That on his power depend.

4. FIRST PART. L. M. Spirit of the Psalms.

True Riches.

1 AMIDST unsatisfied desires,
Or trouble's overwhelming flood,
Eager the doubting heart inquires,
O who will show us any good?

2 But happy they who serve the Lord,
And in his holy name believe;
They know, from his all-gracious word,
That he will every want relieve.

3 When humbly offering at his shrine
The grateful homage of the heart,
The Lord will hear, and grace divine
In rich and copious streams impart.

4 Worldlings, who wealth and honours love,
Full many a weary vigil keep;
But he whose treasure is above,
Shall rest secure, and sweetly sleep.

4. SECOND PART. C. M. WATTS.

Rest and Peace in God.

1 LORD, Thou wilt hear us when we pray,
We are for ever thine:
We fear before thee all the day,
Nor would we dare to sin.

2 And while we rest our weary heads,
From care and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on our beds
With our own hearts and thee.

3 We pay this evening sacrifice;
And when our work is done,
Great God, our faith, our hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with our thoughts composed to peace,
We'll give our eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps our days,
And will our slumbers keep.

5. FIRST PART. C. M. WATTS.

Communion with God. Morning.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
Our voice ascending high;
To thee we will direct our prayer,
To thee lift up our eye.

2 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand:
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

3 But to thy house will we resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
We will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

4 O may thy Spirit guide our feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before our face.

5 The men, who love and fear thy name,
Shall see their hopes fulfilled;
The mighty God will compass them
With favour as a shield.

5. SECOND PART. C. M. WRAGHAM.

1 LORD, hear us when without disguise
Our words to thee ascend;
And when our meditations rise,
Oh graciously attend.

2 Before thy throne we'll humbly fall,
And all our troubles bring;
On thee alone for help we'll call,
Our righteous God and King.

3 Soon as the morning rays appear,
We'll lift our eyes above;
Our voice shall reach thy listening ear,
And supplicate thy love.

4 Within thy house our voice shall rise
Before thy mercy-seat;
There will we fix our steadfast eyes,
And worship at thy feet.

5 In righteousness thy strength display,
And our protection be;
Teach us to know that only way,
Which leads to heaven and thee.

6. FIRST PART. L. M. PRATT'S COLL.

Severe Chastisements deprecated.

1 LORD, we can suffer thy rebukes,
When thou with kindness dost chastise;
But thy fierce wrath we cannot bear
Oh let it not against us rise.

2 Pity our languishing estate,
And ease the sorrow that we feel;
The wounds thy heavy hand hath made,
O Lord, in tender mercy heal.

3 Look how the powers of nature mourn!
How long, almighty God, how long?
When shall thine hour of grace return?
When shall we make thy grace our song?

6. SECOND PART. C. M. NEWTON.

1 IN mercy, not in wrath, rebuke,
Thy feeble worm, our God;
Our spirit dreads thine angry look,
And trembles at thy rod.

2 Have mercy, Lord, for we are weak;
Regard our humble cry:
Oh let thy voice of comfort speak,
And bring salvation nigh.

3 Oh come, and show thy power to save,
And spare our fainting breath;
For who can praise thee in the grave,
Or sing thy name in death?

4 Satan, our cruel, envious foe,
Insults us in our pain;
He smiles to see us brought so low,
And tells us hope is vain:—

5 But hence, thou enemy, depart,
Nor tempt us to despair;
Our Saviour comes to cheer our heart;
The Lord has heard our prayer.

7. L. M. PRATT'S COLL.

God the Righteous Judge.

1 THE Lord is judge—before his throne
All nations shall his justice own:
Oh may our souls be found sincere,
And stand approved with courage there.

2 The Lord, in righteousness arrayed,
Surveys the world his hands have made;
Pierces the heart, and tries the reins,
And judgment from on high ordains.

3 Our God, our shield, around us place
The shelter of the Saviour's grace:
Then, when thine arm the just shall save,
Our life shall triumph o'er the grave.

8. FIRST PART. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

Condescending Grace.

1 O THOU, to whom all creatures bow,
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world, how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

2 When heaven, thy glorious work on high,
Employs our wondering sight;
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light;—

3 Lord, what is man! that thou shouldst choose
To keep him in thy mind!
Or what his race! that thou shouldst prove
To them so wondrous kind!

4 O thou, to whom all creatures bow,
Within this earthly frame;
Through all the world, how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

8. SECOND PART. C. M. Mrs. Steele.

God's distinguishing goodness to man.

1 THY wisdom, power, and goodness, Lord,
In all thy works appear;
But most thy praise should man record,
Man, thy distinguished care.

2 From thee the breath of life he drew;
That breath thy pow'r maintains;
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.

3 Thy providence, his constant guard
When threat'ning ills impend,
Or will th' impending dangers ward,
Or timely succours lend.

4 Yet nobler favours claim his praise,
Of reason's light possess'd;
By revelation's brighter rays
Still more divinely blest.

5 All-bounteous Lord, thy grace impart
O teach us to improve
Thy gifts with ever grateful heart,
And crown them with thy love.

9. FIRST PART. C. M. Tate & Brady.

Delight in Praising God.

1 TO celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
We will our hearts prepare;
To all the listening world, thy works,
Thy wondrous works declare.

2 The thought of them shall to our souls
Exalted pleasures bring;
While to thy name, O thou Most High,
Triumphant praise we sing.

3 Thou art, O Lord, a sure defence
Against oppressing rage;
As troubles rise, thy needful aid
In our behalf engage.

4 To celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
We will our hearts prepare;
To all the listening world, thy works,
Thy wondrous works, declare.

9. SECOND PART. C. M. WRAGHAM.

God Glorious as a Judge and Deliverer.

1 TO God, who dwells on Zion's mount,
Your lofty voices raise;
Through all the earth his works recount,
In solemn hymns of praise.

2 The Lord in righteousness is known,
In judgment seen by all;
The wicked, who his name disown,
By their own works shall fall.

3 O Lord, in majesty arise,
The heathen's power assail;
Exalt thyself above the skies,
And let not man prevail.

4 Thou art, O God, the righteous Lord,
Thy name shall still endure;
Thy throne of judgment, and thy word,
Shall stand for ever sure.

9. THIRD PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 WITH our who e hearts we'll raise our song
Thy wonders we'll proclaim:
Thou, sovereign Judge of right and wrong,
Wilt put our foes to shame.

2 We'll sing thy majesty and grace;
Our God prepares his throne,
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his vengeance known.

3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all the poor oppressed,
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.

4 The men, who know thy name, will trust
In thine abundant grace;

For thou hast ne'er forsook the just,
Who humbly sought thy face.

5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill,
Who executes his threatening word,
And doth his grace fulfil.

10. L. M. PRATT'S COLL.

Jehovah the Avenger of the Oppressed.

1 JEHOVAH reigns—your tribute bring;
Proclaim the Lord, th' eternal King:
Crown him, ye saints, with holy joy,
His arm shall all your foes destroy.

2 Thou, Lord, ere yet the humble mind
Had formed to prayer the wish designed,
Hast heard the secret sigh arise,
While, swift to aid, thy mercy flies.

3 Thy Spirit shall our hearts prepare;
Thine ear shall listen to our prayer:
Thou, righteous Judge! thou Power divine
On thee the fatherless recline.

4 The Lord shall save th' afflicted breast,
His arm shall vindicate th' oppressed;
Earth's mightiest tyrant feel his power,
Nor sin, nor Satan grieve them more.

11. FIRST PART. L. M. SPIRIT OF THE PS.

God's Retributions.

1 WHEN all bespeak a Father's love,
Oh wherefore, fearful as the dove,
Should we in times of peril flee
To any refuge, Lord, but Thee?

2 In vain the wicked bend their bow,
And seek to lay the righteous low;
Thou from thine everlasting throne
With watchful care regard'st thine own.

3 Thy voice shall seal the sinner's fate;
Just vengeance shall his crimes await;
While the bright beams of grace divine
Shall on thy faithful servants shine.

11. SECOND PART. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Lord is Righteous.

1 THE Lord is in his holy place,
And from his throne on high,
He looks upon the human race
With omnipresent eye.

2 He proves the righteous, marks their path;
In him the weak are strong;
But violence provokes his wrath:
The Lord abhorreth wrong.

3 The righteous Lord will take delight
Alone in righteousness;
The just are pleasing in his sight,
The humble he will bless.

12. C. M. WATTS.

Aid invoked in Times of great wickedness

1 HELP, Lord, for men of virtue fail,
Religion loses ground;
The sons of violence prevail,
And treacheries abound.

2 Their oaths and promises they break,
They act the flatterer's part:
With fair, deceitful lips they speak,
But with a double heart.

3 Lord, when iniquities abound,
And blasphemy grows bold,
When faith is hardly to be found,
And love is waxing cold,—

4 Is not thy chariot hastening on?
Hast thou not given the sign?
May we not trust and live upon
A promise so divine?

5 Yes—saith the Lord—now will I rise,
And make oppressors flee;
I shall appear to their surprise,
And set my servants free.

13. FIRST PART. L. M. WATTS.

Mourning an absent God.

1 HOW long, O Lord, shall we complain,
Like one that seeks his God in vain?

How long shall we thine absence mourn,
And still despair of thy return?

2 Hear, Lord, and grant us quick relief,
Before our death concludes our grief;
If thou withhold thy heavenly light,
We sleep in everlasting night.

3 How will the powers of darkness boast,
If but one praying soul be lost:
But we have trusted in thy grace,
And shall again behold thy face.

4 Whate'er our fears or foes suggest,
Thou art our hope, our joy, our rest;
Our hearts shall feel thy love—and raise
Our cheerful voice to songs of praise.

13. SECOND PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 HOW long wilt thou conceal thy face,
Our God, how long delay?
When shall we feel those heavenly rays,
That chase our fears away?

2 How long shall our afflicted soul
Wrestle and toil in vain?
Thy word can all our foes control,
And ease our raging pain.

3 Be thou our sun, and thou our shield,
Our souls in safety keep;
Make haste, before our eyes are sealed
In death's eternal sleep.

4 Thou wilt display that sovereign grace,
Whence all our comforts spring;
We shall employ our lips in praise
And thy salvation sing.

13. THIRD PART. 7s. PRATT'S COLL.

1 LORD of mercy, just and kind,
Wilt thou ne'er our guilt forgive?
Never shall our troubled mind
In thy kind remembrance live?

2 Lord, how long shall Satan's art
Tempt our harassed souls to sin,
Triumph o'er our humbled heart,
Fears without and guilt within?

3 Lord, our God, thine ear incline,
Bending to the prayer of faith;
Cheer our eyes with light divine,
Lest we sleep the sleep of death.

4 But on mercy we rely—
Mercy, heavenly Lord, impart,
Mercy brings salvation nigh;
Mercy shall rejoice our heart.

5 Lord we lift our voice in praise,
All thy bounty to adore;
From eternity thy grace
Flows, increasing evermore.

14. C. M. WATTS.

Atheism arising from Depravity.

1 ARE sinners now so hardened grown,
That they the saints devour?
And never worship at thy throne,
Nor fear thine awful power?

2 Great God, appear to their surprise,
Reveal thy dreadful name;
Let them no more thy wrath despise,
Nor turn our hope to shame.

3 Dost thou not dwell among the just?
And yet our foes deride,
That we should make thy name our trust.
Great God confound their pride.

4 Oh! that the joyful day was come
To finish our distress!—
When God shall bring his children home
Our songs shall never cease.

15. FIRST PART. L. M. WATTS.

The Citizen of Zion.

1 WHO shall ascend thy heavenly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?—
The man who loves religion now,
And humbly walks with God below:—

2 Whose hands are pure—whose heart is clean
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean;
No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.

3 He loves his enemies—and prays
For those who curse him to his face
And does to all men still the same
That he could hope or wish from them.

4 Yet, when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone:—
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

15. SECOND PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 WHO shall inhabit in thy hill,
O God of holiness?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace?

2 The man who walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands;
Who trusts his Maker's promises,
And follows his commands;—

3 He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor slanders with his tongue;
Will scarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbour wrong;—

4 The wealthy sinner he contemns,
Loves all who fear the Lord;
And though to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word;—

5 His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never wrong the poor:—
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heaven secure.

16. FIRST PART. L. M. WATTS.

Humility of a good Man.

1 PRESERVE us, Lord, in time of need,
For succour to thy throne we flee,
But have no merits there to plead:
Our goodness cannot reach to thee.

2 Oft have our hearts and tongues confessed,
How empty and how poor we be:
Our praise can never make thee blest,
Nor add new glories unto thee.

3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good we do;

These are the company we keep,
These are the choicest friends we know.

4 Let others choose the sons of mirth,
And give their hours to noise and wine:
We love the men of heavenly birth,
Whose thoughts and language are divine.

16. SECOND PART. C. M. WATTS.

Delight in God and his People.

1 LET heathens to their idols haste,
And worship wood or stone;
But our delightful lot is cast
Where God is truly known.

2 His hand provides our constant food;
He fills our daily cup:
Much are we pleased with present good,
But more rejoice in hope.

3 God is our portion and our joy;
His counsels are our light;
He gives us sweet advice by day,
And keeps us safe by night.

4 Our souls would all their thoughts approve
To his all-seeing eye;—
Not death, nor hell, our hope shall move,
While such a friend is nigh.

5 Thou shalt the paths of life display,
Which to thy presence lead;
Where pleasures dwell without alloy,
And joys that never fade.

17. S. M. WATTS.

Prospects of the Righteous and Wicked.

1 ARISE, our gracious God,
And make the wicked flee;
They are but thy chastising rod
To drive thy saints to thee.

2 Behold the sinner dies—
His haughty words are vain;
Here, in this life, his pleasure lies,
And all beyond is pain.

3 Then let his pride advance,
And boast of all his store;
The Lord is our inheritance—
Our souls can wish no more.

4 We shall behold the face
Of our forgiving God;
And stand complete in righteousness,
Washed in our Saviour's blood.

18. FIRST PART. L. M. WATTS.

Strength and Protection from God.

1 LORD, thou hast seen our souls sincere,
Hast made thy truth and love appear;
Before our eyes we set thy laws,
And thou hast owned our righteous cause.

2 What sore temptations broke our rest!
What wars and strugglings in our breast!
But through thy grace, that reigns within,
We guard against each darling sin.—

3 That sin, that close besets us still,
That works and strives against our will—
When shall thy Spirit's sovereign power
Destroy it, that it rise no more?

4 With an impartial hand, the Lord
Deals out to mortals their reward:
The kind and faithful souls shall find
A God more faithful and more kind.

5 The just and pure shall ever say,
Thou art more pure, more just than they;
But men that love revenge shall know
God hath an arm of vengeance too.

18. SECOND PART. L. M. WATTS.

1 JUST are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great Rock of our secure abode;
Who is a God, beside the Lord?
Or where's a refuge like our God?

2 'Tis he that girds us with his might,
Gives us his holy sword to wield;
And while with sin and hell we fight,
Spreads his salvation for our shield.

3 He lives—and blessings crown his reign—
The God of our salvation lives;
The dark designs of hell are vain,
While heavenly peace our Father gives.

18. THIRD PART. L. M. TATE & BRADY.

1 NO change of time shall ever shock
Our trust, O Lord, in thee;
For thou hast always been our rock,—
A sure defence we see.

2 Thou our deliverer art, O God;
Our trust is in thy power;
Thou art our shield from foes abroad,
Our safeguard, and our tower.

3 To thee will we address our prayer,
To whom all praise we owe;
So shall we, by thy watchful care,
Be saved from every foe.

4 Then let Jehovah be adored,
On whom our hopes depend;
For who, except the mighty Lord,
His people can defend.

18. FOURTH PART. C. M. STANHOPE & HOPKINS.

Jehovah coming to reign.

1 THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds,
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

19. FIRST PART. L. P. M. WATTS.

Delight and instruction from the Bible.

1 WE love the volume of thy word;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distressed!
Thy precepts guide our doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids our feet to stray,
Thy promise leads our hearts to rest.

2 Thy threatenings wake our slumbering eyes
And warn us where our danger lies;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes our guilty conscience clean,
Converts our souls, subdues our sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.

3 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
Our God, forgive our secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain:
Accept our poor attempts of praise,
That we have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature not in vain.

19. SECOND PART. L. M. ADDISON.

The Heavens declaring the Glory of God.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;—

4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What! though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball—
What! though nor real voice, nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found—

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine."

19. THIRD PART. L. M. WATTS.

The Glory of God in his Works and his Word.

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;

But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun—the changing light,
And nights, and days, thy power confess;
But that blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round all the earth—and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
Which see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Oh bless the world with heavenly light!
Thy gospel makes the simple wise:
Thy laws are pure—thy judgments right.

19. FOURTH PART. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Perfection of the Law and the Testimony.

1 THY law is perfect, Lord of light,
Thy testimonies sure;
The statutes of thy realm are right,
And thy commandment pure.

2 Let these, O God, our souls convert,
And make thy servants wise:
Let these be gladness to each heart,
The dayspring to our eyes.

3 By these may we be warned betimes;
Who knows the guile within?
Lord, save us from presumptuous crimes,
Cleanse us from secret sin.

4 So may the words our lips express,
The thoughts that throng our mind,
O Lord, our strength and righteousness,
With thee acceptance find.

19. FIFTH PART. S. M. WATTS.

The Glory of God in his Works and his Word.

1 BEHOLD, the lofty sky
Declares its maker God,

And all the starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day—and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

3 In every different land
Their general voice is known;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit;
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.

5 While of thy works we sing,
Thy glory to proclaim;
Accept the praise, our God, our King,
In our Redeemer's name.

19. SIXTH PART. S. M. WATTS.

1 BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light,
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just!
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And we securely trust.

4 Our gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
Oh! may we never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

20. L. M. WATTS.

Prayer and Hope in Trouble.

1 NOW may the Lord of power and grace
Attend his people's humble cry!
Jehovah hears, when Israel prays,—
And sends deliverance from on high.

2 Well he remembers all our sighs,
His love exceeds our best deserts;
His love accepts the sacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.

3 Save us, O Lord, from slavish fear,—
And let our hopes be firm and strong,
Till thy salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

21. C. M. BARLOW.

God acknowledged in National Blessings.

1 IN thee, great God, with songs of praise,
Our favoured realms rejoice;
And, blest with thy salvation, raise
To heaven their cheerful voice.

2 In deep distress, our injured land
Implored thy power to save;
For life we prayed—thy bounteous hand
The timely blessing gave.

3 On thee, in want, in wo, in pain,
Our hearts alone rely;
Our rights thy mercy will maintain,
And all our wants supply.

4 Thus, Lord, thy wondrous power declare,
And still exalt thy fame;
While we glad songs of praise prepare
For thine almighty name.

22. FIRST PART. L. M. WATTS.

Sufferings and Exaltations of Christ.

1 NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When he complained in tears and blood,
Like one forsaken of his God.

2 But God, his Father, heard his cry—
Raised from the dead, he reigns on high;
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

22. SECOND PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 "NOW, in the hour of deep distress,
My God, support thy Son,
When hororrs dark my soul oppress,
Oh leave me not alone!"

2 Thus did our suffering Saviour pray,
With mighty cries and tears;
God heard him in that dreadful day,
And chased away his fears.

3 Great was the victory of his death,
His throne exalted stands;
While all the nations of the earth
Shall bow to his commands.

22. THIRD PART. C. M. WRAGHAM.

Goodness of God commemorated.

1 WHEN trouble fills our souls with grief
Oh hide not, Lord, thy face;
For we can hope for no relief,
Unaided by thy grace.

2 Our fathers, trusting in thy word,
Reposed their hope in thee;
In thee protection found, O Lord;
And life and liberty.

3 When in thy temple we appear
To hear thy sacred word;
Our vows we will perform, and there
Thy benefits record.

4 For thou, from men of low estate,
Wilt not conceal thy face;
But unto those who humbly wait,
Wilt give thy promised grace.

5 To all the world will we declare
The greatness of thy name;
Assembled saints our voice shall hear,
As we thy praise proclaim.

22. FOURTH PART. C. M. WRAGHAM.

1 ALL ye who serve the Lord with fear,
In praise lift up your voice;
Let Jacob's faithful children hear,
Let Israel's sons rejoice.

2 The great, who have his bounty known,
And they who mercy crave,
Alike shall at his feet bow down;
For he alone can save.

3 Throughout the world's extended bound,
His goodness shall be shown;

And every tongue, the earth around,
Shall worship at his throne.

4 His glorious kingdom is divine,
His subjects hear his word;
Through every realm his light shall shine,
And all shall fear the Lord.

23. FIRST PART. L. M. 61. ADDISON.

Jehovah, the Shepherd of his People.

1 THE Lord our pasture shall prepare,
And feed us with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall our wants supply,
And guard us with a watchful eye:
Our noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all our midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe we faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads
Our weary, wandering steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death we tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
Our steadfast hearts shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with us still:
Thy friendly rod shall give us aid,
And guide us through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds we stray,
Thy presence shall our pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

23. SECOND PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 OUR Shepherd will supply our need,
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes us feed,
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings our wandering spirit back
When we forsake his ways,
And leads us, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When we walk through the shades of death
Thy presence is our stay;
One word of thy supporting breath
Drives all our fears away.

4 The sure provisions of our God
Attend us all our days;
Oh may thy house be our abode,
And all our work be praise.

23. THIRD PART. S. M. WATTS.

1 THE Lord our shepherd is;
We shall be well supplied;
Since he is ours, and we are his,
What can we want beside?

2 He leads us to the place,
Where heavenly pasture grows;
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er we go astray,
He doth our souls reclaim;
And guides us in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
We cannot yield to fear;
Though we should walk through death's dark shade,
Our Shepherd 's with us there.

5 Amid surrounding foes
Thou dost our table spread;
Our cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts each head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown our future days;
Nor from thy house will we remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

23. FOURTH PART. S. M. STEELE.

1 WHILE our Redeemer 's near,
Our shepherd, and our guide,
We bid farewell to every fear;
Our wants are all supplied.

2 To ever fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards our sweet repose.

3 Dear Shepherd, if we stray,
Our wandering feet restore;
And guard us with thy watchful eye,
And let us rove no more.

24. FIRST PART. L. M. PRATT'S COLL.

A Citizen of Zion.

1 WHO shall ascend the holy hill,
Great God! which all thy glories fill?
Who, in thy temple's hallowed dome,
Secure his everlasting home?

2 Whose hands are clear, whose heart's sincere,
Whose purpose pure—whose actions clear,
Whose soul no vanity allures,
And truth his plighted vow secures;—

3 This man the blessing shall receive,
The blessing, which the Lord will give:
Salvation from his God shall flow,
And righteousness his hand bestow.

4 These are the men—the chosen seed,
Like Jacob, wrestling as they plead:
They seek, O Lord—they seek thy face,
And wait—and find the promised grace.

24. SECOND PART. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

Triumphant Ascension of Christ.

1 LIFT up your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold, to entertain
The King of glory;—see, he comes
With his celestial train.

2 Who is this King of glory?—who?
The Lord, for strength renowned;
In battle mighty,—o'er his foes
Eternal victor crowned.

3 Lift up your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold, to entertain
The King of glory,—see, he comes
With all his shining train.

4 Who is this King of glory?—who?
The Lord of hosts renowned:
Of glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crowned.

25. FIRST PART. S. M. KELLY.

Prayer for Divine Guidance and Pardon.

1 WE lift our souls to God;
Our trust is in his name:
Let not our foes, that seek our blood,
Still triumph in our shame.

2 From early dawning light
Till evening shades arise,
For thy salvation, Lord, we wait,
With ever-longing eyes.

3 Remember all thy grace,
And lead us in thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of our youth.

4 The Lord is just and kind;
The meek shall learn his ways;
And every humble sinner find
The blessings of his grace.

25. SECOND PART. S. M. TATE & BRADY.

1 THY mercies and thy love,
O Lord, recall to mind;
And graciously continue still,
As thou wert ever, kind.

2 His mercy and his truth,
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wandering sinners home
And teaching them his ways.

3 He those in justice guides,
Who his direction seek;
And in his sacred paths shall lead
The humble and the meek.

4 Through all the ways of God,
Both truth and mercy shine,
To such as with religious hearts,
To his blessed will incline.

25. THIRD PART. S. M. WATTS.

1 WHERE shall the man be found,
That fears t' offend his God,
That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod?

2 The Lord shall make him know
The secrets of his heart,
The wonders of his covenant show,
And all his love impart.

3 The dealings of his power
Are truth and mercy still,
With such as keep his covenant sure,
And love to do his will.

4 Their souls shall dwell at ease
Before their Maker's face,
Their seed shall taste the promises
In their extensive grace.

26. FIRST PART. C. M. PRATT'S COLL.

Delight in the presence and worship of God.

1 WE love thy holy temple, Lord,
For there thou deign'st to dwell;
And there the heralds of thy word
Of all thy mercies tell.

2 There, in thy pure and cleansing fount,
Washed from each guilty stain,
Our souls on wings of faith shall mount
To heaven's eternal fane.

3 Around thine altar will we kneel
In penitence sincere,
A Saviour's mercy deeply feel,
And words of pardon hear;—

4 Or, mingling with the choral throng
Our joyful voices raise,
And pour the full, melodious song,
In notes of grateful praise.

26. SECOND PART. 7s. WRAGHAM.

1 SEARCH our hearts,—our actions prove,
Try our thoughts, as they arise;
For thy kindness and thy love
Ever are before our eyes.

2 We have loved the hallowed place,
Where thine honour doth abide;
To the temple of thy grace,
Lord, our erring footsteps guide!

3 Gather not our souls with those,
Who their deeds of blood pursue,

Who, thy justice to oppose,
Hold the tempting bribe to view.

4 Keep our souls from all offence;
All our supplications hear;
As we walk in innocence,
Let us, Lord, thy mercy share.

5 Thou hast placed our feet aright,
Therefore we our voice will raise,
With thy saints—before thy sight,
In unceasing hymns of praise.

27. FIRST PART. C.M. SPIRIT OF THE PS.

God our Refuge.

1 GOD is our Saviour and defence,
A refuge ever near;
Secure beneath his providence,
What danger can we fear.

2 Death may our dearest friends remove;
All human ties shall cease;
But one there is, whose care and love
No time shall e'er decrease.

3 A mother may her babe forget,
The infant she has borne;
Her love may fail, but never yet
Did God forsake his own.

4 In every trouble here below
Our refuge is the Lord;
Comfort and strength will he bestow
On all who trust his word.

27. SECOND PART. C. M. WATTS.

God resorted to in Trouble and Desertion.

1 THE Lord of glory is our light,
And our salvation too;
God is our strength—nor will we fear
What all our foes can do.

2 One privilege our hearts desire—
Oh! grant us our abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of our God!

3 There shall we offer our requests,
And see thy glory still;

Shall hear thy messages of love,
And learn thy holy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes our souls abide.

5 Now shall our heads be lifted high
Above our foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

28. C. M. DWIGHT.

Divine Interposition acknowledged.

1 BLEST be the Lord who heard our prayer
The Lord—our shield—our song;
Who saved our souls from sin and fear,
And tuned with praise our tongue.

2 When in the hour of deep distress,
Of foes and death afraid,
Our spirits trusted in his grace,
And sought, and found his aid.

3 Remember, Lord, thy chosen seed;
Oh save from guilt and wo;
Thy flocks in richest pastures feed,
And guard from every foe.

4 Zion exalt—her cause defend;
With joy her courts surround;
Let showers of heavenly grace descend,
And saints thy praise resound.

29. FIRST PART. L. M. WATTS.

Jehovah the Universal King.

1 GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power.
Ascribe due honours to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud
Through every ocean, every land;
His voice divides the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.

The Lord sits sovereign on the flood,
O'er earth he reigns for ever king;
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

4 In gentler language, there the Lord
The counsel of his grace imparts;
Amid the raging storm, his word
Speaks peace and comfort to our hearts.

29. SECOND PART. L. M. WRAGHAM.

1 YE mighty rulers of the land,
Give praise and glory to the Lord;
And while before his throne ye stand,
His great and powerful acts record.

2 Oh render unto God above
The honours which to him belong;
And in the temple of his love,
Let worship flow from every tongue.

3 His voice is heard the earth around,
When through the heavens his thunders roll;
The troubled ocean hears the sound,
And yields itself to his control.

4 When he upon the lightning rides,
His voice in loudest thunder speaks;
The fiery element divides,
And earth to its deep centre shakes.

5 God on the floods has fixed his throne,
His government shall never cease:
He shall his power and strength make known
And bless his chosen sons with peace.

30. L. M. WATTS.

Divine compassion acknowledged.

1 WE will extol thee, Lord, on high;
At thy command diseases fly;
Who but a God can speak and save
From the dark borders of the grave?

2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints of his,
And tell how large his goodness is;
Let all your pow'rs rejoice, and bless,
While you record his holiness.

3 His chast'ning but a moment stays;
His love is life, and length of days:
Though grief and tears the night employ,
The morning star restores the joy.

31. FIRST PART. L. M. STEELE.

Confidence in God.

1 LORD, in thy great, thy glorious name,
We place our hope, our only trust;
Save us from sorrow, guilt, and shame,
Thou, ever gracious, ever just.

2 Thou art our rock—thy name alone
The fortress where our hopes retreat,
Oh make thy power and mercy known;
To safety guide our wandering feet.

3 Blest be the Lord—for ever blest,
Whose mercy bids our fear remove;
Those sacred walls, which guard our rest,
Are his almighty power and love.

4 Ye humble souls, who seek his face,
Let sacred courage fill your heart!
Hope in the Lord—and trust his grace,
And he will heavenly strength impart.

31. SECOND PART. L. M. STEELE.

God praised for his merciful Protection.

1 O COME, ye saints, your voices raise
To God, in grateful songs;
And let the memory of his grace
Inspire your hearts and tongues.

2 Her deepest gloom, when sorrow spreads,
And light and hope depart,
His face celestial morning sheds,
And joy revives the heart.

3 To thee, our God, oppressed with grief,
We breathed our humble cry;
Thy mercy brought divine relief,
And wiped each weeping eye.

4 Thy mercy chased the shades of death,
And snatched us from the grave;
Oh may thy praise employ that breath,
Which mercy deigns to save.

31. THIRD PART. C. M. WRAGHAM.

1 IN thee, O Lord, we place our trust,
Preserve our souls from shame;
Thou art the refuge of the just,
And righteous is thy name.

2 Of grace, how boundless is the store
Thy children shall receive,
Who love thy word—thy name adore,
And in thy service live!
3 To God, the Lord, who dwells above,
Let songs of praise resound;
Who, with his never-failing love
Has fenced our city round.
4 Oh! love the Lord, ye pure in heart;
He shall your prayers regard:
But ye, who from his ways depart,
Shall meet your just reward.
5 All ye who on the Lord rely,
And rest your hopes above,
He shall with strength your hearts supply,
And bless you with his love.

31. FOURTH PART. S. M. PRATT'S COLL.

1 THY goodness, Lord, how great!
Eternally the same!
Before the sons of men laid up
For those who fear thy name.
2 Thy presence shall protect;
Thy watchful care shall hide:
In the pavilion of thy love,
Secure thy saints abide.
3 For ever bless the Lord,
His great salvation tell:
His marvellous loving-kindness keeps
The city where we dwell.
4 Despond not of his truth,
Nor yield to anxious grief:
God heard our voice, when in distress
We sought—and found relief.

32. FIRST PART. L. M. TATE & BRADY.

Forgiveness of Sin upon Confession.

1 HE 's blessed who has thy pardon gained.
Whose sins, O God, no more appear;
Whose guilt remission has obtained,
And whose repentance is sincere.

2 No sooner we our wounds disclosed,
The guilt that tortured us within,
But thy forgiveness interposed,
And mercy's healing balm poured in.

3 True penitents shall thus succeed,
Who seek thee, while thou may'st be found;
And, from the common deluge freed,
Shall see remorseless sinners drowned.

32. SECOND PART. S. M. WATTS.

1 O! BLESSED souls are they,
Whose sins are covered o'er;
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more!
2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.
3 While we concealed our guilt,
We felt the festering wound;
But we confessed our sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.
4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress
Is found in God alone.

33. FIRST PART. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

Happiness of Trusting in God.

1 'T IS God, who those that trust in him
Beholds with gracious eyes;
He frees their soul from death, their want
In time of dearth supplies.
2 How happy then are they, to whom
The Lord for God is known!
Whom he, from all the world beside,
Has chosen for his own.
3 Our souls on God with patience wait;
Our help and shield is he:
Then, Lord, still let our hearts rejoice,
Because we trust in thee.
4 The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
Do thou to us extend;
Since we, for all we want or wish,
On thee alone depend.

33. SECOND PART. C. M. TATE & BRADY

Rejoicing in God.

1 LET all the just, to God with joy,
Their cheerful voices raise;

For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.

2 For faithful is the word of God;
His works with truth abound;
He justice loves—and all the earth
Is with his goodness crowned.

3 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees,
Shall stand for ever sure;
The settled purpose of his heart
To ages shall endure.

4 Our souls on God with patience wait,
Our help and shield is he;
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
Because we trust in thee.

5 The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
Do thou to us extend;
Since we, for all we want or wish,
On thee alone depend.

34. FIRST PART. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Divine Goodness acknowledged.

1 TRIUMPHANT, Lord, thy goodness reigns
Through all the wide celestial plains;
And its full streams redundant flow
Down to th' abodes of men below.

2 Through nature's works its glories shine
The cares of Providence are thine;
And grace erects our mortal frame
The fairest temple to thy name.

3 O give to every human heart
To taste and feel how good thou art;
With grateful love, and reverend fear,
To know how blest thy children are.

34. SECOND PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 We'll bless the Lord from day to day
How good are all his ways!
Ye humble souls that use to pray,
Come help our lips to praise.

2 Sing to the honour of his name;
In deep distress we cried;
Nor was our hope exposed to shame,
Nor was our suit denied.

3 We told the Lord our sore distress,
With heavy groans and tears;
He gave our sharpest sorrows ease,
And silenced all our fears.

4 Oh sinners, come and taste his love,
Come learn his pleasant ways,
And let your own experience prove
The sweetness of his grace.

5 Oh love the Lord, ye saints of his;
His eye regards the just:
How greatly blest their portion is,
Who make the Lord their trust!

34. THIRD PART. C. M. WRAGHAM.

Trusting and Praising God.

1 THEE will we bless, O lord, our God,
To thee our voice we'll raise,
For ever spread thy fame abroad,
And daily sing thy praise.

2 Our souls shall glory in the Lord,
His wondrous acts proclaim;
Oh let us now his love record,
And magnify his name.

3 Our eyes beheld his heavenly light,
When we implored his grace;
We saw his glory with delight,
And joy beamed o'er our face.

4 Oh taste and see the Lord is good,
We, who on him rely;
He shall our souls with heavenly food
And strengthening aid supply.

35. FIRST PART. L. M. WATTS.

Immutable Perfections and Glory of God.

1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils thy just and wise designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 O God, how excellent thy grace!
Whence all our hope and comfort springs,

The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

4 From the provisions of thy house,
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy, like a river, flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

5 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of our Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

36. SECOND PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 ABOVE these heavens'-created rounds,
Thy mercies, Lord, extend;
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds,
Where time and nature end.

2 Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
Though mountains melt away;
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep, unfathomed sea.

3 Though all created light decay,
And death close up our eyes;
Thy presence makes eternal day,
Where clouds can never rise.

37. FIRST PART. C. M. WATTS.

God the Guardian of the Pious.

1 NOW let us make the Lord our trust,
And practise all that's good:
So shall we dwell among the just,
And he'll provide us food.

2 We to our God our ways commit,
And cheerful wait his will;
Thy hand, which guides our doubtful feet,
Shall our desires fulfil.

3 Our innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy judgments known,
Fair as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.

4 The meek, at last, the earth possess,
And are the heirs of heaven;
True riches, with abundant peace,
To humble souls are given.

37. SECOND PART. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Days of the Upright known to God.

1 TO thee, our God, our days are known;
Our souls enjoy the thought;
Our actions all before thy face,
Nor are our faults forgot.

2 Each secret breath devotion vents
Is vocal to thine ear;
And all our walks of daily life
Before thine eye appear.

3 The vacant hour, the active scene,
Thy mercy shall approve;
And every pang of sympathy,
And every care of love.

4 Each golden hour of beaming light
Is gilded by thy rays;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom
A present God surveys.

5 Full in thy view through life we pass,
And in thy view we die;
And when each mortal bond is broke,
Shall find our God is nigh.

38. C. M. WATTS.

Severe Chastisement deprecated.

1 AMID thy wrath, remember love,
Restore thy servants, Lord;
Nor let a father's chastening prove
Like an avenger's sword.

2 Our sins a heavy load appear,
And o'er our heads are gone;
The burden, Lord, we cannot bear,
Nor e'er the guilt atone.

3 But we'll confess our guilty ways,
And grieve for all our sin;
We'll mourn how weak the seeds of grace,
And beg support divine.

4 Thou art our God—our only hope;
And thou wilt hear our cry;
Thou, Lord, wilt bear our spirits up,
Nor let thy servants die.

39. FIRST PART. L. M. MERRICK.

Brevity of human Life.

1 OH let us, gracious Lord, extend
Our view to life's approaching end!
What are our days?—a span their line;
And what our age, compared with thine?

2 Our life, advancing to its close,
While scarce its earliest dawn it knows,
Swift, through an empty shade, we run,
And vanity and man are one.

3 God of our fathers!—here, as they,
We walk, the pilgrim of a day;
A transient guest, thy works admire,
And instant to our home retire.

4 Oh spare us, Lord—in mercy, spare,
And nature's failing strength repair,
E'er, life's short circuit wandered o'er,
We perish—and are seen no more.

39. SECOND PART. L. M. SPIRIT OF THE PS.

1 THE term of life assigned to man
Is transient as a passing shade;
Its longest period is a span,
And in the bud his honours fade.

2 He walks but in an empty show,
Vexed and disquieted in vain;
To unknown heirs his wealth must flow,
And he to dust return again.

3 So let us number, then, our days,
That we may know how frail we are;
Call to remembrance all our ways,
And for eternity prepare.

40. C. M. WATTS.

Trust in God and Deliverance.

1 WE waited meekly for the Lord,
He bowed to hear our cry;
He saw us resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.

2 Firm on a rock—he made us stand,
And taught our cheerful tongues
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In new and thankful songs.

3 We'll spread his works of grace abroad,
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make our God
Their only hope and fear.

41. FIRST PART. L. M. Spirit of the Ps.

The Blessings of Charity.

1 HOW blest are they who daily prove,
By acts of charity and love,
The fervent gratitude they owe
To Him from whom all blessings flow.

2 In hours of sickness, or of pain,
God will their fainting souls sustain;
Bright hopes shall cheer the bed of death,
Sweet peace attend their parting breath.

3 When, summoned from the silent tomb,
The assembled world await their doom,
These shall behold their Saviour's face
Beaming with smiles of heavenly grace;

4 And from his lips their raptured ear
Shall this their gracious sentence hear,
Come, O ye blessed of the Lord,
Come, and receive your bright reward.

41. SECOND PART. L. M. Watts.

1 BLEST is the man whose tender care
Relieves the poor in their distress;
Whose pity wipes the widow's tear,
Whose hand supports the fatherless.

2 His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hand can do;
He, in the time of general grief,
Shall find the Lord has pity too.

3 Or, if he languish on his bed,
God will pronounce his sins forgiven;
Will save from death his sinking head,
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

42. FIRST PART. L. M. Watts.

Trusting in God in times of Despondency.

1 OUR spirits sink within us, Lord,
But we will call thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When we have found our God was kind.

2 Yet will the Lord command his love,
When we address his throne by day,
Nor in the night his grace remove;
The night shall hear us sing and pray.

3 We'll chide our hearts that sink so low;
Why should our souls indulge in grief?
Hope in the Lord—and praise him too;
He is our rest—our sure relief.

4 O God, thou art our hope, our joy,
Thy light and truth shall guide us still;
Thy word shall our best thoughts employ,
And lead us to thy heavenly hill.

42. SECOND PART. L. M. SPIRIT OF THE PS.

The Soul panting for God.

1 AS the chased hart, midst sultry beams,
Pants for the brook's refreshing streams,
So thirst our souls, O Lord, for thee,
So long thy gracious face to see.

2 For exiled from our heavenly home,
We here as weary pilgrims roam;
With toilsome step, and progress slow,
Oft doomed to tread the path of wo.

3 Yet why, with anxious cares oppressed,
Should doubt or sorrow fill the breast?
What dangers can the Christian fear,
With thee his Saviour ever near?

4 Not only in the noon of joy
Thy praise shall be our sweet employ;
But e'en affliction's darkest night
Shall humble gratitude excite.

5 Yes, we will bless thee, gracious God,
And grateful kiss the chastening rod;
Assured its heaviest strokes but prove
A Father's care, a Father's love.

43. FIRST PART. L. M. MERRICK.

Resorting to God in Trouble.

1 GREAT God—our strength—to thee we cry,
Oh let us not forgotten lie;
Oppressed with sorrows and with care,
To thy protection we repair.

2 Oh let thy light attend our way,
Thy truth afford its steady ray;
To Zion's hill direct our feet,
To worship at thy sacred seat.

3 Thy praise, O God, shall tune the lyre,
Thy love our joyful song inspire;
To thee our cordial thanks be paid,
Our safe defence, our constant aid.

4 Why, then, cast down—and why distressed?
And whence the grief, that fills our breast?
In God we'll hope—to God we'll raise
Our songs of gratitude and praise.

43. SECOND PART. L. M. WRAGHAM.

1 GOD of my strength—in thee alone
A refuge from distress I see;
Oh! why hast thou thine aid withdrawn?
Why hast thou, Lord, forsaken me?

2 Oh let thy light our footsteps guide,
Thy love and truth our spirit fill;
That in thy house we may reside,
And worship at thy holy hill.

3 Then will we at thine altar bend;
Our harp its softest notes shall raise
And from our lips to heaven ascend
The song of thankfulness and praise.

4 Why, then, our soul, art thou cast down?
Why art thou anxious and distressed?
Hope thou in God—his mercy own,
For we shall yet enjoy his rest.

43. THIRD PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 JUDGE us, O God, and plead our cause
Against a sinful race;
From vile oppression and deceit
Secure us by thy grace.

2 On thee our steadfast hope depends,
And are we left to mourn?
To sink in sorrow—and in vain
Implore thy kind return?

3 O send thy light to guide our feet,
And bid thy truth appear;
Conduct us to thy holy hill,
To taste thy mercies there.

4 Then to the altar, O our God,
Our joyful feet shall rise,
And our triumphant song shall praise
The God that rules the skies.

43. FOURTH P. 7s. 6l. M. PRATT'S COLL.

1 JUDGE us, Lord, in righteousness;
Plead for us in our distress:
Good and merciful thou art;
Bind this bleeding, broken heart:
Cast us not despairing hence;
Be our love, our confidence.

2 Send thy light and truth, to guide,
Leave us not to turn aside;
On thy holy hill we'd rest,
In thy courts for ever blest:
There to God, our hope, our joy,
Praise shall all our powers employ.

44. FIRST PART. L. M. PRATT'S COLL.

Divine Aid implored in National Distress.

1 WHY should thy face, where mercies dwell,
Its beams of majesty conceal;
Regardless of the woes that wait
Around our long-afflicted state?

2 Behold! our soul with sorrow bends,
And down to dust our life descends;
And, while thine arm its aid denies,
Prostrate on earth, deserted lies.

3 Thy mercy, Lord, alone we claim;
Redeem us, and exalt thy name:
Rise for our help, almighty Lord!
Salvation shall attend thy word.

44. SECOND PART. L. M. PRATT'S COLL.

National Deliverance ascribed to God.

1 OFT have our ears, great God, been taught
What for our fathers thou hast wrought
While with adoring minds they told
The wonders of thy works of old.

2 Still we disclaim the bow or sword,
And wait for thy salvation, Lord:
On thee we trust—thy mercies claim,
Whose presence puts all foes to shame.

3 From morning dawn to evening close,
On thee, O Lord, our hopes repose:
To thy great name, with joy, we'll raise
Triumphant songs of grateful praise.

44. THIRD PART. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

1 O LORD, our fathers oft have told,
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days performed,
And in more ancient years.

2 'Twas not their courage—nor their sword
To them salvation gave;
'Twas not their number—nor their strength
That did their country save.

3 But thy right hand—thy powerful arm,
Whose succour they implored:
Thy providence protected them,
Who thy great name adored.

4 As thee, their God, our fathers owned,
So thou art still our King;
Oh, therefore, as thou dost to them,
To us deliverance bring.

5 To thee, the glory we'll ascribe,
From whom salvation came;
In God, our shield, we will rejoice,
And ever bless thy name.

45. FIRST PART. L. M. WATTS.

Victory and Exaltation of Christ.

1 NOW be our hearts inspired to sing,
The glories of our Saviour King;
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love!

2 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands:
Thy laws and works are just and right,
But truth and mercy thy delight.

3 Let endless honours crown thy head;
Let every age thy praises spread;
Let all the nations know thy word,
And every tongue confess thee—Lord.

45. SECOND PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 GIRD on thy sword, victorious Prince,
Ride with majestic sway;

Thy terror shall strike through thy foes,
And make the world obey.

2 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands,
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,
To rule thy saints by love.

3 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince,
Ride with majestic sway;
Thy terror shall strike through thy foes,
And make the world obey.

46. FIRST PART. L. M. WATTS.

God the Refuge and Portion of his People.

1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar—
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation—every shore
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

3 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God!
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

4 That sacred stream—thy holy word,
Supports our faith—our fear controls:
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

5 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth—and armed with power.

46. SECOND PART. L. M. WRAGHAM.

1 THE Lord in Zion ever reigns,
And o'er her holds his guardian hand;
Her worship and her laws maintains,
Which, like himself, unmoved shall stand.

2 Oh come, behold what he has done,
Whom we delight to call our Lord;
The vict'ries, which his arm has won;
And faithfully his deeds record.

3 He maketh war on earth to cease;
He breaks the bow—he cuts the dart,
The chariot burns—and sheds his peace
O'er every nation—every heart.

4 Be still—and hear the Lord proclaim—
"I will above the heathen rise;
"O'er all the earth exalt my name,
"And spread my triumphs through the skies."

48. FIRST PART. C. M. SPIRIT OF THE PS.

The Christian Zion.

1 WITH stately towers and bulwarks strong,
Unrivalled and alone,
Loved theme of many a sacred song
God's holy city shone.

2 Thus fair was Zion's chosen seat,
The glory of all lands;
Yet fairer, and in strength complete,
The Christian temple stands.

3 The faithful of each clime and age
This glorious church compose;
Built on a rock, with idle rage
The threatening tempest blows.

4 In vain may hostile bands alarm,
For God is her defence;
How weak, how powerless each arm,
Against Omnipotence.

48. SECOND PART. S. M. WATTS.

God's presence, the safety & glory of the church

1 GREAT is the Lord, our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes the churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright—has his salvation shone!
How fair his heavenly grace!

3 When kings against her joined,
And saw the Lord was there;
In wild confusion of the mind,
They fled with hasty fear.

4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own flock has been.
5 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair,
Recall to mind his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

48. THIRD PART. S. M. WATTS.

1 FAR as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honour raise.

2 With joy thy people stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thy holy ground,
And mark the building well;

4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs—the solemn vows;—
And make a fair report.—

5 How decent, and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

50. C. M. WATTS

The Lord coming to Judgment.

1 THE Lord, the judge, before his throne
Bids all the earth draw nigh;
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.
2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
"Judgment will ne'er begin;"
No more abuse his long delay
To impudence and sin.

3 Throned on a cloud, our Lord shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way;
Thunder, and darkness—fire and storm
Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heaven, from above, his call shall hear
Attending angels come;
And earth and hell shall know and fear
His justice and their doom.

51. FIRST PART. L. M. WATTS.

Pardon and Sanctification implored.

1 SHOW pity, Lord—O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great—but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace:
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 Oh wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess,
Against thy law—against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned—but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet, save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there.
Some sure support against despair.

51. SECOND PART. L. M. WATTS.

1 O THOU, that hear'st when sinners cry
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:

Let thy good spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

51. THIRD PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 CLEANSE us, O Lord—and cheer our soul
With thy forgiving love;
Oh make our wounded spirit whole,
And bid our pains remove.

2 Let not thy spirit e'er depart,
Nor drive us from thy face;
Create anew each sinful heart,
And fill it with thy grace.

3 Then will we make thy mercy known
Before the sons of men;
Backsliders shall address thy throne,
And turn to God again:

51. FOURTH PART. S. M. WRAGHAM.

1 ACCORDING to thy word,
Let us thy mercy prove;
Blot out our past transgressions, Lord,
And save us by thy love.

2 Wash us from every stain
Which vice and guilt impart;
Let us, O Lord, thy love regain,
And cleanse each sinful heart.

3 To us thy love restore;
From trouble set us free;
That sinners may thine aid implore
And turn in faith to thee.

4 Oh let thy peace and love
O'er Zion's city spread;
Build up her walls—her works approve,
And blessings round her shed.

5 Then shall their offerings rise
In truth and righteousness;
Thou shalt receive their sacrifice,
And all thy people bless.

51. FIFTH PART. S. M. TATE & BRADY.

1 NO offering God requires,
Nor victims please his eye;

Else should his altars blaze with fires,
And flocks and herds should die.

2 The humble, contrite breast,
The spirit's broken sighs,
Are gifts on which his love can rest,
Nor will the Lord despise.

3 Thy mercies from above
To Zion, Lord, extend:
Built by thy power—and watched with love,
Now let her walls ascend.

4 Well pleased, thou then shalt see
Her prayers and praise arise,
Presented at the throne to thee,
With Jesus' sacrifice.

53. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Joy in the Presence of God.

1 SHINE on our souls, Eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine;
O let thy favour crown our days,
And all their round be thine.

2 Did we not raise our hands to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain;
Small joy success itself could give,
If thou thy love restrain.

3 With thee let every week begin,
With thee each day be spent,
For thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by thee is lent.

4 Thus cheer us through this desert road,
Till all our labours cease,
And Heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

55. FIRST PART. C. M. WATTS.

Resorting to God in times of Distress.

1 O GOD, our refuge, hear our cries.
Behold our flowing tears;
For earth and hell our hurt devise,
And triumph in our fears.

2 By morning light we'll seek thy face,
At noon repeat our cry;
The night shall hear us ask thy grace,
Nor wilt thou long deny.

3 God shall preserve our souls from fear,
Or shield us when afraid;
Ten thousand angels must appear,
If he command their aid.
4 We cast our burdens on the Lord;
The Lord sustains them all;
Our faith shall rest upon his word,
And we shall never fall.

55. SECOND PART. S. M. WATTS.

God's Favour preferred to Sin.

1 LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death,
But in the worship of our God
We'll spend our daily breath.

2 Our thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light;
We seek his blessing every noon,
And pay our vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard our cries,
O our eternal God!
While sinners perish in surprise,
Beneath thine angry rod.

4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear, nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

5 But we—with all our cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
We'll cast our burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their safety stands,
No earthly power can move.

56. FIRST PART. L. M. 61. SPIRIT OF THE PS.

Excellency of the Word of God.

1 COME, all ye servants of the Lord,
And praise him for his sacred word—
That word, like manna, sent from heaven,
To all who seek it freely given;
Its promises our fears remove,
And fill our hearts with joy and love.

2 It tells us, though oppressed with cares,
The God of mercy hears our prayers;
Though steep and rough th' appointed way,
His mighty arm shall be our stay;
Though deadly foes assail our peace,
His power shall bid their malice cease.

3 It tells who first inspired our breath,
And who redeemed our souls from death;
It tells of grace so freely given,
And shows the path to God and heaven;
Oh bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
For all the treasures of his word.

56. SECOND PART. C. M. WRAGHAM.

Trusting God in the midst of Enemies.

1 LORD, we have thee our refuge made,
Thy laws have been our choice;
Therefore we will not be afraid,
But in thy word rejoice.

2 To thee our solemn vows we'll pay,
And show thy righteous ways;
With grateful hearts thy will obey,
And lift our voice in praise.

3 Thou hast redeemed our souls from death,
Do thou our fears destroy;
That till we yield to thee our breath,
We may thy light enjoy.

57. L. M. TATE & BRADY.

Praise to the great Jehovah.

1 BE thou, O God! exalted high;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

2 O God! our hearts are fixed—are bent,
Their thankful tribute to present;
And with our hearts, our voice we'll raise
To thee, our God! in songs of praise.

3 Thy praises, Lord, we will resound,
To all the listening nations round:
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

4 Be thou, O God! exalted high;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,

So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

60. C. M. Watts.

Relief from national Judgments implored.

1 LORD, thou hast scourged our guilty land
Behold thy people mourn;
Shall vengeance ever guide thy hand,
And mercy ne'er return?

2 Our Zion trembles at thy stroke,
And dreads thy lifted hand;
Oh heal the people thou hast broke,
And spare our guilty land.

3 Then shall our loud and grateful voice
Proclaim our guardian God;
The nations round the earth rejoice,
And sound thy praise abroad.

61. S. M. Watts.

Safety in God.

1 WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,—
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To Heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the rock
That 's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

62. C. M. Pratt's Coll.

Trusting in God for Protection.

1 ON God, our souls, with patient hope,
Resigned, in silence wait;
He bears our sinking spirits up,
Then let our joy be great.

2 God our salvation shall complete
From him our glory springs:
Rock of our strength! our souls shall wait
Our refuge in his wings.

3 Our Rock! our Saviour! our defence!
Our everlasting stay!
Not all our foes shall pluck us thence,
Nor move our souls away.

63. FIRST PART. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Delight in God and in his Worship.

1 O GOD, thou art our God alone;
Early to thee our souls shall cry,
As pilgrims in a land unknown,
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.

2 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

3 Better than life itself, thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For, whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared to thee?

4 Praise with my heart—my mind—my voice,
For all thy mercy I will give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice,
My tongue shall bless thee while I live.

63. SECOND PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 EARLY, our God, without delay,
We haste to seek thy face;
Our thirsty spirits faint away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink—or die.

3 We've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine—
O God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not life itself—with all its joys,
Can our best passions move,

Or raise so high each cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

5 Thus, till our last expiring day,
We'll bless our God and King;
Thus will we lift our hands to pray,
And tune our lips to sing.

63. THIRD PART. S. M. WATTS.

1 MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared with this,
To serve and please the Lord.

3 In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

4 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

5 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

65. FIRST PART. L. M. TATE & BRADY.

Worship of God in his Temple.

1 FOR thee, O God, our constant praise
In Zion waits—thy chosen seat:
Our promised altars there we'll raise;
And there our zealous vows complete.

2 O thou, who to our humble prayer
Didst always bend thy listening ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

3 How blest the man, who, near thee placed,
Within thy heavenly dwelling lives;
While we, at humbler distance, taste
The vast delight thy temple gives.

65. SECOND PART. L. M. WATTS.

Goodness of God in the Seasons.

1 ON God the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remotest ends;
At his command the morning ray
Smiles in the east, and leads the day.

2 Seasons and times obey his voice;
The morn and evening both rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit, and dressed in flowers.

3 The desert grows a fruitful field;
Abundant food the valleys yield;
The plains shall shout with cheerful voice,
And neighbouring hills repeat their joys.

4 Thy works pronounce thy power divine;
O'er every field thy glories shine;
Through every month thy gifts appear:
Great God, thy goodness crowns the year.

65. THIRD PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power;
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

2 Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The author is divine.

4 Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

65. FOURTH PART. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

1 ETERNAL source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,

While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flow'ry spring at thy command,
Perfumes the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours,
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and ev'ning shade.

6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

66. C. M. Tate & Brady.

Praise to the Creator.

1 LET all the lands, with shouts of joy,
To God their voices raise;
Sing psalms in honour of his name,
And spread his glorious praise.

2 And let them say—how dreadful, Lord,
In all thy works art thou!
To thy great power thy stubborn foes
Shall all be forced to bow.

3 Through all the earth, the nations round
Shall thee, their God, confess;
And, with glad hymns, their awful dread
Of thy great name express.

4 Oh come, behold the works of God;
And then with me you'll own,
That he, to all the sons of men,
Has wondrous judgments shown.

5 Let all the lands, with shouts of joy,
To God their voices raise;

Sing psalms in honour of his name,
And spread his glorious praise.

67. FIRST PART. C. M. WATTS.

Praise for the Enlargement of the Church.

1 SHINE, mighty God, on Zion shine,
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power through every land,
And show thy smiling face.

2 When shall thy name, from shore to shore
Sound through the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice;
Let every tongue exalt his praise,
And every heart rejoice.

67. SECOND PART. S. M. PRATT'S COLL.

1 O GOD, to earth incline,
With mercies from above;
And let thy presence round us shine,
With beams of heavenly love.

2 Through all the earth below,
Thy ways of grace proclaim,
Till distant nations hear and know
The Saviour's blessed name.

3 Now let the world agree
One general voice to raise;
Till all mankind present to thee
Their songs of grateful praise!

4 Oh let the nations round
Their cheerful powers employ,
And earth's far-distant coasts resound
With shouts of sacred joy.

67. THIRD PART. 7s. 6l. SPIRIT OF THE PS.

1 ON thy church, O Power Divine,
Cause thy glorious face to shine;
Till the nations from afar
Hail her as their guiding star;
Till her sons from zone to zone
Make thy great salvation known.

2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land;
Earth shall yield her rich increase,
Every breeze shall whisper peace,
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

68. FIRST PART. L. M. WATTS.

The Majesty of Jehovah.

1 KINGDOMS and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song:
His wondrous name and power rehearse
His honours shall enrich your verse.

2 He rides and thunders through the sky,
His name, Jehovah, sounds on high:
Praise him aloud, ye sons of grace;
Ye saints rejoice before his face.

3 God is our shield—our joy—our rest;
God is our King—proclaim him blest:
When terrors rise—when nations faint,
He is the strength of every saint.

68. SECOND PART. L. M. WRAGHAM.

The Goodness and Compassion of God.

1 BLEST be the Lord—the God of love,
Who showers his blessings from above;
The rock, on which the righteous trust,
The hope and Saviour of the just.

2 He to his saints redemption gives,
The weak and humble he relieves;
Supported by his grace we stand,
For life and death are in his hand.

3 He views his children in distress,
The widow and the fatherless;
And, from his holy seat above,
Supports them with his tender love.

4 All they who make his laws their choice,
Shall in his promises rejoice;
With gladness in their hearts, shall raise,
Before his throne, triumphant praise.

69. L. M. WRAGHAM.

Pardon implored.

1 TO thee, great God, we make our prayer;
Do thou our supplications hear:

Let us not sink, o'erwhelmed in grief,
But kindly send our souls relief.

2 Oh let us now thy goodness prove,
Thy tender mercies, and thy love;
Turn not away, O Lord, thy face,
But hear, and heal us with thy grace.

3 So shall our songs to thee arise,
Thy praise shall echo through the skies.
Through all the earth will we proclaim
The greatness of Jehovah's name.

70. C. M. WATTS.

Prayer for Divine Aid.

1 GREAT God, attend our humble call,
Nor hear our cries in vain;
Oh let thy grace prevent our fall,
And still our hope sustain.

2 Be thou our help in time of need,
To thee, O Lord, we pray;
In mercy hasten to our aid,
Nor let thy grace delay.

3 Let all who love thy name rejoice,
And glory in thy word,
In thy salvation raise their voice,
And magnify the Lord.

71. FIRST PART. C. M. WATTS.

Praise to the Saviour.

1 OUR Saviour, our almighty Friend,
When we begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace.

2 Thou art our everlasting trust,
Thy goodness we adore;
And, since we knew thy graces first,
We speak thy glories more.

3 Our feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march, with courage in thy strength,
To see our Father, God.

4 How will our lips rejoice to tell
The victories of our King!
Our souls, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

71. SECOND PART. C. M. WATTS.

Sustaining Grace implored.

1 OUR God, our everlasting hope,
We live upon thy truth;
Thy hands have held our childhood up,
And strengthened all our youth.

2 Still has our life new wonders seen,
Repeated every year;
Behold our days that yet remain,
We trust them to thy care.

3 Cast us not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round us let thy glory shine,
Whene'er each servant dies.

4 Then, in the history of our age,
When men review our days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

72. FIRST PART. L. M. WATTS.

Universal Reign of Christ.

1 GREAT God, whose universal sway,
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his power—exalt his throne.

2 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew, on thirsty hills.

3 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

4 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

72. SECOND PART. L. M. WATTS.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The joyful prisoner bursts his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

72. THIRD PART. 7s. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

1 HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.

2 Mightiest kings his power shall own,
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.

73. FIRST PART. L. M. WATTS.

Folly of envying the Prosperity of Sinners

1 LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
To see the wicked placed on high,
In pride, and robes of honour shine!

2 But Oh! their end—their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so;

On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

73. SECOND PART. L. M. SPIRIT OF THE PS.

God the portion of the Soul.

1 LORD, whom in heaven, but thee alone,
Have I, whose favour I require?
Throughout the spacious earth there 's none
That I, beside thee can desire.

2 My trembling flesh and aching heart
May often fail to succour me;
But God shall inward strength impart,
And my eternal portion be.

3 For they that far from thee remove,
Shall into sudden ruin fall;
If after other gods they rove,
Thy vengeance shall destroy them all.

4 But as for me, 'tis good and just
That I should still to God repair;
In him I always put my trust,
And will his wondrous works declare.

73. THIRD PART. C. M. SPIRIT OF THE PS.

1 WHOM have we, Lord, in heaven, but thee,
And whom on earth beside?
Where else for succour can we flee,
Or in whose strength confide?

2 Thou art our portion here below,
Our promised bliss above;
Ne'er may our souls an object know
So precious as thy love.

3 When heart and flesh, O Lord, shall fail,
Thou wilt our spirits cheer,
Support us through life's thorny vale,
And calm each anxious fear.

4 Yes—thou shalt be our guide through life,
And help and strength supply;
Sustain us in death's fearful strife,
And welcome us on high.

76. FIRST PART. L. M. SPIRIT OF THE PS.

God the Defence of his Church.

1 THE God of Israel is our Lord,
Great is his name, his power divine;
In Christian temples now adored,
As once in Judah's holy shrine.

2 The Lord, who brake the Assyrian bow,
And horse and rider overthrew,
Still watches o'er his church below,
And still will all her foes subdue.

3 That voice which bids the waves be still,
Can calm the wilder rage of man;
Or make the blind and wayward will
Subservient to his gracious plan.

76. SECOND PART. H. M. PRATT'S COLL.

God only to be Feared and Worshipped.

1 THY glories, mighty God!
Alone our reverence claim:
Thy terrors spread abroad,
How awful is thy name!
Thine anger shown, | Who dare appear
Thy judgments near, | Before thy throne?

2 Let man his anger raise,
With persecuting rage,
His wrath shall work thy praise,
The rest thy hands assuage:
Then still obey | Your offerings bring,
Th' Eternal King, | And vows repay.

3 Let all, who round his throne
With holy gifts draw near,
There lay their offerings down,
Jehovah claims their fear:
Before his word | And princes know
The world shall bow, | Thy terrors, Lord.

77. C. M. WATTS.

Despondency forbidden.

1 TO God we cried, with mournful voice,
We sought his gracious ear,
In the sad day when trouble rose,
And filled our hearts with fear.

2 Will he for ever cast us off?
His promise ever fail?
Has he forgot his tender love?
Shall anger still prevail?

3 But we forbid this hopeless thought,
This dark despairing frame,
Remembering what thy hand has wrought—
Thy hand is still the same.

4 We'll think again of all thy ways,
And talk thy wonders o'er—
Thy wonders of recovering grace,
When we could hope no more;

5 Grace dwells with justice on the throne;
And men who love thy word
Have in thy holy temple known
The counsels of the Lord.

78. C. M. Watts.

The Works of God recounted to Posterity.

1 LET children hear the mighty deeds,
Which God performed of old;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

79. S. M. Pratt's Coll.

Pardoning Mercy supplicated.

1 THOU gracious God and kind,
Oh cast our sins away;
Nor call our former guilt to mind,
Thy justice to display.

2 Thy tenderest mercies show,
Thy richest grace prepare,
Ere yet, with guilty fears laid low,
We perish in despair.

3 Save us from guilt and shame,
Thy glory to display;
And, for the great Redeemer's name,
Wash all our sins away.

80. L. M. WATTS.

The Church's Prayer in time of Desertion.

1 GREAT shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep—

2 Thy church is in the desert now—
Shine from on high—and guide us through;
Turn us to thee—thy love restore,
We shall be saved—and sigh no more.

3 Hast thou not planted with thy hand
A lovely vine in this our land?
Did not thy power defend it round,
And heavenly dew enrich the ground?

4 How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nations with their fruit?
But now, O Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.

5 Return, almighty God, return,
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn;
Turn us to thee—thy love restore,
We shall be saved—and sigh no more.

81. FIRST PART. C. M. PRATT'S COLL.

Praise to God in his Temple.

1 TO God, our strength, your voice, aloud,
In strains of glory raise;
The great Jehovah—Jacob's God,
Exalt in notes of praise.

2 Now let the gospel trumpet blow.
On each appointed feast,
And teach his waiting church to know
The Sabbath's sacred rest.

3 This was the statute of the Lord,
To Israel's favoured race:
And yet his courts preserve his word,
And there we wait his grace.

4 With psalms of honour, and of joy,
Let all his temples ring;
Your various instruments employ,
And songs of triumph sing.

81. SECOND PART. C. M. SPIRIT OF THE PS.

God the only object of Supreme Worship.

1 O GOD, our strength, to thee the song
With grateful hearts we raise;
To thee, and thee alone, belong
All worship, love, and praise.

2 In trouble's dark and stormy hour,
Thine ear hath heard our prayer;
And graciously thine arm of power
Hath saved us from despair.

3 And thou, O ever gracious Lord,
Wilt keep thy promise still,
If, meekly hearkening to thy word,
We seek to do thy will.

4 Led by the light thy grace imparts,
Ne'er may we bow the knee
To idols, which our wayward hearts
Set up instead of thee.

5 So shall thy choicest gifts, O Lord,
Thy faithful people bless;
For them shall earth its stores afford,
And Heaven its happiness.

83. S. M. WATTS.

God arising to subdue Opposers

1 AND will the God of grace
Perpetual silence keep?
The God of justice hold his peace,
And let his vengeance sleep?

2 Arise, almighty God,
Assume thy sovereign sway;
Before thy throne bid sinners bow,
And yield their hearts to thee.

3 Let all the nations know,
And spread thy name abroad;
Let all who dwell on earth confess
Their Saviour and their God.

84. FIRST PART. L. M. WATTS.

Blessedness of Worshipping God in his temple.

1 HOW pleasant—how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire each spirit faints,
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

3 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentlest rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

4 Blest are the men, whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate:
God is their strength—and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length:
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

84. SECOND PART. L. M. WATTS.

1 GREAT God attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs:
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might we enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease—nor thrones of power
Should tempt our feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun—he makes our day;
God is our shield—he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin;
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too:

He gives us all things—and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious host of heaven obey,
Display thy grace—exert thy power,
Till all on earth thy name adore.

84. THIRD PART. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

1 HAPPY the men, whom strength divine
With ardent love and zeal inspires!
Whose steps to thy blest way incline,
With willing hearts and warm desires.

2 Still they pursue the painful road:
Increasing strength surmounts their fear;
Till all at length, before their God,
In Zion's glorious courts appear.

3 God is a sun; our brightest day
From his reviving presence flows:
God is a shield, through all the way,
To guard us from surrounding foes.

4 He pours his kindest blessings down,
Profusely down, on souls sincere;
And grace shall guide, and glory crown
The happy favourites of his care.

5 O Lord of hosts, thou God of grace!
How blest, divinely blest, is he,
Who trusts thy love and seeks thy face,
And fixes all his hopes on thee.

84. FOURTH PART. C. M. Watts.

1 OUR souls, how lovely is the place
To which our God resorts!
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays;
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quickening rays.

3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place;
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will:
And still we seek thy mercies there,
And sing thy praises still.

85. FIRST PART. L. M. WATTS.

Quickening Grace implored.

1 LORD, thou hast called thy grace to mind,
Thou hast reversed our heavy doom:
So God forgave, when Israel sinned,
And brought his wandering captives home.

2 Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made thy fiercest wrath abate:
Now let our hearts be turned to thee,
And thy salvation be complete.

3 Revive our dying graces, Lord,
And let thy saints in thee rejoice:
Make known thy truth—fulfil thy word—
We wait for praise to tune our voice.

4 We wait to hear what God will say,
He'll speak—and give his people peace;
But let them go no more astray,
Lest his returning wrath increase.

85. SECOND PART. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

God speaking Peace to his People.

1 UNITE, my roving thoughts, unite
In silence soft and sweet:
And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great Sovereign's feet.

2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
Yet gladly I attend;
For lo! the everlasting God
Proclaims himself my friend.

3 Harmonious accents to my soul
The sound of peace convey;
The tempest at his word subsides,
And winds and seas obey.

4 By all its joys, I charge my heart
To grieve his love no more;
But, charmed by melody divine,
To give its follies o'er.

86. FIRST PART. L. M. BROWNE.

Praise to the only true God.

1 ETERNAL GOD—almighty cause
Of earth, and sea, and worlds unknown;
All things are subject to thy laws,
All things depend on thee alone.

2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all, within itself, possessed;
Controlled by none are thy commands;
Thou, from thyself alone, art blest.

3 To thee alone, ourselves we owe,
To thee alone, our homage pay;
All other Gods we disavow,
Deny their claims—renounce their sway.

4 Spread thy great name through heathen lands.
Their idol deities dethrone;
Subdue the world to thy commands,
And reign, as thou art—God alone.

86. SECOND PART. L. M. PRATT'S COLL.

1 THOU great Instructer, lest we stray,
Oh teach our erring feet thy way!
Thy truth, with ever fresh delight,
Shall guide our doubtful steps aright.

2 How oft our hearts' affections yield,
And wander o'er the world's wide field!
Our roving passions, Lord, reclaim;
Unite them all to fear thy name.

3 Then, to our God, each heart and tongue,
With all their powers, shall raise the song:
On earth thy glories we'll declare,
Till heaven th' immortal notes shall hear.

87. FIRST PART. L. M. WATTS.

The Church, the Dwelling-place of God.

1 GOD in his earthlytemple lays
Foundation for his heavenly praise;
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay,
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were described of old!
What wonders are of Zion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall all the nations know.

87. SECOND PART. 8's & 7's. DRUMMOND.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word can ne'er be broken
Chose thee for his own abode.

2 Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling,
Still is precious in thy sight;
Judah's temple far excelling,
Beaming with the gospel's light.

3 On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake her sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
She can smile at all her foes.

4 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,
Chose thee for his own abode.

88. FIRST PART. L. M. DWIGHT.

Resurrection from the Grave.

1 SHALL man, O God of light and life,
For ever moulder in the grave?
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise, and thy power to save!

2 In those dark, silent realms of night
Shall peace and hope no more arise?
No future morning light the tomb,
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies

3 Cease—cease, ye vain desponding fears:
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprang
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praise and wonder rang.

4 Faith sees the bright, eternal doors
Unfold to make his children way,
They shall be clothed with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.

88. SECOND PART. L. M. PRATT'S COLL.

Sinners invited to immediate Repentance.

1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found—and peace is given;
But soon—ah soon? approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites—how blest the day
How sweet the gospel's charming sound
Come, sinners, haste—oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave;
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear, or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites—how blessed the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste—oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

88. THIRD PART. S. M. ANONYMOUS.

1 YE sinners, fear the Lord,
While yet 'tis called to-day;
Soon will the awful voice of death
Command your souls away.

2 Soon will the harvest close;
The summer soon be o'er;
And soon your injured, angry God,
Will hear your prayers no more.

3 Then while 'tis called to-day,
O hear the gospel's sound;
Come, sinner, haste—oh, haste away,
While pardon may be found.

89. FIRST PART. L. M. WATTS.

Frailty of Man.

1 REMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state—
How frail our life—how short the date!
Where is the man that draws his breath,
Safe from disease—secure from death?

2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,
Distressed with gloomy fears, we cry
"Must death for ever rage and reign?
And hast thou made mankind in vain?
3 Where is thy promise to the just?
Are not thy servants turned to dust?"—
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise.
4 That glorious hour—that dreadful day,
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And clears the honour of thy word:
Awake, our souls, and bless the Lord.

89. SECOND PART. C. M. WATTS

1 OUR never-ceasing song shall show
The mercies of the Lord;
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.
2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heaven endure;
And, if he speak a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.
3 Lord God of hosts—thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above:
And saints on earth their honours raise
To thy unchanging love.

89. THIRD PART. C. M. WATTS.

The Majesty of God.

1 WITH reverence let the saints appear
And bow before the Lord,
His high commands with reverence hear,
And tremble at his word.

2 Great God, how high thy glories rise!
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the power with thee that vies,
Or truth, compared with thine?

3 The northern pole and southern rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day—from east to west
Move round at thy command.

4 Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

5 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace!
While truth and mercy, joined in one,
Invite us near thy face.

89. FOURTH PART. C. M. WATTS.

Rejoicing in the Gospel.

1 BLEST are the souls, who hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

89. FIFTH PART. C. M. WATTS.

Christ's Mediatorial Kingdom.

1 HEAR what the Lord in vision said,
And made his mercy known:
"Sinners, behold your help is laid
On my beloved Son.

2 "Behold the man my wisdom chose
Among your mortal race;
His head my holy oil o'erflows,
The Spirit of my grace.

3 "High shall he reign on David's throne,
My people's better King;
My arms shall beat his rivals down,
And still new subjects bring.

4 "My truth shall guard him in his way,
With mercy by his side,
While, in my name, through earth and sea,
He shall in triumph ride.

5 "Me for his father and his God
He shall for ever own,
Call me his rock, his high abode,
And I 'll support my Son."

90. FIRST PART. L. M. SPIRIT OF THE PS

Eternity of God.

1 ERE mountains reared their forms sublime,
Or the fair earth in order stood,
Before the birth of ancient time,
From everlasting thou art God.

2 A thousand ages in their flight,
With thee are as a fleeting day;
Past, present, future, to thy sight
At once their various scenes display.

3 But our brief life's a shadowy dream,
A passing thought, that soon is o'er,
That fades with morning's earliest beam,
And fills the musing mind no more.

4 To us, O Lord, the wisdom give
So every precious hour to spend,
That we at length with thee may live
Where life and bliss shall never end.

90. SECOND PART. L. M. WATTS.

Divine Immutability and human Frailty.

1 THROUGH every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest—our safe abode:
High was thy throne, ere heaven was made,
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

2 Long hadst thou reigned, ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned into man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 But man—weak man—is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity;
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, is just,
"Return, ye sinners, to your dust."

4 Death, like an ever-flowing stream,
Sweeps us away—our life 's a dream—
An empty tale—a morning flower—
Cut down, and withered, in an hour.

5 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till, cleansed by grace, we all may be
Prepared to die, and dwell with thee.

90. THIRD PART. L. M. EXETER COLL.

1 LORD! thou hast been thy children's God,
All-powerful, wise, and good, and just;
In every age their safe abode,
Their hope, their refuge, and their trust.

2 Long hadst thou reigned ere time began;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When all the feeble race of man,
And time itself, shall be no more.

3 Great Father of eternity!
How short are ages in thy sight!
A thousand years, how swift they fly,
Like one still silent watch of night!

4 Uncertain life, how soon it flies!
Flowers of the morn, how short our bloom;
Life spring's gay verdure now we rise,
Cut down ere night to fill the tomb!

5 Teach us, O Lord! to count our days,
And with true diligence apply
Our hearts to wisdom's sacred ways,
That we may learn to live and die.

90. FOURTH PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home;—

2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
"Return, ye sons of men;"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

5 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guard, while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

90. FIFTH PART. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

1 O LORD, the saviour and defence
Of all thy chosen race,
From age to age thou still hast been
Our sure abiding place.

2 Before the lofty mountains rose,
Or earth received its frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

3 Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made;
When thou dost speak the word, Return—
'Tis instantly obeyed.

4 For in thy sight a thousand years
Are like a day that's past;
Or like a watch in dead of night,
Whose hours unminded waste.

5 So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain sum
Of our short days to mind,
That unto wisdom all our hearts
May ever be inclined.

90. SIXTH PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 RETURN, O God of love—return;
Earth is a tiresome place:
How long shall we, thy children, mourn
Our absence from thy face?

2 Let heaven succeed our painful years;
Let sin and sorrow cease;
And in proportion to our tears,
So make our joys increase.

3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,
Make thine own work complete;
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.

90. SEVENTH PART. C. M. DODDRIDGE

Reflections for a New Year.

1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year;
How swift the weeks complete their rounds!
How short the months appear!

2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done,
God's judgment shall survey.

3 Yet like an idle tale we pass
The swift advancing year;
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.

4 Waken, O God, my trifling heart,
Its great concern to see;
That I may act the Christian part,
And give the year to thee.

5 Thus shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my peaceful soul
To joy that never dies.

90. EIGHTH PART. S. M. WATTS.

The Frailty of Man.

1 LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life—how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name!

2 Our moments fly apace,
Our feeble powers decay;
Swift as a flood, our hasty days,
Are sweeping us away.

3 Then, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

4 They'll waft us sooner o'er,
This life's tempestuous sea;
Soon shall we reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

91. FIRST PART. L. M. WATTS.

Safety in trusting in God.

1 HE, who hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there, at night, shall rest his head.

2 Now may we say—Our God, thy power
Shall be our fortress, and our tower!

We, that are formed of feeble dust,
Make thine almighty arm our trust.

3 Thrice happy man!—thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the tempter's snare,
God is thy life—his arms are spread,
To shield thee with a healthful shade.

91. SECOND PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 YE sons of men, a feeble race,
Exposed to every snare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling-place
And try, and trust his care.

2 He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all their ways:
To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.

3 "Because on me they set their love,
I 'll save them, saith the Lord,
I 'll bear their joyful souls above
Destruction and the sword.

4 "My grace shall answer when they call;
In trouble I 'll be nigh;
My power shall help them when they fall,
And raise them when they die.

5 "Those that on earth my name have known,
I 'll honour them in heaven:
There my salvation shall be shown,
And endless life be given."

91. THIRD PART. 7's. SPIRIT OF THE PS.

Safety in God.

1 THEY who on the Lord rely,
Safely dwell though danger 's nigh;
Lo, his sheltering wings are spread
O'er each faithful servant's head.

2 Vain temptation's wily snare;
Christians are Jehovah's care:
Harmless flies the shaft by day,
Or in darkness wings its way.

3 When they wake, or when they sleep,
Angel guards their vigils keep;
Death and danger may be near,
Faith and love have naught to fear.

92. FIRST PART. L. M. WATTS.

Delight in the Worship of the Sabbath.

1 LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand;
Let us within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.

2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 Laden with fruits of age, they show
The Lord is holy, just, and true;
They who attend his gates shall find
God ever faithful—ever kind.

92. SECOND PART. L. M. WATTS.

1 SWEET is the work, our God, our King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest—
No mortal care shall seize each breast;
Oh may each heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 Our hearts shall triumph in our Lord,
And bless his works—and bless his word:
Thy works of grace—how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels—how divine!

4 Sure we shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined each heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer each head.

5 Then shall we see—and hear—and know
All we desired, or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

92. THIRD PART. S. M. SPIRIT OF THE PS.

1 SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing,
To praise and pray—to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet—at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And, when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet—on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice,
With those, who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy,
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our best employ
Eternally in heaven.

93. FIRST PART. L. M. TATE & BRADY

The Majesty and Dominion of God.

1 WITH glory clad—with strength arrayed,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations firmly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

2 How surely established is thy throne!
Which shall no change or period see;
For thou, O Lord—and thou alone,
Art God, from all eternity.

3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss their troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

4 Through endless ages stands thy throne;
Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;
The pure in heart—and they alone,
Shall find their hope of heaven secure.

93. SECOND PART. S. P. M. WATTS.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crowned;
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands,
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey thy word;
Thy throne was fixed on high
Ere stars adorned the sky:
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

3 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their power engage;
Let swelling tides assault the sky:
The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madness down;
Thy throne for ever stands on high.

4 Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new;
There fixed—thy church shall ne'er remove:
Thy saints with holy fear
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

94. C. M. WATTS.

Trusting in God for Help.

1 HAD not the Lord, my rock, my help,
Sustained my fainting head,
My life had now in silence dwelt,
My soul among the dead.

2 "Alas, my sliding feet!" I cried—
Thy promise was my hope;
Thy grace stood constant at my side,
Thy spirit bore me up.

3 While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my bosom roll,
Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my soul.

4 The powers of earth and sin may rise,
And frame oppressive laws;
But God, my refuge, rules the skies,
He will defend my cause.

95. FIRST PART. L. M. TATE & BRADY

Exhortation to adore and praise Jehovah.

1 OH come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's rock we praise

2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favours past
To him address, in joyful song,
Praises which to his name belong.

3 Oh let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;

Down on our knees, devoutly, all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

95. SECOND PART. L. M. WATTS.

1 COME—let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise:
God is a sovereign king—rehearse
His honour in exalted verse.

2 Come—let our souls address the Lord,
Who framed our natures with his word:
He is our shepherd—we the sheep
His mercy chose—his pastures keep.

3 Come—let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey;
Nor let our hardened hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.

4 Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
And view those ancient rebels dead:
Accept the offered grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.

5 Come—seize the promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates;
Believe—and take the promised rest:
Obey—and be for ever blest.

95. THIRD PART. L. M. WRAGHAM.

1 TO God our voices let us raise,
And loudly chant the joyful strain;
That rock of strength—oh let us praise,
Whence free salvation we obtain.

2 The Lord is great—with glory crowned,
O'er all the gods of earth he reigns;
His hand supports the deeps profound,
His power alone the hills sustains.

3 Let all who know his goodness feel,
Come near, and worship at his throne;
Before the Lord, their Maker, kneel,
And bow in adoration down.

95. FOURTH PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks, approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honour sing;
The Lord 's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

3 Come—and with humble souls, adore;
Come—kneel before his face:
Oh may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace!

4 Now is the time—he bends his ear,
And waits for your request;
Come—lest he rouse his wrath—and swear,
"Ye shall not see my rest."

95. FIFTH PART. S. M. WATTS.

1 COME—sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 Come—worship at his throne,
Come—bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own
He formed us by his word.

3 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come—like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

96. FIRST PART. L. P. M. WATTS.

Rejoicing in View of God's Universal Reign.

1 LET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing a psalm of lofty praise,
To sing and bless Jehovah's name;
His glory let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.

2 Oh! haste the day—the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barbarous nations fear his name:
Then shall the race of man confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

96. SECOND PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;

His new discovered grace demands
A new and noble song.

2 Say to the nations—Jesus reigns,
God's own beloved Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea;—
Ye mountains, sink—ye valleys, rise—
Prepare the Lord his way.

4 Behold he comes—he comes to bless
The nations, as their Lord;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

5 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear!

97. L. M. WATTS.

Rejoicing in the Reign of Christ.

1 HE reigns!—the Lord, the Saviour reigns!
Sing to his name in lofty strains;
Let all the earth in songs rejoice,
And in his praise exalt their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown;
But grace and truth support his throne:
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes, [tombs,
Shakes the wide earth—and cleaves the
Before him burns devouring fire—
The mountains melt—the seas retire.

4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight—and shun the day:
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing—for your redemption's nigh.

98. FIRST PART. C. M. WATTS.

The Messiah's coming and Kingdom.

1 JOY to the world—the Lord is come!—
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing,

2 Joy to the world—the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods—rocks, hills and plains.
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

98. SECOND PART. 8s 7s & 4s. PRATT'S C.

1 SONGS anew of honour framing,
Sing ye to the Lord alone;
All his wondrous works proclaiming—
Jesus, wondrous works hath done!
Glorious victory——
His right hand and arm have won.

2 Now he bids his great salvation
Through the heathen lands be told:
Tidings spread through every nation,
And his acts of grace unfold:
All the heathen——
Shall his righteousness behold.

3 Shout aloud—and hail the Saviour;
Jesus, Lord of all proclaim!
As ye triumph in his favour,
All ye lands declare his fame:
Loud rejoicing——
Shout the honours of his name!

99. S. M. WATTS.

Holiness of God.

1 EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cried—when Samuel prayed
He gave his people rest.

3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abused his grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still he 's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

100. FIRST PART. L. M. TATE & BRADY.

All nations exhorted to adoration and praise

1 WITH one consent, let all the earth,
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.

2 Convinced that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock which he vouchsafes to feed

3 Oh enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.

4 For he 's the Lord—supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

100. SECOND PART. L. M. WATTS

1 YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God—'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give:
We are his work—and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ,
To pay your thanks and honours there.

4 The Lord is good—the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace—his mercy sure;

And all the race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

100. THIRD PART. L. M. WATTS.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create—and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay—and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people—we his care—
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates, with thankful songs,
High, as the heaven, our voices raise;
And earth, with all her thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide—as the world—is thy command,
Vast—as eternity—thy love;
Firm—as a rock—thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

100. FOURTH PART. C. M. WRAGHAM.

1 O ALL ye lands, in God rejoice,
To him your thanks belong;
In strains of gladness, raise your voice,
In loud and joyful song.

2 Oh, enter ye his courts with praise,
His love to all proclaim;
To God the song of triumph raise,
And magnify his name.

3 For he is gracious, just, and good;
His mercy ever sure,
Through ages past has ever stood,
And ever shall endure.

100. FIFTH PART. S. M. DWIGHT.

1 SING to the Lord most high;
Let every land adore;
With grateful heart and voice make known
His goodness and his power.

2 Enter his courts with joy;
With fear address the Lord;
'Twas he, who formed us with his hand,
And quickened by his word.

3 His hands provide our food,
And every blessing give;
We're guarded by his daily care,
And on his bounty live.

4 Good is the Lord our God;
His truth and mercy sure;
And while eternity shall last,
His promises endure.

102. FIRST PART. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Human Frailty and Divine Immutability.

1 GREAT Former of this various frame!
Our souls adore thine awful name;
And bow, and tremble, while we praise
The Ancient of eternal days.

2 Beyond an angel's vision bright
Thou dwell'st in self-existent light;
Which shines with undiminished ray,
While suns and worlds in smoke decay.

3 Our days a transient period run,
And change with every circling sun;
And, in the firmest state we boast,
A moth can crush us into dust.

4 But let the creatures fall around;
Let death consign us to the ground;
Let the last general flame arise,
And melt the arches of the skies;

5 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see,
While grace secures us an abode,
Unshaken as the throne of God.

102. SECOND PART. L. M. WATTS.

1 IT is the Lord, our Saviour's hand
Impairs our strength amid the race
Disease and death, at his command,
Arrest us, and cut short our days.

2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon:

Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon?

3 Yet, in the midst of death and grief,
This thought our sorrows shall assuage
"Our Father and our Saviour lives;
Thou art the same through every age."

4 Before thy face, thy church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign;
This fading world shall they survive,
And rise to glorious life again.

102. THIRD PART. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

1 WHEN we pour out our souls in prayer,
Do thou, great God! attend;
To thy eternal throne of grace
Oh let our cries ascend.

2 Hide not, O Lord, thy glorious face,
In times of deep distress;
Incline thine ear, and when we call,
Our sorrows soon redress.

3 Our days, just hastening to their end,
Are like an evening shade;
Our beauty does, like withered grass,
With waning lustre fade.

4 But thy eternal state, O Lord!
No length of time shall waste;
The memory of thy wondrous works
From age to age shall last.

102. FOURTH PART. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

1 Through endless years, thou art the same,
O thou eternal God!
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.

2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
By thee the beauteous arch of heaven
With matchless skill was made.

3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Formed by thy powerful hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And changed at thy command.

4 But thy perfections all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine,
With undiminished rays.

102. FIFTH PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice—
Behold the promised hour:
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his power.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in his eyes:
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there:
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

4 He sits a sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes:
He hears the dying prisoners' groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

5 He frees the soul condemned to death;
Nor when his saints complain,
Shall it be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And praise, and trust the Lord.

102. SIXTH PART. C. M. WATTS.

Divine aid implored in Times of Extrem

1 HEAR us, O God, nor hide thy face,
But answer lest we die:
Hast thou not built a throne of grace,
To hear when sinners cry?

2 As on some lonely building's top,
The sparrow tells her moan—
Far from the tents of joy and hope,
We sit and grieve alone.

3 But thou for ever art the same
O our eternal God!

Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy works abroad.

4 Thou wilt arise, and show thy face,
Nor will our Lord delay
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
That long expected day.

5 He hears his saints—he knows their cry,
And by mysterious ways,
Redeems the prisoners, doomed to die,
And fills their tongues with praise.

103. FIRST PART. L. M. WATTS.

The Goodness and Mercy of God celebrated.

1 BLESS, O our souls, the living God,
Call home our thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers within us join,
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O our souls, the God of grace:
His favours claim our highest praise:
Let not the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot.

3 'Tis he, our souls, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which we have done:
He owns the ransom—and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let every land his power confess,
Let all the earth adore his grace:
Our hearts and tongues with rapture join,
In work and worship so divine.

103. SECOND PART. L. M. PRATT'S COL.

1 OUR souls with humble fervour raise
To God the voice of grateful praise;
Let every mental power combine,
To bless his attributes divine.

2 Deep on our hearts let memory trace
His acts of mercy and of grace;
Who with a father's tender care,
Saved us when sinking in despair;-

3 Gave our repentant souls to prove
The joy of his forgiving love;
Poured balm into each bleeding breast,
And led our weary feet to rest.

103. THIRD PART. S. M. WATTS.

1 OH! bless the Lord, my soul,
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.

2 Oh! bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins—
'Tis he relieves thy pain—
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And gives thee strength again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He, who redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest:
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the oppressed.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

7 Oh! bless the Lord, my soul,
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.

103. FOURTH PART. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

1 OH bless the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim:
And all that is within me join
To bless his holy name.

2 Oh bless the Lord, my soul;
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits:
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins,
  Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
  And ransoms thee from death.

5 Then bless his holy name,
  Whose grace has made thee whole;
Whose loving kindness crowns thy days;
  Oh bless the Lord, my soul!

103. FIFTH PART. S. M. WATTS.

1 OUR souls, repeat his praise,
  Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
  So ready to abate.

2 His power subdues our sins,
  And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
  Doth all our guilt remove.

3 High as the heavens are raised
  Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
  Our highest thoughts exceed.

104. FIRST PART. L. M. PRATT'S COLL.

Praise to the Creator.

1 LONG as I live, all-bounteous Lord!
My song thy glories shall record;
Thy praise, my God, shall fill the strain,
While life or being shall remain.

2 Sweet are the thoughts which fill my breast,
When on thy various works they rest:
God, my Creator, lifts my voice:
In God, my Saviour, I rejoice!

3 Soon shall his arm his foes dismay,
And sweep the guilty race away:
And while his church his power adore,
The wicked sink to rise no more.

4 Then, O my soul, Jehovah bless,
His providence and grace confess:
Let all his works their tribute raise,
And triumph in Jehovah's praise.

104. SECOND PART. 10s & 11s. SPIRIT, &c.

1 OH praise ye the Lord, his greatness proclaim;
Jehovah, our God, how awful thy name!
How vast is thy power, thy glory how great;
Lo, myriads of spirits thy mandates await!

2 Thy canopy's heaven, in splendor so bright;
Thy chariot the clouds, thy garment the light;
The works of creation thy bidding perform;
Thou ridest the whirlwind, directest the storm.

3 What wisdom is shown, what power displayed
In all that thy hand hath fashioned and made!
The earth full of riches, in beauty complete;
The fathomless ocean, with wonders replete.

4 O thou, our great God; Redeemer and King,
With hearts full of love, to thee will we sing;
To life's latest moment our voices we'll raise,
And join the full chorus of blessing and praise.

105. FIRST PART. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

Exhortation to Praise.

1 Oh render thanks, and bless the Lord,
Invoke his sacred name;
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
His matchless deeds proclaim.

2 Sing to his praise in lofty hymns,
His wondrous works rehearse;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.

3 Rejoice in his almighty name,
Alone to be adored;
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,
Who humbly seek the Lord.

105. SECOND PART. C. M. WATTS.

The faithfulness of God celebrated.

1 Give thanks to God—invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace;
Sound through the earth his deeds of fame
That all may seek his face.

2 His covenant, which he kept in mind
For numerous ages past,

To numerous ages yet behind
In equal force shall last.

3 He swore to Abraham and his seed,
And made the blessing sure:
Gentiles, the ancient promise read,
And find his truth endure.

4 Then let the world forbear its rage,
The church renounce her fear;
Israel shall live through every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

106. FIRST PART. L. M. TATE & BRADY.

God praised for his Works of Goodness.

1 OH render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm, through ages past,
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast—but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

4 Oh render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm, through ages past,
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

106. SECOND PART. L. M. WATTS.

1 TO God the great, the ever blest,
Let songs of honour be addressed;
His mercy firm for ever stands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.

2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise?—
Blest are the souls that fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.

3 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed;
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

4 Oh may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice;
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Joined to thy saints, and near to thee.

107. FIRST PART. L. M. WATTS.

Providential Goodness Celebrated.

1 GIVE thanks to God—he reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts—his name is love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 He feeds and clothes us all the way;
He guides our footsteps, lest we stray;
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

3 Oh let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

107. SECOND PART. C. M. WRAGHAM.

1 OH praise the Lord—for he is good,
In him we rest obtain;
His mercy has through ages stood,
And ever shall remain.

2 Let all the people of the Lord
His praises spread around;
Let them his grace and love record,
Who have salvation found.

3 Now let the east in him rejoice,
The west its tribute bring,
The north and south lift up their voice
In honour of their King.

4 Oh praise the Lord—for he is good,
In him we rest obtain;
His mercy has through ages stood,
And ever shall remain.

108. FIRST PART. L. M. WRAGHAM.

General Praise to God.

1 My heart is fixed on thee, my God,
Thy sacred truth I'll spread abroad;
My soul shall rest on thee alone,
And make thy loving-kindness known.

2 Awake my glory—wake my lyre,
To songs of praise my tongue inspire;
With morning's earliest dawn arise,
And swell your musick to the skies.

3 With those who in thy grace abound,
I'll spread thy fame the earth around;
Till every land, with thankful voice,
Shall in thy holy name rejoice.

108. SECOND PART. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

1 O God, our hearts are fully bent
To magnify thy name;
Our tongues, with cheerful songs of praise,
Shall celebrate thy fame.

2 To all the listening tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders we will tell;
And to those nations sing thy praise,
That round about us dwell.

3 Thy mercy, in its boundless height,
The highest heaven transcends;
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.

4 Be thou, O God, exalted high
Above the starry frame;
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess thy glorious name.

108. THIRD PART. C. M. BARLOW.

1 AWAKE, our souls, to sound his praise,
Awake, our harp, to sing;
Join, all our powers, the song to raise,
And morning incense bring.

2 Among the people of his care,
And through the nations round,
Glad songs of praise will we prepare,
And there his name resound.

3 Be thou exalted, O our God,
Above the starry frame;
Diffuse thy heavenly grace abroad,
And teach the world thy name.

4 So shall thy chosen sons rejoice,
And throng thy courts above;
While sinners hear thy pardoning voice,
And taste redeeming love.

110. FIRST PART. L. M. WATTS.

Christ exalted as a King and Saviour.

1 THUS God the eternal father, spake
To Christ the Son—"Ascend and sit
At my right hand, till I shall make
Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

2 From Zion shall thy word proceed;
Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
And bow their wills to thy command.

3 That day shall show thy power is great,
When saints shall flock with willing minds
And sinners crowd thy temple-gate,
Where holiness in beauty shines."

4 O blessed power! O glorious day!
How large a victory shall ensue!
And converts, who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

110. SECOND PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near thy Father sit;
In Zion shall thy power be known,
And make thy foes submit.

2 What wonders shall thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The numerous drops of morning dew,
And own thy sovereign grace.

3 Jesus, our priest, for ever lives
To plead for us above;
Jesus, our king, for ever gives
The blessings of his love.

4 God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain;
Shall strike the powers and princes dead,
Who dare oppose his reign.

111. FIRST PART. L. M. TATE & BRADY.

The works and grace of God Celebrated.

1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God;
He has my heart—and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hand has wrought!
How glorious in our sight!
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3 When he redeemed his chosen sons,
He fixed his covenant sure:
The orders that his lips pronounce
To endless years endure.

111. SECOND PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 GREAT is the Lord—his works of might
Demand our noblest songs;
Oh let th' assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

2 Great is the mercy of the Lord!
He gives his children food;
And ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.

3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his covenant sure;
Holy and reverend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.

4 Great is the Lord—his works of might
Demand our noblest songs;
Oh let th' assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

112. FIRST PART. L. M. TATE & BRADY.

Blessedness of Fearing and Obeying God.

1 THAT man is blest, who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law;
His seed on earth shall be renowned,
And with successive honours crowned.

2 The soul that's filled with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night;
His conscience bears his courage up,
He sees in darkness beams of hope.

3 Beset with threatening dangers round,
Unmoved shall he maintain his ground;
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish, when he sleeps in dust.

112. SECOND PART. L. M. WATTS.

1 Thrice happy man ! who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands—and trusts his word :
Honour and peace his days attend,
And blessings on his seed descend.
2 Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclined ;
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them not to be repaid.
3 His soul, well fixed upon the Lord,
Draws heavenly courage from his word ;
Amid the darkness light shall rise,
To cheer his heart, and bless his eyes.
4 He hath dispersed his alms abroad,
His works are still before his God ;
His name on earth shall long remain,
Nor shall his hope of heaven be vain.

112. THIRD PART. C. M. SPIRIT OF THE PS

1 HAPPY the children of the Lord,
Who, walking in his sight,
Make all the precepts of his word
Their study and delight.
2 That precious wealth shall be their dower
Which cannot know decay,
Which moth or rust shall ne'er devour,
Nor spoiler take away.
3 For them that heavenly light shall spread,
Whose cheering rays illume
The darkest hours of life, and shed
A halo round the tomb.
4 Their works of piety and love,
Performed through Christ their Lord,
For ever registered above,
Shall meet a sure reward.

112. FOURTH PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 HAPPY is he who fears the Lord,
And follows his commands ;
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need ;
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.

3 In times of danger and distress,
Some beams of light shall shine,
To show the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

4 His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord;
Honour on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

113. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Exhortation to universal Praise.

1 O ALL ye people—shout and sing
Hosannas to your heavenly King;
Where'er the sun's bright glories shine,
Ye nations, praise his name divine.

2 High on his everlasting throne,
He reigns almighty and alone;
Yet we, on earth, with angels share
His kind regard—his tender care.

3 Rejoice, ye servants of the Lord,
Spread wide Jehovah's name abroad;
Oh praise our God—his power adore,
From age to age—from shore to shore.

116. FIRST PART. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

God our Deliverer.

1 GREAT Source of life! our souls confess,
The various riches of thy grace;
Crowned with thy mercy, we rejoice,
And in thy praise exalt our voice.

2 By thee heaven's shining arch was spread;
By thee were earth's foundations laid;
And all the charms of man's abode
Proclaim the wise, the gracious God.

3 Thy tender hand restores our breath,
When trembling on the verge of death;
Gently it wipes away our tears,
And lengthens life to future years.

4 These lives are sacred to the Lord;
Kindled by him, by him restored;
And, while our hours renew their race,
Still would we walk before his face.

5 So when, by him, our souls are led
Through unknown regions of the dead,
With joy triumphant, may we move
To seats of nobler life above!

116. SECOND PART. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Rest of the grateful Soul.

1 RETURN, my soul, and seek thy rest
Upon thy heavenly Father's breast:
Indulge me, Lord, in that repose
The soul which loves thee only knows.

2 Safe in thy care, I fear no more
The tempest's howl, the billows' roar:
Those storms must shake the Almighty's [seat,
Which violate the saints' retreat.

3 Thy bounties, Lord, to me surmount
The power of language to recount;
From morning dawn the setting sun
Sees but my work of praise begun.

4 Rich in ten thousand gifts possessed,
In future hopes more richly blessed,
I 'll sit and sing, till death shall raise
A note of more proportioned praise.

116. THIRD PART. C. M. WATTS.

Thankful acknowledgment of God's goodness.

1 WE love the Lord—he heard our cries,
And pitied every groan;
Long as we live, when troubles rise,
We'll hasten to his throne.

2 We love the Lord—he bowed his ear,
And chased our grief away:
Oh let our hearts no more despair,
While we have breath to pray.

3 The Lord beheld us sore distressed,
He bade our pains remove;
Return, our souls, to God, your rest,
For you have known his love.

116. FOURTH PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 WHAT shall we render to our God
For all his kindness shown?—
Our feet shall visit thine abode,
Our songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints, that fill thy house,
My offering shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine—for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand has loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

6 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

117. FIRST PART. L. M. WATTS.

Exhortation to universal Praise.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise,
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
In songs of praise divinely sing:
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 In every land begin the song:
To every land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

117. SECOND PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 O ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
Each with a different tongue;
In every language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.

2 His mercy reigns through every land—
Proclaim his grace abroad:
For ever firm his truth shall stand—
Praise ye the faithful God.

117. THIRD PART. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

1 WITH cheerful notes, let all the earth
To heaven their voices raise;
Let all, inspired with godly mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise.

2 God's tender mercy knows no bound;
His truth shall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tribute pay.

117. FOURTH PART. S. M. PRATT'S COLL.

1 LET songs of endless praise
From every nation rise;
Let all the lands their tribute raise,
To God, who rules the skies.

2 His mercy and his love
Are boundless as his name;
And all eternity shall prove
His truth remains the same.

117. FIFTH PART. 7s. MONTGOMERY.

1 ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
All ye lands, your voices raise;
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord—for ever praise.

2 For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.

3 Praise him, ye who know his love;
Praise him, from the depths beneath;
Praise him in the heights above;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe!

118. FIRST PART. C. M. WATTS.

Christ the Author of Salvation.

1 LO, what a glorious corner-stone
The builders did refuse!

Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

2 Great God the work is all divine,
The wonder of our eyes!
This is the day, that proves it thine,
This day did Jesus rise.

3 Sinners, rejoice—and saints, be glad;
The Saviour's name be blest;
Let endless honours on his head,
With joy, and glory, rest.

4 In God's own name, he comes to bring
Salvation to our race:
Oh let the church address her King,
With holy songs of praise.

118. SECOND PART. C. M. WATTS.

Celebration of Christ's Resurrection.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice—let earth be glad,
And praise surround his throne.

2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord—descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord—who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains,
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns;
Shall give him nobler praise.

118. THIRD PART. C. M. SPIRIT OF THE PS.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made:
O earth, rejoice and sing;
Let songs of triumph hail the morn,
Hosanna to our King!

2 The stone the builders set at naught,
That stone has now become
The sure foundation, and the strength
Of Zion's heavenly dome.
3 Christ is that stone, rejected once,
And numbered with the slain;
Now raised in glory, o'er his church
Eternally to reign.
4 This is the day the Lord hath made:
O earth, rejoice and sing;
With songs of triumph hail the morn,
Hosanna to our King!

118. FOURTH PART. C. M. WATTS.

Thankful acknowledgment of Divine Aid.

1 THE Lord appears my helper now,
Nor is my faith afraid
Of what the sons of earth can do,
Since he affords me aid.

2 'Tis safer, Lord, to trust in thee,
And have my God my friend,
Than trust in men of high degree,
And on their truth depend.

3 'Tis through the Lord, my heart is strong,
In him my lips rejoice;
While his salvation is my song,
How cheerful is my voice.

4 Joy to the saints, and peace belongs—
The Lord protects their days:
Let Zion tune immortal songs
To his almighty grace.

118. FIFTH PART. C. M. WATTS.

Christ the foundation of his Church.

1 BEHOLD the sure foundation stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God—to sinners dear—
Let saints adore the name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;

Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise:
'Tis thine own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

118. SIXTH PART. S. M. WATTS.

1 SEE what a living stone
The builders did refuse;—
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

2 The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son:
Yet on this rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner-stone.

3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

4 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made:—
Let us rejoice—and sing—and pray—
Let all the church be glad.

5 Hosanna to the King,
Of David's royal blood:—
Bless him, ye saints—he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

6 We bless thy holy word,
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

119. FIRST PART. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Departure from God deplored.

1 WE all, O Lord, have gone astray,
And wandered from thy heavenly way:
The wilds of sin our feet have trod,
Far from the paths of thee our God.

2 Hear us great Shepherd of thy sheep!
Our wanderings heal—our footsteps keep;
We seek thy sheltering fold again;
Nor shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain.

3 Teach us to know and love thy way;
And grant, to life's remotest day,
By thine unerring guidance led,
Our willing feet thy paths may tread.

119. SECOND PART. C. M. WATTS.

The blessedness of fearing and obeying God.

1 BLEST are the undefiled in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from every sin.

2 Blest are the men that keep thy word,
And practise thy commands;
With their whole heart they seek thee, Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.

3 Great is their peace, who love thy law;
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honour all thy name.

119. THIRD PART. C. M. WATTS.

Communion with God.

1 TO thee, before the dawning light,
Our gracious God, we pray;
We meditate thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day.

2 Our spirits faint to see thy grace—
Thy promise bears us up;
And while salvation long delays,
Thy word supports our hope

3 When midnight darkness veils the skies,
We call thy works to mind;
Our thoughts in warm devotion rise,
And sweet acceptance find.

119. FOURTH PART. C. M. WATTS.

Delight in God and in his Word.

1 THOU art our portion, O our God;
Soon as we know thy way,
Our hearts make haste t' obey thy word,
And suffer no delay.

2 We choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in each choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make us so rejoice.

3 Thy precepts and thy heavenly grace
We set before our eyes;
Hence we derive our daily strength,
And there our comfort lies.

4 If once we wander from thy path,
We think upon our ways;
Then turn our feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pardoning grace.

5 Now we are thine—for ever thine—
Oh save thy servants, Lord!
Thou art our shield—our hiding place—
Our hope is in thy word.

119. FIFTH PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

2 'Tis like the sun—a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

3 Thy precepts make us truly wise;
We hate the sinner's road;
We hate our own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, our God.

4 Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is every page!—
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

119. SIXTH PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 OH how we love thy holy law!
'Tis daily our delight:
And thence our meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

2 Our waking eyes prevent the day,
To meditate thy word:
Our souls with longing melt away,
To hear thy gospel. Lord.

3 Thy heavenly words our hearts engage,
And well employ our tongue,
And through our weary pilgrimage,
Yield us a heavenly song.

4 When nature sinks—and spirits droop—
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support our hope,
And there we write thy praise.

119. SEVENTH PART. C. M. FAWCETT.

1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration giv'n!
Bright as a lamp its precepts shine,
To guide our souls to heav'n.

2 The counsels of redeeming grace,
These sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour's lovely face,
Our favour'd eyes behold.

3 Thy word, Redeemer, cheers our hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

4 O may this lamp, through all the night
Of life, make plain our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

119. EIGHTH PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 LORD, we have made thy word our choice,
Our lasting heritage;
There shall our noblest powers rejoice,
Our warmest thoughts engage.

2 We'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises we rove
With ever new delight.

3 'Tis like a land of wealth well-known,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

119. NINTH PART. C. M. PRATT'S COLL.

1 LORD, we are thine—thy truth we own,
Thy righteous precepts love:
In mercy to our souls, send down
Salvation from above.

2 The wicked stand on every side,
And our destruction seek;
But in thy laws will we abide,
And of thy judgments speak.

3 We love the company of those
Who worship thee in fear,
Obey thy word—observe thy laws,
And hold thy precepts dear.

4 At morn—at noon—at night, we'll praise,
O Lord, thy sacred name;
With joy our thankful voices raise,
Thy goodness to proclaim.

119. TENTH PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 OH that thy statutes every hour
Might dwell upon our mind!
Thence we derive a quickening power,
And daily peace we find.

2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be our sweet employ;
Our souls shall ne'er forget thy word,
Thy word is all our joy.

3 How would we run in thy commands,
If thou our hearts discharge
From sin and Satan's hateful chains,
And set our feet at large.

4 Our lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name; [hear,
We'll speak thy word, though kings shall
Nor yield to sinful shame.

119. ELEVENTH PART. C. M. STEELE.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name ador'd,
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;

Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

4 O may these heav'nly pages be
Our ever dear delight;
And still new glories may we see,
With still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructer, gracious Lord!
Be thou for ever near;
Teach us to love thy sacred word,
And view the Saviour there.

119. TWELFTH PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 BEHOLD thy waiting servants, Lord,
Devoted to thy fear;
Remember and confirm thy word,
For all our hopes are there.

2 Hast thou not sent salvation down,
And promised quickening grace?
Doth not our hearts address thy throne?
And yet thy love delays.

3 Our eyes for thy salvation fail;
Oh! bear thy servants up;
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
Who dare reproach our hope.

4 Didst thou not raise our faith, O Lord?
Then let thy truth appear:
Saints shall rejoice in our reward,
And trust as well as fear.

119. THIRTEENTH PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 OH that the Lord would guide our ways
To keep his statutes still!
Oh that our God would grant us grace
To know and do his will!

2 Oh send thy Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon each heart;
Nor let our tongues indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off mine eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desire arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray—
My feet too often slip:
Yet since I keep in mind thy way,
Restore thy wandering sheep.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands—
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands
Offend against my God.

119. FOURTEENTH PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 WITH my whole heart I've sought thy face
Oh let me never stray
From thy commands, O God of grace;
Nor tread the sinner's way.

2 Thy word I've hid within my heart,
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From every rising sin.

3 I'm a companion of the saints,
Who fear and love the Lord;
My sorrows rise—my nature faints,
When men transgress thy word.

4 My heart with sacred reverence hears
The threatenings of thy word;
My flesh with holy trembling fears
The judgments of the Lord.

5 My God, I long—I hope—I wait
For thy salvation still;
Thy holy law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

119. FIFTEENTH PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 CONSIDER all our sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliverance send;
Our souls for thy salvation faint;
When will our troubles end?

2 Yet we have found 'tis good for us
To bear our Father's rod;
Affliction made us learn thy law,
And live upon our God.

3 Had not thy word been our delight
When earthly joys were fled,
Our souls, oppressed with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk among the dead.

4 Before we knew thy chastening rod,
Our feet were apt to stray;
But now we learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

119. SIXTEENTH PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 MY soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires, and every lust
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

3 Are not thy mercies sovereign still,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road?

4 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet, how slow my spirits move
Without enlivening grace!

5 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quickening power
To draw me near the Lord.

119. SEVENTEENTH PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord;
How good thy works appear!
Open our eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.

2 Since we are strangers here below,
Let not thy path be hid;
But mark the road our feet should go,
And be our constant guide.

3 When we confessed our wandering ways,
Thou heard'st our souls complain;
Grant us the teachings of thy grace,
Or we shall stray again.

4 If God to us his statutes show,
And heavenly truth impart,
His work for ever we'll pursue,
His law shall rule each heart.

119. EIGHTEENTH PART. C. M. WATTS.

The Excellency of the Scriptures.

1 LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book,
Great God, if once compared with thine,
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heaven.

3 We've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no farther go!

4 Our faith and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

119. NINETEENTH PART. C. M. T. & B.

1 OUR hiding-place, our refuge-tower,
And shield art thou—O Lord!
We firmly anchor all our hopes
On thy unerring word.

2 According to thy gracious word,
From danger set us free;
Nor make us of those hopes ashamed,
That we repose on thee.

3 On us, devoted to thy fear,
Lord, make thy face to shine;
Thy statutes both to know and keep
Our hearts with zeal incline.

4 Our hiding-place, our refuge-tower,
And shield art thou—O Lord!

We firmly anchor all our hopes
On thy unerring word.

119. TWENTIETH PART. C. M. Vt. Coll.

Hold thou us up, and we shall be safe.

1 TO thee again, our gracious God,
We lift our hearts and eyes;
Thou art our only safe abode,
Thou only just and wise.

2 In thee, for every needful grace,
Our souls would still confide;
Keep us, O Lord, in ev'ry place,
Secure on ev'ry side.

3 Be thou our guardian ever near,
Thy presence we entreat;
Keep us, O keep us in thy fear,
Uphold our sliding feet.

4 Lest we should once disgrace thy cause,
Make us, O Lord, to grow
Deaf, both to censure and applause,
And dead to all below.

5 We'd seek the honour of thy name,
And leave our own to die;
Help us to sink with humble shame,
And raise thy praises high.

119. TWENTY-FIRST PART. S. M. Faw.

Seeking instruction from God.

1 WITH humble heart and tongue,
Our God, to thee we pray:
Oh! bring us now, while we are young,
To thee, the living way.

2 Make each unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help us to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

3 Our hearts, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite them to thyself alone,
And make us wholly thine.

4 Oh! let thy word of grace
Our warmest thoughts employ;

Be this, through all our following days,
Our treasure and our joy.

5 To what thy laws impart
Be our whole souls inclined;
Come, Saviour, dwell within each heart,
And sanctify each mind.

121. FIRST PART. L. M. WATTS.

God's guardian care of his People.

1 HE lives—the everlasting God,
Who built the world—who spread the flood;
The heavens, with all their host, he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

2 He guides our feet—he guards our way;
His morning smiles adorn the day;
He spreads the evening veil—and keeps
The silent hours, while Israel sleeps.

3 Israel—a name divinely blest,
May rise secure—securely rest;
Thy holy guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber, nor surprise.

4 Long as we live, we'll trust his power;
Then in our last, departing hour,
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear us homeward to our God.

121. SECOND PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 TO heaven we lift our waiting eyes,
There all our hopes are laid;
The Lord, who built the earth and skies,
Is our perpetual aid.

2 Their steadfast feet shall never fall,
Whom he designs to keep;
His ear attends their humble call,
His eyes can never sleep.

3 Israel, rejoice, and rest secure,
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.

4 He guards thy soul—he keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come;
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God shall call thee home.

121. THIRD PART. H. M. WATTS.

1 TO God we lift our eyes,
From him is all our aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made:
God is the tower | His grace is nigh
To which we fly: | In every hour.

2 Our feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, our guard and guide,
Defends us from our fears.
Those wakeful eyes, | Shall Israel keep
That never sleep, | When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take our health away,
If God be with us there:
Thou art our sun, | To guard our head
And thou our shade, | By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word
To save our souls from death?
And we can trust our Lord
To keep our mortal breath:
We'll go and come, | Till from on high
Nor fear to die, | Thou call us home.

122. FIRST PART. C. M. WATTS.

Delight in the Sabbath and Temple of God.

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day!"

2 We love her gates—we love the road;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joy unknown,
The holy tribes repair:
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints,
And while his awful voice

Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts, and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest!

6 Our souls shall pray for Zion still,
While life, or breath remains;
Here our best friends, our kindred dwell,
Here God, our Saviour, reigns.

122. SECOND PART. C. M. SPIRIT OF PS.

1 WITH joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God has called his own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
Where willing votaries throng
To breathe the humble fervent prayer—
And pour the choral song.

3 Spirit of grace! oh deign to dwell
Within thy church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found—
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with grateful zeal around,
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day,
Which thou hast called thine own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at thy throne.

122. THIRD PART. C. P. M. MERRICK.

1 THE festal morn, our God, is come,
That calls us to thy sacred dome,
Thy presence to adore:
Our feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the hallowed floor.

With holy joy we hail the day,
That warns our thirsting souls away
What transports fill each breast!

For, lo! our great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And leads us to his rest.
3 Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeemed of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring;
Here, crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail th' immortal King.

122. FOURTH PART. S. P. M. WATTS.

1 HOW pleased and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
"Come let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill.
And there our vows and honours pay.
2 Zion—thrice happy place—
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round:
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.
3 Here David's greater Son
Has fixed his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment here:
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinners sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.
4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!
5 My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For here my friends and kindred dwell:
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

123. 7s. PRATT'S COLL.

Waiting on God for Spiritual Strength.

1 LORD, before thy throne we bend;
Now to thee our eyes ascend:

Servants to our Master true,
Lo! we yield thee homage due:—
Children, to thy throne we fly,
Abba, Father, hear our cry!

2 Now before thee, Lord, we bow,
We are weak—but mighty thou:
Sore distressed, yet suppliant still,
Here we wait thy holy will:
Bound to earth and rooted here,
Till our Saviour, God appear.

3 Leave us not beneath the power
Of temptation's darkest hour:
Swift to read their captives' doom,
See our foes exulting come!—
Jehovah, God, yet be nigh,
Lord of life and victory!

125. FIRST PART. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Safety of trusting in God.

1 WHO make the Lord of hosts their tower,
Shall like Mount Zion be,
Immovable by mortal power,
Built on eternity.

2 As round about Jerusalem,
The guardian mountains stand,
So shall the Lord encompass them
Who hold by his right hand.

3 The rod of wickedness shall ne'er
Against the just prevail,
Lest innocence should find a snare,
And tempted virtue fail.

4 Do good, O Lord, do good to those,
Who cleave to thee in heart,
Who on thy truth alone repose,
Nor from thy law depart.

125. SECOND PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains stand;
Firm as a rock—the soul shall rest,
That trusts th' almighty hand.

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Fair Salem's happy ground,

As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.

3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on;
Oh may we reach the blest abode,
Where Christ our Lord is gone.

125. THIRD PART. S. M. WATTS.

1 FIRM and unmoved are they,
Who rest their souls on God;
Firm as the mount where David dwelt,
Or where the ark abode.

2 As mountains stood to guard
The city's sacred ground,
So God, and his almighty love,
Embrace his saints around.

3 Deal gently, Lord, with those,
Whose faith and holy fear,
Whose hope, and love, and every grace,
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

126. FIRST PART. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Weeping Seed-time, joyful Harvest.

1 THE darkened sky, how thick it lowers!
Troubled with storms, and big with showers;
No cheerful gleam of light appears,
But nature pours forth all her tears.

2 Yet, let the sons of grace revive;
God bids the soul that seeks him live;
And from the gloomiest shade of night
Calls forth a morning of delight.

3 The seeds of ecstasy unknown
Are in these watered furrows sown;
See the green blades, how thick they rise,
And with fresh verdure bless our eyes.

In secret foldings they contain
Unnumbered ears of golden grain;
And heaven shall pour its beams around,
Till the ripe harvest load the ground.

Then shall the trembling mourner come,
And bind his sheaves, and bear them home;
The voice long broke with sighs shall sing,
Till heaven with hallelujahs ring.

126. SECOND PART. C. M. WATTS.

The Joy of a remarkable Conversion.

1 WHEN God revealed his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

3 Great is the work!—my neighbours cried,
And owned thy power divine;
Great is the work!—my heart replied,
And be the glory thine.

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

5 Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

127. FIRST PART. L. M. WATTS.

The Divine Blessing necessary to Success.

1 IF God succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost;
If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.

2 What though we rise before the sun,
And work, and toil, when day is done,
Careful and sparing eat our bread,
To shun that poverty we dread;—

3 'Tis all in vain till God hath blest:
He can make rich, yet give us rest;
On God, our sovereign, still depends
Our joy in children and in friends.

4 Happy the man, to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends!
How sweet our daily comforts prove,
Bestowed by his paternal love!

127. SECOND PART. 8's & 7's. SPIRIT, &c.

1 VAINLY through night's weary hours,
Keep we watch, lest foes alarm

Vain our bulwarks, and our towers,
But for God's protecting arm.

2 Vain were all our toil and labour,
Did not God that labour bless;
Vain, without his grace and favour,
Every talent we possess.

3 Vainer still the hope of heaven,
That on human strength relies;
But to him shall help be given;
Who in humble faith applies.

4 Seek we, then, the Lord's Anointed,
He shall grant us peace and rest;
Ne'er was suppliant disappointed,
Who through Christ his prayer addressed.

128. C. M. WATTS.

Blessedness of Obeying and serving God.

1 OH happy man, whose soul is filled
With zeal and reverend awe!
His lips to God their honours yield
His life adorns thy law.

2 A careful providence shall stand,
And ever guard his head;
Shall on the labours of his hand
Its kindly blessings shed.

3 The Lord shall his best hopes fulfil,
For months and years to come;
The Lord, who dwells on Zion's hill,
Shall send the blessings home.

4 This is the man, whose happy eyes
Shall see his house increase;
Shall see the mourning church arise,
Then leave the world in peace.

130. FIRST PART. L. M. WATTS.

Mercy and Pardon penitently implored.

1 FROM deep distress, and troubled thoughts
To thee, our God, we raised our cry:
If thou severely mark our faults,
Oh! who could stand before thine eye?

2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope, and love—as well as fear.

3 Our trust is fixed upon thy word,
Nor shall we trust thy word in vain:
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

4 Great is his love—and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son;
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

130. SECOND PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 OUT of the deeps of long distress,
The borders of despair,
We sent our cries to seek thy grace,
Our groans to move thine ear.

2 Great God! should thy severer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Be strict to mark iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.

3 But there are pardons with our God,
For crimes of high degree;
Thy Son has bought them with his blood,
To draw us near to thee.

4 We wait for thy salvation, Lord;—
With strong desires we wait;
Our souls, invited by thy word,
Stand watching at thy gate.

5 In God the Lord let Israel trust,
O sinners, seek his face;
The Lord is good, as well as just,
And plenteous is his grace.

130. THIRD PART. C. M. SPIRIT OF THE PS.

The Day-Spring from on high.

1 GREAT God, wert thou extreme to mark
The deeds we do amiss,
Before thy presence who could stand,
Who claim thy promised bliss?

2 But oh! all merciful and just,
Thy love surpasseth thought;
A Gracious Saviour has appeared,
And peace and pardon brought.

3 Thy servants in the temple watched
The dawning of the day,

Impatient with its earliest beams
Their holy vows to pay;

4 And chosen saints far off beheld
That great and glorious morn,
When the glad day-spring from on high
Auspiciously should dawn.

5 On us the Sun of Righteousness
Its brightest beams hath poured;
With grateful hearts and holy zeal,
Lord, be thy love adored;

6 And let us look with joyful hope
To that more glorious day,
Before whose brightness, sin and death,
And grief, shall flee away.

130. FOURTH PART. S. M. TATE & BRADY

Pardoning mercy of God.

1 OUR souls with patience wait
For thee, the living Lord;
Our hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never failing word.

2 Our longing eyes look out
For thine enlivening ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.

3 In thee we trust, our God;
No bounds thy mercy knows;
The plenteous source and spring from which
Eternal succour flows:

4 Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse,
And wash our guilt away.

131. FIRST PART. L. M. SPIRIT OF THE PS.

Meekness and Lowliness of Heart.

1 "OH learn of me," the Saviour cried,
"Oh learn of me, ye sons of pride;
For I am lowly, humble, meek,
No haughty looks high thoughts bespeak!"

2 Yes, blest Immanuel! thou wast mild,
Patient, and gentle as a child;
And they who would thy kingdom see,
Must meek and lowly be like thee.

131. SECOND PART. C. M. WATTS.

Humility and Submission.

1 IS there ambition in my heart?—
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or, do I act a haughty part?—
Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 Whate'er thine all-discerning eye
Sees for thy creature fit,
I'll bless the good—and to the ill
Contentedly submit.

3 Let not despair nor fell revenge
Be to my bosom known;
Oh give me tears for others' wo,
And patience for mine own.

4 Feed me, O Lord, with needful food:
I ask not wealth, or fame;
But give me eyes to view thy works,
A heart to praise thy name.

5 Oh may my days obscurely pass,
Without remorse or care;
And let me for my parting hour
From day to day prepare.

132. FIRST PART. L. M. WATTS.

The Church the Dwelling-Place of God

1 WHERE shall we go to seek and find
A habitation for our God?
A dwelling for the eternal mind,
Among the sons of flesh and blood?

2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest;
And Zion is his dwelling still;
His church is with his presence blest.

3 Here will he meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread;
Sinners, that wait before his door,
With sweet provision shall be fed.

4 Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign for ever—saith the Lord:
Here shall my power and love be known
And blessings shall attend my word.

132. SECOND PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 ARISE! O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes
Thus to be owned and blest.

2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain,
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let him hold a lasting throne,
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

132. THIRD PART. C. M. WATTS.

Privilege of Christian Worship.

1 THE Lord in Zion placed his name,
His ark was settled there:
To Zion the whole nation came
To worship thrice a year.

2 But we have no such lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where'er thy saints assemble now,
There is a house for God.

3 Here, Mighty God! accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the son of David reign;
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let him hold a lasting throne,
And, as his kingdom grows,

Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

133. FIRST PART. C. M. BRATTLE-ST. COLL.

The excellency of Christian Unanimity.

1 SPIRIT of peace! celestial Dove!
How excellent thy praise!
No richer gift than Christian love
Thy gracious power displays.

2 Sweet as the dew on herb and flower,
That silently distils,
At evening's soft and balmy hour,
On Zion's fruitful hills:—

3 So, with mild influence from above,
Shall promised grace descend,
Till universal peace and love
O'er all the earth extend.

133. SECOND PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 LO! what an entertaining sight
Those friendly brethren prove,
Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite,
Of harmony and love!

2 Where streams of bliss from Christ the spring
Descend to every soul;
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole.

3 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distil.

133. THIRD PART. C. M. SWAIN.

1 HOW sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word.

2 O may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part:
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

3 Free us from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes fix above;
May each his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.

4 Let love in one delightful stream,
Through ev'ry bosom flow.
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In ev'ry action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he 's an heir of heaven, that finds
His bosom glow with love.

133. FOURTH PART. S. M. WATTS.

1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise—their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 From those celestial springs
Such streams of pleasure flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honours can bestow.

4 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above;
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

133. FIFTH PART. H. M. MONTGOMERY.

1 HOW beautiful the sight
Of brethren who agree
In friendship to unite,
And bonds of charity;
'Tis like the precious ointment shed
O'er all his robes, from Aaron's head.

2 'Tis like the dews that fill
The cups of Hermon's flowers;
Or Zion's fruitful hill,
Bright with the drops of showers;
When mingling odours breathe around,
And glory rests on all the ground.

3 For there the Lord commands
Blessings, a boundless store,

From his unsparing hands,
Yea, life for evermore.
Thrice happy they, who meet above,
To spend eternity in love.

134. FIRST PART. C. M. WATTS

Daily and Nightly Devotion.

1 YE that obey the immortal King
Attend his holy place;
Bow to the glories of his power,
And bless his wondrous grace.

2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls on high:
Raise your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.

3 The God of Zion cheers our hearts
With rays of quickening grace;
The God that spreads the heavens abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

134. SECOND PART. S. M. PRATT'S COL

Praise to God for his Works.

1 BEHOLD his wondrous grace!
And bless Jehovah's name:
Ye servants of the Lord, his praise
By day and night proclaim.

2 He formed the earth below,
He formed the heavens his throne:
His grace from Zion he'll bestow,
And pour his blessings down.

3 Ye, who his courts attend,
There lift your hands on high:
And let your songs of praise ascend,
In strains of sacred joy.

135. C. M. WATTS.

Exhortation to Praise God.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, to praise your King,
Your sweetest passions raise;
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.

2 Great is the Lord—and works unknown
Are his divine employ;
But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.

3 Heaven, earth, and sea confess his hand;
He bids the vapours rise!
Lightning and storm, at his command,
Sweep through the sounding skies.

4 All power that gods or kings have claimed,
Is found with him alone;
But heathen gods shall ne'er be named,
Where our Jehovah 's known.

5 Ye nations, know the living God,
Serve him with holy fear;
He makes the churches his abode,
And claims your honours there.

136. FIRST PART. L. M. WATTS.

Divine Goodness and Compassion celebrated.

1 GIVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 He built the earth—he spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

3 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 Give to the Lord of lords renown;
The King of kings with glory crown
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

136. SECOND PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 GIVE thanks to God, the sovereign Lord,
His mercies still endure:
And be the King of kings adored;
His truth is ever sure.

2 What wonders hath his wisdom done:
How mighty is his hand!
Heaven, earth, and sea he framed alone;
How wide is his command!

3 He saw the nations dead in sin:
He felt his pity move:

How sad the state the world was in!
How boundless was his love!

4 He sent to save us from our wo;
His goodness never fails;
From death and hell, and every foe;
And still his grace prevails.

5 Give thanks to God, the heavenly King;
His mercies still endure:
Let all the earth his praises sing;
His truth is ever sure.

136. THIRD PART. 7s. MILTON.

1 LET us, with a joyful mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 All things living he doth feed:
His full hand supplies their need:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 He his chosen race did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Let us then, with joyful mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

136. FOURTH PART. H. M. WATTS.

1 GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord;
The sovereign King of kings;
And be his grace adored.

His power and grace | And let his name
Are still the same; | Have endless praise.

2 How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He formed the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone.
Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
Shall still endure; | Abides thy word.

3 He sent his only Son
To save us from our wo,
From darkness, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe.
His power and grace | And let his name
Are still the same; | Have endless praise.

4 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heavenly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.
Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
Shall still endure; | Abides thy word.

137. FIRST PART. 10s. BARLOW.

Lamenting the Desolations of Zion.

1 ALONG the banks where Babel's current flows,
Our captive bands in deep despondence strayed,
While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose,
Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.

2 The tuneless harp, that once with joy we strung,
When praise employed and mirth inspired the lay,
In mournful silence—on the willows hung,
And growing grief prolonged the tedious day.

3 Our hard oppressors, to increase our wo,
With taunting smiles a song of Zion claim;
Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow,
While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's name.

4 But how, in heathen chains, and lands unknown,
Shall Israel's sons a song of Zion raise?—
O hapless Salem, God's terrestrial throne,
Thou land of glory, sacred mount of praise.

5 If e'er my memory lose thy lovely name,
If my cold heart neglect my kindred race,
Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame:
My hand shall perish, and my voice shall cease.

137. SECOND PART. L. M. PRATT'S COLL.

1 WHY, on the bending willows hung,
Israel! still sleeps thy tuneful string?—
Still mute remains thy sullen tongue,
And Zion's song denies to sing?

2 Awake—thy sweetest raptures raise;
Let harp and voice unite their strains:
Thy promised King his sceptre sways;
Jesus, thine own Messiah, reigns!

3 No taunting foes the song require:
No strangers mock thy captive chain:
But friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.

4 Nor fear thy Salem's hills to wrong,
If other lands thy triumph share:
A heavenly city claims thy song;
A brighter Salem rises there.

5 By foreign streams no longer roam;
Nor, weeping, think of Jordan's flood:
In every clime behold a home,
In every temple see thy God.

138. FIRST PART. L. M. SPIRIT OF THE PS.

Praise for Creation and Grace.

1 WITH all our hearts, with all our powers,
We praise the Lord, whose bounteous hand
Unnumbered gifts profusely showers
On every nation, every land.

2 We praise him in his sacred fane,
We praise him midst the assembled throng;
Nor will a gracious God disdain,
The tribute of our earthly song.

3 We praise him for his faithful love,
We praise him for his blessed Son,
Who died for man, who reigns above,
With God, the high and holy One.

138. SECOND PART. L. M. WATTS.

Praise for Divine Protection.

1 WITH all our powers of heart and tongue,
We'll praise our Maker in our song;
Angels shall hear the notes we raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 To God, we cried, when troubles rose;
He heard us, and subdued our foes;
He did our rising fears control,
And strength diffused through every soul.

3 Amid a thousand snares we stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand:
Thy words our fainting souls revive,
And keep our dying faith alive.

4 We'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord;
We'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all the works and names below,
So much thy power and glory show.

139. FIRST PART. L. M. SPIRIT OF THE PS.

Omniscience and Omnipresence of God.

1 FATHER of spirits! Nature's God!
Our inmost thoughts are known to thee;
Thou, Lord, canst hear each idle word,
And every private action see.

2 Could we on morning's swiftest wings
Pursue our flight through trackless air;
Or dive beneath deep ocean's springs,
Thy presence still would meet us there.

3 In vain may guilt attempt to fly,
Concealed beneath the pall of night,
One glance from thy all-piercing eye
Can kindle darkness into light.

4 Search thou our hearts, and there destroy
Each evil thought, each secret sin;
And fit us for those realms of joy,
Where naught impure shall enter in.

139. SECOND PART. L. M. WATTS.

1 LORD, thou hast searched and seen us thro',
Thine eye commands with piercing view,
Our rising and our resting hours,
Our hearts and flesh, with all their powers.

2 Our thoughts, before they are our own,
Are to our God distinctly known:
He knows the words we mean to speak,
Ere from our opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power we stand,
On every side we find thy hand:
Awake—asleep—at home—abroad,
We are surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge!—vast and great!
What large extent!—what lofty height!
Our souls, with all the powers we boast,
Are in the boundless prospect lost.

5 Oh may these thoughts possess each breast,
Where'er we rove—where'er we rest;
Nor let our weaker passions dare
Consent to sin—for God is there.

139. THIRD PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 IN all our vast concerns with thee,
In vain our souls would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
Our rising and our rest,
Our public walks—our private ways,
And secrets of each breast.

3 Our thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere our lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense we mean.

4 Oh! wondrous knowledge—deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms we lie,
Enclosed on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround us still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard our souls from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

139. FOURTH PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 LORD, where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heaven thy glorious throne.

2 Should we suppress our vital breath,
To 'scape the wrath divine;
Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.

3 If, winged with beams of morning light,
We fly beyond the west;
Thy hand, which must support our flight,
Would soon betray our rest.

4 If o'er our sins we think to draw
The curtains of the night;
The flaming eyes that guard thy law,
Would turn the shades to light.

5 The beams of noon—the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee:
Oh may we ne'er provoke that power,
From which we cannot flee.

139. FIFTH PART. C. M. WATTS.

God our Creator and Preserver.

1 WHEN we with pleasing wonder stand,
And all our frame survey;
Lord, 'tis thy work—we own thy hand
That built our humble clay.

2 Our flesh with fear and wonder stands,
The product of thy skill;
And hourly blessings from thy hands,
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3 And when we count thy mercies o'er,
They fill us with surprise;
Not all the sands that spread the shore
To equal numbers rise.

4 These on our hearts by night we keep;
How kind, how dear they be!
Oh! may the hour that ends our sleep
Still find our thoughts with thee!

139. SIXTH PART. C. M. DR. THOMPSON.

1 JEHOVAH, God! thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
Oh may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee!

2 If, on the wings of morn, we speed
To earth's remotest bound,

Thy hand will there our journey lead,
Thine arm our path surround.

3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

4 From morn till noon—till latest eve,
Thy hand, O God, we see;
And all the blessings we receive,
Proceed alone from thee.

5 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend;
In every age—in every clime,
Our Father and our Friend.

140. S. M. PRATT'S COLL.

Divine protection acknowledged & implored.

1 JEHOVAH, God most high!
Thou art the God we own:
Oh let our supplicating cry
Be heard before thy throne.

2 Great God, thy sovereign power
Salvation can impart:
Thy shield, in every dangerous hour,
Has shelter'd o'er each heart.

3 Do thou our foes repel,
Their dark designs restrain;
So shall the powers of earth or hell
Assault our souls in vain.

141. L. M. WATTS.

Daily Devotion.

1 OUR God, accept our early vows,
Like morning incense in thy house;
And let our nightly worship rise,
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er our lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let our feet incline to tread,
The guilty path, where sinners lead.

3 Oh, may the righteous, when we stray,
Smite, and reprove our wandering way,
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer each head.

4 When we behold them pressed with grief,
We'll cry to heaven for their relief;
And by our warm petitions, prove
How much we prize their faithful love.

143. L. M. WATTS.

Longing for Spiritual Light and Comfort.

1 OUR righteous Judge—our gracious God,
Hear, when we spread our hands abroad;
We cry for succour from thy throne,
Oh! make thy truth and mercy known.

2 For thee we pray—for thee we mourn;
When wilt thou, gracious Lord, return?
Shall all our joys on earth remove?
Wilt thou for ever hide thy love?

3 We lift our hands to thee again,
And thirst like parched lands for rain;
Oh! let us hear thy gracious voice—
So shall our weary souls rejoice.

4 Our thoughts in musing silence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace;
Thence we derive a glimpse of hope,
To bear our sinking spirits up.

5 Teach us, O Lord, thy holy will,
And lead us to thy heavenly hill:
Oh let the Spirit of thy love
Conduct us to thy courts above.

144. FIRST PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 FOR ever blessed be the Lord,
Our Saviour, and our shield;
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm us for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes our souls his care;
Instructs us in the heavenly fight,
And guards us through the war.

3 A friend and helper so divine
My fainting hope shall raise;
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.

144. SECOND PART. C. M. WATTS.

God's condescending Goodness to man.

1 LORD, what is man—poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first?
His life a shadow—light and vain,
Still hastening to the dust.

2 Oh! what is feeble, dying man,
Or all his sinful race,
That God should make it his concern
To visit him with grace!—

3 That God who darts his lightnings down,
Who shakes the worlds above,
While terrors wait his awful frown—
How wondrous is his love!

145. FIRST PART. L. M. WATTS.

All Praise due to God.

1 OUR God, our King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of our days;
Thy grace employ each humble tongue,
And life and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy works with boundless glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honour of thy name.

4 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make our song
The joy and triumph of their tongue.

5 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast—and unsearchable thy ways!
Vast—and immortal be thy praise!

145. SECOND PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 LONG as we live, we'll bless thy name,
Our King, our God of love;
Our work and joy shall be the same,
In brighter worlds above.

2 Great is the Lord—his power unknown,
Oh let his praise be great;
We'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon each tongue;
And while our lips rejoice,
The men who hear our sacred song,
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to sons shall tell thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

5 The world is governed by thy hand,
Thy saints are ruled by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

145. THIRD PART. C. M. WATTS.

1 SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
Our God, our heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high—but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through all the earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!—
But soon he sends his pardoning word,
To cheer the souls he loves.

4 Sweet is the memory of thy grace,
Our God, our heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

145. FOURTH PART. C. M. STEELE.

1 GREAT is the Lord!—our souls adore!
We wonder while we praise;
Thy power, O God, who can explore,
Or equal honour raise?

2 How large thy tender mercies are!
How wide thy grace extends!
On thy beneficence and care
The universe depends.

3 Thy praise shall be our constant theme;
How wondrous is thy power!
We'll speak the honours of thy name,
And bid the world adore.

145. FIFTH PART. C. M. WRAGHAM.

1 TO thee, our righteous King and Lord,
Our grateful souls we'll raise;
From day to day thy works record,
And ever sing thy praise.

2 Thy greatness human thought exceeds;
Thy glory knows no end;
The lasting record of thy deeds
Through ages shall descend.

3 Thy wondrous acts, thy power, and might,
Our constant theme shall be;
That song shall be our soul's delight
Which breathes in praise to thee.

4 The Lord is bountiful and kind,
His anger slow to move;
All shall his tender mercies find,
And all his goodness prove.

5 From all thy works, O Lord, shall spring
The sound of joy and praise;
Thy saints shall of thy glory sing,
And show the world thy ways.

6 Throughout all ages shall endure
Thine everlasting reign;
Thy high dominion, firm and sure,
For ever shall remain.

146. FIRST PART. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Praise to God for his Perfections.

1 GOD of our life! through all our days
Our grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break our rest,
And griefs would tear each throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all our powers of language fail,

Joy through our swimming eyes shall break
And mean the thanks we cannot speak.

4 But O! when that last conflict 's o'er,
And we are chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall we rise
To join the music of the skies!

5 Soon shall we learn the exalted strains
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains;
And emulate with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

146. SECOND PART. L. M. WATTS.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord—each heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine;
Our days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.

2 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God—he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed—he feeds the poor;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

4 He loves the saints—he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;—
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

146. THIRD PART. L. P. M. WATTS.

1 WE'LL praise our Maker with our breath;
And when our voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ our nobler powers:
Our days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 How blest the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God—he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed—he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 We'll praise him while he lends us breath;
And when our voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ our nobler powers:
Our days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

147. FIRST PART. L. M. WATTS.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise:
His nature and his works unite
To make this duty our delight.

2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom 's vast, and knows no bound;
His counsels are a deep profound.

3 Great is the Lord, and great his might;
Kind are his ways, his judgments right:
He loves the meek, rewards the just,
And lifts the humble from the dust.

4 His saints are precious in his sight;
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
Approves and owns his image there.

147. SECOND PART. C. M. SPIRIT OF PS.

Goodness of God. Morning.

1 DELIGHTFUL is the task to sing,
On each returning day,
The praises of our heavenly King,
And grateful homage pay.

2 The countless worlds, which, bathed in light,
Through fields of azure move,
Proclaim his wisdom and his might,
But O, how great his love!

3 He deigns each broken, contrite heart
With tender care to bind;
And comfort, hope, and grace impart
To heal the wounded mind.

4 All creatures with instinctive cry,
From God implore their food;
His bounty grants a rich supply,
And fills the earth with good.

5 Delightful is the task, O Lord!
With each returning day
Thy countless mercies to record,
And grateful homage pay.

147. THIRD PART. C. M. WATTS.

The Seasons of the Year.

1 WITH songs and honours sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his showers of blessings down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3 His steady counsels change the face
Of each revolving year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

4 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

5 He sends his word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

6 The changing wind—the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
With songs and honours sounding loud,—
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

148. FIRST PART. S. M. WATTS.

Praise to God for his Perfection.

1 LET every creature join
To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

2 Thou sun, with golden beams,
And moon, with paler rays;
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above,
And fixed their wondrous frame:
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

4 By all his works above,
His honours be expressed;
But saints who taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

148. SECOND PART. C. P. M. OGILVIE.

1 BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name:
Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

2 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker God;
Ye thunders, speak his power:
Lo! on the lightning's fiery wing
In triumph walks th' eternal King:
Th' astonished worlds adore.

3 Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,
To join the thunders of the skies,
Praise him, who bids you roll;—
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

4 Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing;
Ye feathered warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To him who shaped your finer mould,
Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,
And tuned your voice to praise.

5 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
Let man, in God's own image made,
His breath in praise employ;
Spread wide his Maker's name around,
Till heaven shall echo back the sound,
In songs of holy joy.

148. THIRD PART. H. M. WATTS.

1 YE tribes of Adam, join
With heaven, and earth, and seas,

And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise.
Ye holy throng | In worlds of light
Of angels bright, | Begin the song.

2 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move
By his supreme command.
He spake the word, | From nothing came
And all their frame | To praise the Lord.

3 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love:
While earth and sky | His saints shall raise
Attempt his praise, | His honours high.

148. FOURTH PART. 8's & 7's. DUBLIN C.

1 PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore him;
Praise him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light!

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name!

149. C. M. WATTS.

1 ALL ye that love the Lord, rejoice,
And let your songs be new;
Amidst the church, with cheerful voice,
His later wonders show.

2 The Jews, the people of his grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing;
And Gentile nations join the praise,
While Zion owns her King.

3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn;
The meek, who lie despised in dust,
Salvation shall adorn.

4 Saints shall be joyful in their King,
E'en on a dying bed:
And like the souls in glory sing,
For God shall raise the dead.

5 When Christ his judgment-seat ascends,
And bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepared for all his friends,
Who humbly loved him here.

150. 7's. MERRICK.

1 PRAISE—oh praise the name divine,
Praise him at the hallowed shrine;
Let the firmament on high
To its Maker's praise reply.

2 All who vital breath enjoy,
In his praise that breath employ;
Heaven and earth the chorus join;
Praise—oh praise the name divine.

HYMNS

FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP.

THE EXISTENCE AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

1. L. M. STEELE.

Existence of God manifested from his Works.

1 THERE is a God—all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and sea, and skies;
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When earliest beams of morning rise.

2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
Throughout the world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your God;—
Bow down before him—and adore.

2. C. P. M. SMART.

The Great I AM.

1 WE sing of God, the mighty source
Of all things, the stupendous force
On which all things depend;
From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
All period, power, and enterprise
Commence, and reign, and end.

2 The world, the clustering spheres he made,
The glorious light, the soothing shade;
Dale, plain, and grove and hill;
The multitudinous abyss,
Where nature joys in secret bliss,
And wisdom hides her skill.

Tell them, I AM, Jehovah said
To Moses, while earth heard in dread,

And smitten to the heart,
At once above, beneath, around,
All nature, without voice or sound,
Replied, O Lord, THOU ART.

3. L. M. KIPPIS.

God Incomprehensible.

1 GREAT God! in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through;
Our labouring powers with reverence own,
Thy glories never can be known.

2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.

3 And yet thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal minds to know;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all thy works and conduct shine.

4 O! may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace;
Explore thy sacred truth, and still
Press on to know and do thy will.

4. L. M. WATTS.

God the Creator.

1 NATURE, with all her powers, shall sing
Her great Creator and her King:
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas
Deny the tribute of their praise.

2 Ye seraphs, who sit near his throne,
Begin to make his glories known,
Tune high your harps, and spread the sound
Throughout creation's utmost bound.

3 Oh! may our ardent zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts, and loudest songs;
Let there be sung, with warmest joy,
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.

4 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name:
The highest notes that angels raise,
Fall far below thy glorious praise.

5. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

1 THE God of nature and of grace,
In all his works appears;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.

2 How excellent, O Lord, thy name,
In all creation's lines!
Spread through eternity, thy frame
With rising lustre shines.

3 Millions before thy presence stand,
Who feel, while they adore,
Fulness of joy, at thy right hand,
And pleasures evermore.

6. C. M. BROWN.

1 GREAT first of beings! mighty Lord
Of all this wondrous frame!
Produced by thy creating word,
The world from nothing came.

2 Thy voice sent forth the high command,
'Twas instantly obeyed;
And through thy goodness all things stand,
Which by thy power were made.

3 Lord! for thy glory shine the whole;
They all reflect thy light:
For this in course the planets roll,
And day succeeds the night.

4 For this the earth its produce yields,
For this the waters flow;
And blooming plants adorn the fields,
And trees aspiring grow.

5 Inspired with praise, our minds pursue
This wise and noble end,
That all we think, and all we do,
Shall to thy glory tend.

7. C. M. WATTS.

1 ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise,
Thee all thy creatures sing;
While with thy name, rocks, hills, and seas
And heaven's high palace ring.

2 Thy hand—how wide it spreads the sky!
How glorious to behold!

Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.

3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

4 Almighty power, and equal skill
Shine through the worlds abroad;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder—God.

5 But still, the wonders of thy grace
Our warmer passions move;
Here we behold our Saviour's face,
And we adore thy love.

8. C. M. H. K. White.

God's power over his Works.

1 THE Lord our God is full of might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves! and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night! your force combine,
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not in the mountain pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 Ye nations bend, in reverence bend,
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God!

9. C. M. Browne.

Universal goodness of God.

1 LORD thou art good! all nature shows
Its mighty author kind:
Thy bounty through creation flows,
Full, free, and unconfined.

2 The whole in every part proclaims
Thine infinite good will;

It shines in stars, and flows in streams,
And bursts from every hill.

3 We view it o'er the spreading main,
And heavens which spread more wide;
It drops in gentle showers of rain,
And rolls in every tide.

4 Long hath it been diffused abroad,
Through ages past and gone;
Nor ever can exhausted be,
But still keeps flowing on.

5 Through the whole earth it pours supplies
Spreads joy through every part;
O may such love attract our eyes,
And captivate each heart!

6 Our highest admiration raise,
Our best affections move!
Employ our tongue in songs of praise,
And fill our hearts with love!

10. 6s. M. DRUMMOND.

Unity of God.

1 THE God who reigns alone
O'er earth, and sea, and sky,
Let man with praises own,
And sound his honours high,

2 Him all in heaven above,
Him all on earth below,
The exhaustless source of love,
The great Creator know,

3 He formed the living flame,
He gave the reasoning mind;
Then only He may claim
The worship of mankind.

4 So taught his only Son,
Blessed messenger of grace!
The Eternal is but one,
No second holds his place.

11. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

The earth full of the Goodness of God.

1 GOD, in the high and holy place,
Looks down upon the spheres;

Yet in his providence and grace
To every eye appears.

2 He bows the heavens; the mountains stand,
A highway for our God:
He walks amidst the desert-land;
'Tis Eden where he trod.

3 The forests in his strength rejoice;
Hark! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, the Lord God's voice
Is heard among the trees.

4 In every stream his bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth;
In every breeze his Spirit blows,
—The breath of life and health.

5 His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruits and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.

6 If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare,
Will Paradise be found!

12. C. M. Scott.

God, Almighty and Omnipotent.

1 GREAT God, thy penetrating eye
Pervades my inmost powers:
With awe profound my wondering soul
Falls prostrate, and adores.

2 To be encompassed round with God,
The holy and the just;
Armed with omnipotence to save,
Or crumble us to dust—

3 Oh, how tremendous is the thought!
Deep may it be impressed!
And may thy Spirit firmly grave
This truth within each breast!

4 Begirt with thee, our fearless souls
The gloomy vale shall tread;
And thou wilt bind th' immortal crown
Of glory on each head.

13. L. M. Needham.

Wisdom and Knowledge of God.

1 AWAKE, our tongues—our tribute bring
To him who gave us power to sing;
Praise him, who is all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 How vast his knowledge! how profound!
A depth where all our thoughts are drowned!
The stars he numbers—and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.

3 Through each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold:
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine,
To speak his wisdom all divine.

4 But in redemption, oh what grace!
Its wonders, oh what thought can trace;
Here wisdom shines for ever bright—
Praise him, our souls, with sweet delight.

14. C. M. Watts.

God searching the Heart.

1 GOD is a spirit, just—and wise;
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our hearts behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies;
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice,
Where the heart is not found.

4 Lord, search our thoughts, and try our ways,
And make our souls sincere;
Then shall we stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

15. L. M. Methodist Coll.

God Self-existent and immutable.

1 ALL-POWERFUL, self-existent God,
Who all creation dost sustain!

Thou wast, and art, and art to come—
And everlasting is thy reign.

2 Fixed and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine,
Through ages infinite, shall still
With undiminished lustre shine.

3 Fountain of being! Source of good!
Immutable dost thou remain;
Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of thy reign.

4 Earth may with all her powers dissolve,
If such the great Creator's will:
But thou for ever art the same;
"I AM" is thy memorial still.

16. L. M. WILLIAMS'S COLL.

Praise to God for creating goodness.

1 CELESTIAL worlds! your Maker's name
Resound through every shining coast:
Our God a nobler praise will claim,
Where he unfolds his glories most.

2 Stupendous globe of flaming day!
Praise him in thy sublime career;
He struck from night thy peerless ray,
Gave thee thy path, and guides thee there.

3 Ye starry lamps, to whom 't is given
Night's sable horrors to illume,
Praise him who hung you in yon heaven,
With vivid fires to gild the gloom.

4 Lightnings, that round th' Eternal play!
Thunders, that from his arm are hurled!
The grandeur of your God convey,
Blazing, or bursting on the world.

5 From clime to clime, from shore to shore,
Be the almighty God adored:
He made the nations by his power,
And rules them with his sovereign word.

6 At once let nature's ample round
To God the vast thanksgiving raise:
His high perfection knows no bound,
But fills immensity of space.

17. S. M. Steele.

God our Creator and Benefactor.

1 OUR Maker and our King!
To thee our all we owe;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring,
Whence all our blessings flow.

2 Thou ever good and kind!
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
Our hearts to grateful love.

3 The creatures of thy hand,
On thee alone we live;
Our God, thy benefits demand
More praise than we can give.

4 Lord, what can we impart,
When all is thine before;
Thy love demands a thankful heart;
The gift, alas! how poor!

5 Shall we withhold thy due?
And shall our passions rove?
Lord, form our wretched hearts anew,
And fill them with thy love.

6 Oh let thy grace inspire
Our souls with strength divine;
Let all our powers to thee aspire,
And all our days be thine.

18. C. M. Gibbons.

1 THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,
Thy goodness we adore;
A spring, whose blessings never fail—
A sea without a shore!

2 Sun, moon, and stars, thy love declare
In every golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.

3 Thy bounty every season crowns,
With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strengthening grain, the fields.

4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen;

There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

5 There pardon, peace, and holy joy,
Through Jesus' name are given;
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heaven.

19. C. M. Steele.

1 YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise;
For he is good—immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care;
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his well-beloved Son,
To save our souls from sin;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known,
And proves it all divine.

4 To this sure refuge, Lord, we come,
And here our hope relies;
A safe defence—a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to thine almighty love
What honours shall we raise!
Not all the raptured songs above
Can render equal praise.

20. C. M. Addison.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O our God,
Each rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, we're lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts to each soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before our infant hearts conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps we ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed us safe,
And led us up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
Our daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of our life,
Thy goodness we'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song we'll raise:
But oh! eternity 's too short
To utter all thy praise!

21. L. M. Scott.

1 OUR frame, O God—these noble powers,
To thy creating hand we owe;
Thy providence preserves us safe,
And crowns our every wish below.

2 Oft in the visions of the night,
Our thoughts o'er all thy mercies rove;
And, every midnight wakeful hour,
We trace the wonders of thy love.

3 The pleasing, unexhausted theme
Each rising morn our souls pursue—
In fervent prayer ascends to thee,
And still their grateful songs renew.

4 Thy mercies, Lord, through endless years,
Shall all our raptured powers employ;
Yet endless years will only swell
Our wonder, gratitude, and joy.

22. L. M. Stennett.

A song of Praise to God.

1 TO God, the Universal King,
Let all mankind their tribute bring;
All that have breath, your voices raise,
In songs of never-ceasing praise.

2 The spacious earth on which we tread,
And wider heavens stretched o'er our head,

A large and solemn temple frame,
To celebrate its Builder's fame.

3 Here the bright sun, that rules the day,
As through the sky he makes his way,
To all the world proclaims aloud
The boundless sov'reignty of God.

4 When from our view the sun retires,
And with the day his voice expires,
The moon and stars adopt the song,
And through the night his praise prolong.

But man, endow'd with nobler pow'rs,
His God, in nobler strains adores:
His is the gift to know the song,
As well as sing with thankful tongue.

23. C. M. BURDER.

God is Love.

1 COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And lift your souls above;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing, that God is love.

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, appears,
To show, that God is love.

3 Behold his loving-kindness waits,
For those who from him rove,
And calls of mercy reach their hearts,
To teach them, God is love.

4 And oh that you, whose hardened hearts
No fears of hell can move,
May hear the gospel's milder voice—
That tells you, God is love.

5 Oh may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts—in brighter worlds,
Shall shout, that God is love.

24. L. M. WATTS.

Condescension of God.

1 THUS saith the high and lofty One,
"I sit upon my holy throne;

My name is God—I dwell on high;
Dwell in my own eternity.

"But I descend to worlds below;
On earth I have a mansion too;
The humble spirit and contrite
Is an abode of my delight.

3 "The humble soul my words revive,
I bid the mourning sinner live;
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind."

4 Lord, may thy pardoning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair, and die!
Then shall our grateful voice declare,
How free thy tender mercies are.

25. C. M. WATTS.

Eternal Dominion of God.

1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou!
How frail and weak are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears;
With God! there's nothing new.

4 Our lives through varying scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God, how infinite art thou!
How frail and weak are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

26. L. M. BLACKLOCK.

Majesty and Dominion of God.

1 COME, O our souls, in sacred lays,
Attempt our great Creator's praise:

But, oh, what tongue can speak his fame!
What mortal verse can reach the theme!

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence, with wisdom, shines,
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do you, our souls, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ each tongue,
Till listening worlds shall join the song!

27. L. M. STEELE.

1 THE Lord, the God of glory, reigns,
In robes of majesty arrayed;
His rule Omnipotence sustains, [made.
And guides the worlds his hands have

2 Ere rolling worlds began to move,
Or ere the heavens were spread abroad,
Thine awful throne was fixed above,
From everlasting thou art God.

3 The swelling floods tumultuous rise,
Aloud the angry tempests roar;
Lift their proud billows to the skies,
And foam, and lash the trembling shore.

4 The Lord, the mighty God, on high,
Controls the fiercely raging seas;
He speaks—and noise and tempest fly,
The waves sink down in gentle peace.

5 Thy sovereign laws are ever sure,
Eternal holiness is thine;
And, Lord, thy people shall be pure,
And in thy blest resemblance shine.

28. C. M. JARVIS.

The Attributes of God our Confidence.

GREAT God! thine attributes divine,
Thy glorious works and ways,
The wonders of thy power and might,
The universe displays.

2 In safety may thy children rest
On thy sustaining arm;
Extended still, and strong to save
From danger and alarm.

3 O may thy gracious presence, Lord,
Chase anxious fears away;
Amidst the ruins of the world,
Our guardian and our stay!

29. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The whole earth is full of thy glory.

1 JEHOVAH! we adore thy name,
And bow before thy throne;
Created nature, all proclaim
That thou art God alone.

2 The sun pours forth his radiant light
Thy glory to display;
How weak an emblem of thy sight
Is his most piercing ray.

3 The starry hosts of heaven combine
To sing aloud thy praise;
And will for ever, while they shine,
Their songs exulting raise.

4 Through vast immensity thine eye
Can instantly survey
Ten thousand worlds that roll on high,
Which all thy word obey.

5 Oh! how unspeakable thy love
To mortal man below:
Still may they all thy pity prove,
From whom all blessings flow.

30. C. M. GENTLEMENS' MAGAZINE.

The God of Nature invoked.

1 HAIL, great Creator, wise and good!
To thee our songs we raise:
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.

2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view;
And while we gaze, our hearts exult,
With transports ever new.

3 Thy glory beams in every star
Which gilds the gloom of night;
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.

4 The lofty hill, the humble vale,
With countless beauties shine:
The silent grove, the awful shade,
Proclaim thy power divine.

5 Great nature's God! still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage;
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page!

6 And while, in all thy wondrous works,
Thy varied love we see;
Still may the contemplation lead
Our hearts, O God! to thee.

31. L. M. BEDDOME.

Hymn Praise to God.

1 ALL glory to the Lord, our God,
Whose wisdom spreads the heavens abroad;
To him creation owes its birth,
His mighty arm sustains the earth.

2 His presence fills unbounded space,
His ways our highest thoughts surpass;
In worlds unnumbered and unknown,
He reigns unrivalled and alone.

3 The evening shade, the morning light,
The sun by day and stars by night,
Unite their voices to proclaim,
The awful grandeur of his name.

4 He sees our griefs with pitying eyes,
His liberal hand our need supplies;
From him full streams of mercy flow,
To cheer this gloomy vale below.

5 O God of grace and matchless power,
With reverence we thy name adore;
To thee our grateful songs we raise,
Though feeble are our notes of praise.

32. L. M. Watts.

God Incomprehensible.

1 CAN creatures to perfection find
The eternal, uncreated mind?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out?

2 'Tis high as heaven, 'tis deep as hell,
And what can mortals know or tell?
His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.

3 He frowns, and darkness veils the moon;
The fainting sun grows dim at noon;
The pillars of heaven's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.

4 These are a portion of his ways:
But who shall utter all his praise!
Who can endure his light, or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand!

33. C. M. Jarvis.

The Power of God.

1 ETERNAL God! thy works of might
Our awe and wonder raise;
Thy deeds of glory far surpass
Our loftiest notes of praise.

2 Thine awful thunder fills the air,
Resounding through the sky;
While vivid lightnings midst the gloom,
Proclaim Jehovah nigh.

3 He comes; all nature prostrate lies,
And trembles at his nod;
Earthquakes and dreadful storms announce
The presence of our God.

4 The howling winds, the beating rain,
The sea's tumultuous roar,—
These in tremendous concert joined,
Exalt thy boundless power.

5 Great God! we trust the matchless strength
Of thine almighty arm,
Which, midst the wreck of thousand worlds,
Could shelter us from harm.

34. C. M. Steele.

God, the supreme Good.

1 WHEN fancy spreads her boldest wing,
And wanders unconfined
Amid th' unbounded scene of things,
Which entertain the mind :

2 In vain we trace creation o'er,
In search of sacred rest;
The whole creation is too poor,
Too mean to make us blest.

3 In vain would this low world employ
Each flattering, specious wile;
For what can yield a real joy,
But our Creator's smile.

4 Let earth and all her charms depart,
Unworthy of the mind;
In God alone, this restless heart
An equal bliss can find.

5 Great spring of all felicity,
To whom our wishes tend!
Do not these wishes rise from thee,
And in thy favour end?

35. C. M. Watts.

Rejoicing in the Works of God.

1 REJOICE, ye righteous! in the Lord;
This work belongs to you;
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just, and true!

2 By his creative word of might,
The heavenly arch was reared;
And all the beauteous hosts of light
At his command appeared.

3 He bade the mighty waters flow
To their appointed deep;
The swelling seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.

4 Ye tenants of the spacious earth!
With awe before him stand:
He spake, and nature took its birth
And rests on his command.

His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wondrous name;
His mercy and his righteousness
Let heaven and earth proclaim.

36. L. M. Rippon's Coll.

The truth and faithfulness of God.

1 YE humble saints, proclaim abroad
The honours of a faithful God:
How just and true are all his ways,
How much above your highest praise!

2 The words his sacred lips declare
Of his own mind the image bear;
What should him *tempt*, from frailty free,
Blest in his self-sufficiency.

3 He will not his great self deny:
A God of truth can never lie:
As well might he his being quit
As break his oath, or word forget.

4 Let frighten'd rivers change their course,
Or backward hasten to their source;
Swift through the air let rocks be hurl'd,
And mountains like the chaff be whirl'd.

5 Let suns and stars forget to rise,
Or quit their stations in the skies;
Let heav'n and earth both pass away,
Eternal truth shall ne'er decay.

6 True to his word, God gave his Son,
To die for crimes which men had done;
Blest pledge! he never will revoke
A single promise he has spoke.

PROVIDENCE AND GOVERNMENT OF GOD.

37. C. M. Cowper.

Mysterious Providence.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform:
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,

He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints! fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

38. C. M. BEDDOME.

Providence and Grace unsearchable.

1 ALMIGHTY God, thy wondrous works
Of providence and grace,
An angel's perfect mind exceed,
And all our pride abase.

2 Stupendous heights! amazing depths!
Creatures in vain explore;
Or if a transient glimpse we gain,
'Tis faint, and quickly o'er.

3 Though all thy mysteries lie concealed
Beyond what we can see,
Grant us the knowledge of ourselves,
The knowledge, Lord, of thee.

39. C. M. J. TAYLOR.

Trust in God through all changes.

1 FATHER divine! before thy view,
All worlds, all creatures lie;
No distance can elude thy search,
No action 'scape thine eye.

2 From thee our vital breath we drew;
Our childhood was thy care;

And vigorous youth and feeble age
Thy kind protection share.

3 What'er we do, where'er we turn,
Thy ceaseless bounty flows;
Oppressed with wo, when nature faints,
Thine arm is our repose.

4 To thee we look, thou Power Supreme
O still our wants supply!
Safe in thy presence may we live,
And in thy favour die.

40. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Providential Bounties improved.

1 FATHER of lights! we sing thy name,
Who kindlest up the lamp of day;
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
His beams thy power and love display.

2 Fountain of good! from thee proceed
The copious drops of genial rain,
Which o'er the hill and through the mead,
Revive the grass, and swell the grain.

3 Through the wide world thy bounties spread;
Yet millions of our guilty race,
Though by thy daily bounty fed,
Affront thy law, and spurn thy grace.

4 Not so may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of thy care;
But what thy liberal hand imparts,
Still own in praise, still ask in prayer.

5 So shall our suns more grateful shine,
And showers in sweeter drops shall fall,
When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou, O God! enjoyed in all.

41. L. M. WESLEY'S COL.

Deliverances acknowledged.

1 GOD of our life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths our souls hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up our sinking head!

2 In all our ways thy hand we own,
Thy ruling providence we see:

Assist us still our course to run,
And still direct our paths to thee.

3 Whither, O! whither should we fly,
But to our loving Father's breast,
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest?

4 We have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O God, our wisdom art;
We ever into ruin run;
But thou art greater than each heart.

5 Foolish and impotent and blind,
Lead us a way we have not known;
Bring us where we our heaven may find,
The heaven of loving thee alone.

42. L. M. Browne.

Dependance on Providence.

1 GREAT Lord of earth, and seas, and skies,
Thy wealth the needy world supplies:
And safe beneath thy guardian arm,
We live secured from every harm.

2 To thee perpetual thanks we owe
For all our comforts here below;
Our daily bread thy bounty gives,
And every rising want relieves.

3 To thee we cheerful homage bring;
In grateful hymns thy praises sing;
On thee we ever will depend,
The rich, the sure, the faithful friend.

43. C. P. M. Exeter Col.

Providential Goodness of God.

1 GREAT source of unexhausted good,
Who giv'st us health, and friends, and food,
And peace, and calm content,
Like fragrant incense, to the skies,
Let songs of grateful praises rise,
For all thy blessings lent.

2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy providence attends our way,
To guard us and to guide;
Thy grace directs our wandering will,
And warns us, lest seducing ill
Allure our souls aside.

3 Thy smiles, with a reviving light,
Cheer the long darksome hours of night,
And gild the thickest gloom;
Thy watchful love, around our bed,
Doth softly like a curtain spread,
And guard the peaceful room.

4 To thee our lives, our all we owe,
Our peace and sweetest joys below,
And brightest hopes above;
Then let our lives, and all that 's ours,
Our souls, and all our active powers,
Be sacred to thy love.

44. C. M. West Boston Col.

God just and wise in afflictive Appointments.

1 IF Providence, to try our hearts,
Afflictions should prepare,
To God submissive may we bend,
And keep us from despair.

2 Whate'er he orders must be just;
Then let us kiss the rod,
Nor, poorly sunk, at all distrust
The goodness of our God.

3 The mind to which we owe our own,
To guide our mind is wise;
And he, to whom our faults are known,
The fittest to chastise.

4 Then, till life's latest sands are run,
O teach us, Power Divine,
Still to reply, thy will be done,
Not our will, Lord, but thine.

45. C. M. Doddridge.

Divine Goodness in moderating Affliction.

1 GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame,
We own thy power divine;
We hear thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are thine.

2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
They work thy sovereign will;
And, awed by thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.

3 Thy mercy tempers every blast
To those who seek thy face;
And mingles, with the tempest's roar,
The whispers of thy grace.

4 Those gentle whispers let us hear,
Till all the tumult cease;
And gales of Paradise shall lull
Our weary souls to peace.

46. C. M. Doddridge.

The Divine Presence and Help.

1 AND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
To dissipate our fear?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
Our God for ever near?

2 Doth thy right hand, which formed the earth,
And bears up all the skies,
Stretch from on high its friendly aid,
When dangers round us rise?

3 On this support our souls shall lean,
And banish every care;
The gloomy vale of death will smile,
If God be with us there.

4 While we his gracious succour prove,
'Midst all our various ways,
The darkest shades through which we pass,
Shall echo with his praise.

47. L. M. Watts.

Darkness of Providence.

1 LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
The obscure abyss of providence!
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2 Through seas and storms of deep distress
We sail by faith and not by sight;
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
Through all the terrors of the night.

3 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below;
Still let us lean upon our God;
Thine arm shall bear us safely through

48. S. M. Doddridge.

God wise and merciful in Chastisement.

1 HOW gracious and how wise
Is our chastising God!
And O! how rich the blessings are,
That blossom from this rod!

2 He lifts it up on high
With pity in his heart,
That every stroke his children feel
May grace and peace impart.

3 Instructed thus, they bow,
And own his sovereign sway;
They turn their erring footsteps back
To his forsaken way.

4 His covenant love they seek,
And seek the happy bands,
That closer still engage their hearts
To honour his commands.

5 Our Father, we consent
To discipline divine;
And bless the pains that make our souls
Still more completely thine.

49. S. M. Doddridge.

God's Care a Remedy for ours.

1 HOW gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
"Come cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care."

2 While providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guide his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved
Down to the present day;
We'll drop our burdens at his feet,
And bear a song away.

50. 7s. Ryland.

Our Times in the hand of God.

1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All our times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.

2 Thou didst form us by thy power;
Thou wilt guide us hour by hour;
All our times shall ever be
Ordered by thy wise decree;

3 Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief;

4 Times temptation's power to prove;
Times to taste a Saviour's love;
All is fixed, the means and end,
As shall please our heavenly Friend.

51. S. M. Christian Psalmist.

God Working in the Soul.

1 'TIS God the spirit leads
In paths before unknown:
The work to be performed is ours;
The strength is all his own.

2 Assisted by his grace,
We still pursue our way;
And hope at last to reach the prize
Secure in endless day.

3 'Tis he that works to will,
'Tis he that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

52. C. M. Mrs. Steele.

Kindness and Constancy of Providence.

1 THY kingdom, Lord, for ever stands,
While earthly thrones decay;
And time submits to thy commands,
While ages roll away.

2 Thy sovereign bounty freely gives
Its unexhausted store,

And universal nature lives
On thy sustaining power.

3 Holy and just in all thy ways
Thy providence divine;
In all thy works, immortal rays
Of power and mercy shine.

53. C. M. Scott.

Divine providence and the folly of Self Dependance.

1 GOD reigns; events in order flow
Man's industry to guide;
But in a different channel go
To humble human pride.

2 The swift not always in the race,
Shall win the crowning prize;
Not always, wealth and honour grace
The labours of the wise.

3 Ye crafty, scheme your winding way,
God shall confound your skill
Know, time and accident obey
His all-directing will.

4 Fond mortals do themselves beguile,
When on themselves they rest:
Blind is their wisdom, vain their toil,
By thee, O Lord, unblessed!

5 In all our ways we humbly own
Thy providential power:
Intrusting to thy care alone
The lot of every hour.

54. C. M. Steele.

Praise for the blessings of Providence

1 ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
Kind guardian of our days,
Thy mercies may we still record
In songs of grateful praise.

2 In life's first dawn, our tender frame
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere we could pronounce thy name,
Or call on thee by pray'r.

3 While sweet reflection through our days
Thy bounteous hand would trace:

Still richer blessings claim our praise,
The blessings of thy grace.

4 Yes, we adore thee, gracious Lord!
For favours more divine;
That we have known thy sacred word,
Where Jesus' glories shine.

5 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And death shall close our eyes,
Complete the triumphs of thy grace,
And raise us to the skies.

6 Then shall our joyful pow'rs unite,
In more exalted lays,
And join the happy sons of light,
In everlasting praise.

55. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

God the Christian's Refuge.

1 WHEN storms hang o'er the Christian's [head,
He flies unto his God;
And under his refreshing shade
Finds a secure abode.

2 When foes without, and fears within,
Seek to disturb his peace,
To God he makes his sorrows known,
And straight his sorrows cease.

3 When winds of strong temptation blow,
And floods of trouble roll,
God is the help, and refuge too,
Of his distressed soul.

4 But when tremendous terrors seize,
Where will the sinner fly?
He feels a thousand agonies,
And no deliverer nigh!

56. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Paternal Providence of God.

1 THROUGH all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God! conducts unseen,
The beautiful vicissitude.

2 Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,

To all their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

3 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thine eternal will depend;
And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue the appointed end.

4 Be this our care!—to all beside
Indifferent let our wishes be;
Passion be calm, and dead be pride,
And fix our souls, great God! on thee.

57. L. M. Browne.

Dependance of all creatures on Providence

1 O LORD of earth, and seas, and skies!
Thy wealth the needy world supplies;
All that is good thou wilt impart,
And all impending ill avert.

2 Supplied from thine unbounded store,
How much we owe,—yet need we more.
Still on that care our hopes depend,
Which will to every want extend.

3 What though alarms our peace invade?
Our refuge is beneath thy shade;
Our trust in thine almighty love
Bids every groundless fear remove.

4 Nor to the human race alone,
Is thy paternal goodness shown;
The tribes of earth, and sea, and air,
Partake the universal care.

5 Not e'en a sparrow yields its breath,
Till God permit the stroke of death:
He hears the ravens when they call,
The Father and the Friend of all.

58. C. M. Steele.

The Vicissitudes of Providence.

1 THE gifts indulgent heaven bestows,
Are variously conveyed;
The human mind, like nature, knows
Alternate light and shade.

2 While changing aspect all things wear,
Can we expect to find

Unclouded sunshine all the year,
Or constant peace of mind?

3 More gayly smiles the blooming spring,
When wintry storms are o'er;
Retreating sorrow thus may bring
Delights unknown before.

4 Then, Christian! send thy fears away,
Nor sink in gloomy care;
Though clouds o'erspread the scene to-day,
To-morrow may be fair.

59. C. M. JARVIS.

Universal Presence and Providence of God

1 GREAT God, how vast is thine abode!
Mysterious are thy ways!
Unseen thy footsteps in the air,
And trackless in the seas.

2 Yet, the whole peopled world bespeaks
Thy being and thy power,
'Mid the resplendent blaze of day
And awful midnight hour.

3 Nor all the peopled world alone,
Rich fields and verdant plains,
But lonely wilds by man untrod,
Where silent horror reigns.

4 The howling wind, the beating rain,
The sea's tumultuous roar,
These in tremendous concert joined,
Proclaim thy boundless power.

5 Through all creation's widest range,
The hand of Heaven is near:
Where'er we wander in the world,
Lo! God is present there.

60. L. M. SCOTT.

Equity of the Divine Dispensations.

1 WHO, Gracious Father! shall complain
Under thy mild and equal reign?
Who does a weight of duty share,
More than his aids and powers can bear?

2 With differing climes and differing lands,
With fertile plains and barren sands.

Thy hand hath framed this earthly round,
And set each nation in its bound.

3 Varied alike, thy moral ray
Here sheds a full, there fainter day;
The God of all, unkind to none,
To all the path of life has shown.

4 O the abounding grace which brought
To us, the words by Jesus taught!
So blest and with such hopes inspired,
How much is given, how much required!

61. C. M. NEEDHAM.

God no respecter of Persons.

1 WITH eye impartial, heaven's high King
Surveys each human tribe;
No earthly pomp thine eyes can charm,
Nor wealth thy favour bribe.

2 The rich and poor, of equal clay
Thy powerful hand did frame;
All souls are thine, and thee alike
Their common Parent claim.

3 Thou oft dost visit in thy love
The captive's lonely cell;
And, with the penitent who mourns,
'Tis thy delight to dwell.

4 The downcast spirit to revive,
The sorrowful to cheer;
And, from the bed of dust, to raise
The man of heart sincere.

5 With thee, dwells no relentless wrath
Against the human race:
The souls which thou hast formed shall find
A refuge in thy grace.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

62. C. M. EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE.

Revelation Welcomed.

1 HAIL, sacred truth! whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night;
Diffusing o'er the mental world,
The healing beams of light.

2 Jesus, thy word, with friendly aid,
Restores our wandering feet;
Converts the sorrows of the mind
To joys divinely sweet.

3 Oh! send thy light and truth abroad,
In all their radiant blaze;
And bid th' admiring world adore
The glories of thy grace.

63. L. M. WATTS.

Divine Authority of the Bible.

1 'TWAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 Great God! our eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There our Redeemer's face we see,
That died for us upon the tree.

3 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind;
Here we can fix our hope secure;
This is thy word—and must endure.

64. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Divine Teachings and their consequences

1 BRIGHT Source of intellectual rays,
Father of spirits and of grace,
O dart, with energy unknown,
Celestial beamings from thy throne.

2 Thy sacred book we would survey,
Enlightened with that heavenly day;
And ask thy Spirit with the word,
To teach our souls to know the Lord.

3 So shall our children learn the road
That leads them to their father, God:
And, formed by lessons so divine,
Shall infant minds with knowledge shine.

4 So shall the haughtiest soul submit,
With children placed at Jesus' feet;
The rising swell of pride shall cease,
And thy sweet voice be heard in peace.

5 Divine instructer, gracious Lord,
Be thou with us for ever near;
Teach us to love thy sacred word,
And let us view our Saviour there.

65. S. M. Scott.

Searching the Scriptures.

1 IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,
And dreads the curious eye:
But sacred truths the test invite,
They bid us search and try.

2 O may we still maintain
A meek, inquiring mind;
Assured we shall not search in vain,
But hidden treasures find.

3 With understanding blest,
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not rest,
Subject to none but thee.

4 Lord, give the light we need;
With soundest knowledge fill;
From noxious error guard our creed,
From prejudice our will.

5 The truth thou shalt impart,
May we with firmness own;
Abhorring each evasive art,
And fearing thee alone.

66. C. M. Cowper.

Light and glory of the Word.

1 WHAT glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun:
It gives a light to every age;
It gives—but borrows none.

2 The power that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
Its truths upon the nations rise;
They rise—but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 Our soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him we love,
Till glory breaks upon our view
In brighter worlds above.

67. C. M. Christian Psalmist.

The seed of the Word.

1 LORD of the harvest, God of grace,
Send down thy heavenly rain:
In vain we plant without thine aid,
And water too in vain.

2 May no vain thoughts, those birds of prey,
Defraud us of our gain;
Nor anxious cares, those baleful thorns,
Choke up the precious grain.

3 Ne'er may our hearts be like the rock,
Where but the blade can spring,
Which, scorched with heat, becomes by noon
A dead, a useless thing.

4 Let not the joys thy gospel gives
A transient rapture prove;
Nor may the world by smiles and frowns
Our faith and hope remove.

5 But may our hearts, like fertile soil,
Receive the heavenly word;
So shall our fair and ripened fruits
Their hundred fold afford.

68. C. M. Winchell's Coll.

The Bible the Light of the World.

1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day

69. P. M. Geo. Burder's Coll.

The Bible suited to the wants of Mankind.

1 HOW precious, Lord, thy sacred word!
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls in deep distress!
Thy precepts guide our doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids our feet to stray,
Thy promise leads to rest.

2 Thy threatenings wake our slumbering eyes,
And warn us where our danger lies;
But 'tis thy gospel, Lord,
That makes the guilty conscience clean,
Converts the soul, and conquers sin,
And gives a free reward.

70. C. M. Watts.

1 OPPRESSED with guilt, and full of fears,
We come to thee, our Lord;
While not a ray of hope appears,
But in thy holy word.

2 The volume of our Father's grace
Does all our grief dispel;
Here we behold our Saviour's face,
And learn to do his will.

3 Here living water freely flows,
To cleanse us from our sin;
'Tis here the tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

4 Oh! may thy counsels, mighty God,
Our roving feet command;
Nor we forsake the happy road,
That leads to thy right hand.

71. L. M. Maxwell's Coll.

Delight in the Scriptures.

1 WE love the sacred book of God;
No other can its place supply:
It points us to the saints' abode,
And lifts our joyful thoughts on high.

2 Blest book! in thee our eyes discern
The image of our absent Lord:

From thine instructive page we learn
The joys his presence will afford.

3 But while we're here, thou shalt supply
His place, and tell us of his love:
We'll read with faith's discerning eye,
And thus partake of joys above.

72. C. M. Episcopal Coll.

1 GREAT God! with wonder and with praise,
On all thy works we look;
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

2 Here are our choicest treasures hid;
Here our best comfort lies;
Here our desires are satisfied,
And here our hopes arise.

3 Lord, make us understand thy law;
Show what our faults have been;
And, from thy gospel let us draw
Pardon for all our sin.

73. L. M. Heginbotham.

1 NOW let our souls, eternal King!
To thee their grateful tribute bring:
Our knees with humble homage bow;
Our tongues perform each solemn vow.

2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below—and worlds above:
But in thy blessed word we trace,
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

3 There what delightful truths we read!
There we behold the Saviour bleed:
His name salutes each listening ear,
Revives each heart, and checks our fear.

4 There Jesus bids our sorrows cease,
And gives each labouring conscience peace;
Raises our grateful passions high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

5 For love like this, oh let our song,
Through endless years, thy praise prolong;
Let distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

74. C. M. C. Wesley.

Heavenly Bread.

1 WHAT is the chaff, the word of man,
When set against the wheat?
Can it a dying soul sustain,
Like that immortal meat?

2 Thy word, O God, with heavenly bread
The children doth supply;
And those who by thy word are fed,
Their souls shall never die.

75. C. M. Exeter Coll.

Supplication for a Blessing on the Word

1 THY gracious aid, great God, impart,
To give thy word success;
Write all its precepts on the heart,
And deep its truths impress.

2 O speed our progress in the way
That leads to joys on high,
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

GOSPEL AND SALVATION.

76. L. M. Watts.

Object of Christ's Advent.

1 NOT to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word;
Trust in his mighty name, and live;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

77. L. M. Beddome.

Excellency of the Gospel.

1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known:

Here love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners, of an humble frame,
May taste his grace, and learn his name,
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world where we shall rise;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

4 Oh! grant us grace, almighty Lord!
To read and mark thy holy word;
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

78. L. M. WATTS.

The object of the Gospel.

1 THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above:
Jehovah here resolves to show
What his almighty grace can do.

2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind;
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruined creature, man.

3 The gospel bids the dead revive;
Sinners obey the voice, and live:
Dry bones are raised, and clothed afresh,
And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.

4 May but this grace our souls renew,
Let sinners gaze, and hate us too;
The word that saves us does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

79. C. M. WATTS.

Salvation through Christ.

1 SALVATION! oh, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Bury'd in sorrow, and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;

But we arise by grace divine
To see a heav'nly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

4 Salvation! O thou blessed Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs!
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

80. S. M. Doddridge.

Salvation by Grace.

1 GRACE!—'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all its steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught our roving feet
To tread the heavenly road
And new supplies each hour we meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days:
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

81. S. M. Episcopal Coll.

Gospel Invitations.

1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The Bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "come!"

Let him that heareth say
To all about him, come!
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,

And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

82. 8s. 7s. JN. TAYLOR.

Benignity of God in the Gospel.

1 PRAISE to God, the great Creator!
Bounteous Source of every joy,
He, whose hand upholds all nature,
He, whose word can all destroy;
Saints, with pious zeal attending,
Now the grateful tribute raise;
Solemn songs to heaven ascending,
Join the universal praise.

2 Light of those, whose dreary dwelling
Bordered on the shades of death,
He, in Christ rich grace revealing,
Scattered all the clouds beneath.
Lo! th' eternal page before us
Bears the cov'nant of his love,
Full of mercy to restore us,
Mercy beaming from above.

3 Father, source of all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Hail the God of our salvation;
Praise him, every thankful heart:
Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our songs we raise;
There we'll cast our crowns before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

83. 7s. MRS. BARBAULD.

The Invitations of the Gospel.

1 COME! said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice:
I will guide you to your home,—
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste!

3 Ye, who tost on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain:
Ye, whose swollen and sleepless eyes,
Watch to see the morning rise:

4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
Guilt, in strong remorse, who mourn;
Here repose your heavy care:
Conscience wounded, who can bear?

5 Sinner, come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace that ever shall endure;
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

84. H. M. Doddridge.

The Efficacy of the Gospel.

1 MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the descending rain!
To heaven from whence it fell,
It turns not back again;
But waters earth | And calls forth all
Through every pore, | Her secret store.

2 Arrayed in beauteous green,
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By providence divine:
The harvest bows | The copious seed
Its golden ears, | Of future years.

3 "So," saith the God of grace,
"My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend;
Millions of souls | And bear it down
Shall feel its power, | To millions more."

85. S. M. Ev. Luth. Coll.

Light and Redemption by the Gospel.

1 OUR souls revere the page
Where light and pardon shine;
And joy to tell the rising age,
What goodness, Lord! is thine.

2 That goodness, like the sun,
Dawned on our early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form our lips to praise.

3 But joy far more refined
Awaited that blest day,

Whose sun arose upon each mind
To chase its gloom away.

4 How changed our mournful state,
When God revealed his name!
And showed us all the world calls great,
Is but a pleasing dream!

5 Our God! to gospel light
Our dawn of peace we owe;
Once wandering in the shades of night
And sunk in hopeless wo.

6 With transport ever new,
We own thy grace, O Lord!
Eternity that grace shall show,
Thy pardoning love record.

86. C. M. Birmingham Coll.

Unfruitfulness under Gospel privileges.

1 O GOD! thy gracious aid impart
To bend our wills to thine;
Melt our whole souls, and let them flow,
And take the mould divine.

2 The gracious truths which Jesus brought,
Our ears have often heard!
Yet still how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

3 How cold and feeble is our love!
How negligent our fear!
How low our hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

4 O deep impress that perfect law,
Which noblest freedom gives:
And let it all our souls refine,
And sanctify our lives.

5 Not with a transient glance surveyed,
And in an hour forgot,
But deep inscribed on every heart,
To reign o'er every thought.

6 Teach our forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys above;
Devotion then shall fire the breast,
And the whole soul be love.

87. L. M. Scott.

Christian Privileges and Obligations.

1 WHAT countless myriads draw their breath
In lands of ignorance and death,
While God allots our share of time,
Within his Gospel's favoured clime!

2 Shall we receive this grace in vain?
Shall we our great vocation stain?
Away, ye works in darkness wrought;
Away, each sensual, earthly thought!

3 Our souls! we charge you to excel
In thinking right and acting well;
Deep let our searching powers engage,
Unbiased, in the sacred page.

4 Heighten the force of good desire,
To deeds of shining worth aspire;
More firm in fortitude, despise
The world's seducing vanities.

5 Strong and more strong our passions rule,
Advancing still in virtue's school;
Contending still, with noble strife,
To imitate our Saviour's life.

88. L. M. Vermont Coll.

Grace proclaimed.

1 COME, trembling souls, forget your fear,
For your eternal friend is near;
O bow your souls before his face,
And share in his redeeming grace.

2 Long time he' s called your souls in vain,
And yet behold he calls again;
Once more in love he' s come to try;
Say, sinners, will you live or die?

3 Though long you have his grace abus'd,
And all his calls of love refus'd,
Yet even now he will forgive,
O sinners, hear his voice and live.

4 Or will you crowd him from your door,
That he may never call you more?
Then think, O souls, how can you bear
To sink in death and long despair?

5 O sinners, hear, he calls again,
And do not linger on the plain;
Leave all, and fly to Jesus' arms,
And taste, O taste his heav'nly charms.

89. C. M. WATTS.

The Rich Provisions of the Gospel.

1 GREAT God, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And heal the dying Greek.

2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Does thy salvation flow;
It's not confin'd to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.

3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,
The poor may take their share;
No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair.

4 Come, all ye wretched sinners, come,
He'll form your souls anew;
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.

5 His doctrine is almighty love;
There's virtue in his name
To turn a raven to a dove,
The lion to a lamb.

6 O could we raise a song of praise,
Half equal to his love, [sing
The heav'ns would ring while we should
Through all the courts above.

90. C. M. VERMONT COLL.

1 ON Zion his most holy mount,
God will a feast prepare;
And, Israel's sons, and Gentile lands,
Shall in the banquet share.

2 Marrow and fatness are the food
His bounteous hand bestows;
Wine on the lees and well refin'd,
In rich abundance flows.

3 See to the vilest of the vile,
A free acceptance given;

See rebels, by adopting grace,
Sit with the heirs of heav'n.

4 The pain'd, the sick, the dying now,
To ease and health restor'd,
With eager appetites partake
The plenties of the board.

5 But O what draughts of bliss unknown,
What dainties shall be given,
When with the myriads round the throne,
We join the feast of heav'n.

6 There joys immeasurably high,
Shall overflow the soul,
And springs of life that never dry,
In thousand channels roll.

91. C. M. VERMONT COLL.

The Jubilee.

1 WHAT heavenly music do we hear?
Salvation sounding free!
Ye souls in bondage, lend an ear;
This is the Jubilee.

2 How sweetly do the tidings roll,
All round from sea to sea,
From land to land, from pole to pole;
This is the Jubilee.

3 Good news, good news to Adam's race,
Let Christians all agree,
To sing redeeming love and grace;
This is the Jubilee.

4 The gospel sounds a sweet release
To all in misery,
And bids them welcome home to peace;
This is the Jubilee.

5 Jesus is on the mercy-seat,
Before him bend the knee;
Let heav'n and earth his praise repeat;
This is the Jubilee.

6 Sinners, be wise, return, and come
Unto the Saviour free;
The Spirit bids you welcome home;
This is the Jubilee.

7 Come, ye redeem'd, your tribute bring,
With songs of harmony;
While on the road to glory sing,
This is the Jubilee.

LIFE, DEATH, AND EXALTATION OF CHRIST.

92. 11s. DRUMMOND.

Prepare ye the way of the Lord.

1 A VOICE from the desert comes awful and shrill;
The Lord is advancing! prepare ye the way!
The word of Jehovah he comes to fulfil,
And o'er the dark world pour the splendour of day.

2 Bring down the proud mountain, though towering to heaven,
And be the low valley exalted on high:
The rough path and crooked be made smooth and even,
For, Zion! your King, your Redeemer is nigh

3 The beams of salvation his progress illume;
The lone dreary wilderness sings of her Lord;
The rose and the myrtle there suddenly bloom
And the olive of peace spreads its branches abroad.

93. L. M. DABALL'S COLL.

Nativity of Christ.

1 WAKE, O my soul, and hail the morn,
For unto us a Saviour 's born;
See, how the angels wing their way,
To usher in the glorious day!

2 Hark! what sweet music—what a song—
Sounds from the bright, celestial throng!
Sweet song—whose melting sounds impart
Joy to each raptured, listening heart.

3 Come, join the angels in the sky,
Glory to God, who reigns on high
Let peace and love on earth abound,
While time revolves and years roll round.

94. C. M. Mealey.

1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heav'n the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tun'd the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy, was new,
'Twas more than heav'n could hold.

4 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heav'nly throng.

5 Hail Prince of Life! for ever hail,
Redeemer, brother, friend!
Though earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

95. 8s & 7s. Caywood.

1 HARK!—what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Hear them tell the wondrous story,
Hear them chant in hymns of joy,
"Glory in the highest—glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3 Peace on earth—good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found."
"Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven"—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
Oh receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name—and taste his joy;

Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high!

96. S. M. Watts.

1 BEHOLD! the grace appears,
The blessing promised long;
Angels announce the Saviour near,
In this triumphant song:

2 "Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good-will to men—to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth!"

3 In worship so divine
Let men employ their tongues;
With the celestial host we join,
And loud repeat their songs—

4 "Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good-will to men—to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth!"

97. S. M. Anonymous.

1 WE come with joyful song,
To hail this happy morn:
Glad tidings from an angel's tongue,
"This day is Jesus born!"

2 What transports doth his name
To sinful men afford!
His glorious titles we proclaim—
A Saviour—Christ—the Lord!

3 Glory to God on high,
All hail the happy morn:
We join the anthems of the sky—
And sing—"The Saviour's born!"

98. C. M. Doddridge.

1 HARK! the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes—the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held:

The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes—from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And, on the eyes oppressed with night—
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes—the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

99. H. M. Salisbury Coll.

1 HARK! what celestial sounds,
What music fills the air!
Soft warbling to the morn,
It strikes the ravished ear:
Now all is still, | In tuneful notes,
Now wild it floats | Loud, sweet, and shrill.

2 Th' angelic hosts descend,
With harmony divine:
See how from heaven they bend
And in full chorus join.
Fear not, say they, | Jesus, your king
Great joy we bring: | Is born to-day.

3 He comes, your souls to save
From death's eternal gloom;
To realms of bliss and light
He lifts you from the tomb.
Your voices raise, | Your songs unite
With sons of light, | Of endless praise.

4 Glory to God on high!
Ye mortals, spread the sound,
And let your raptures fly
To earth's remotest bound.
For peace on earth, | To man is given,
From God in heaven, | At Jesus' birth.

100. C. M. Christian Psalmist.

1 BEHOLD my servant; see him rise
Exalted in my might!
Him have I chosen, and in him
I place supreme delight.

2 On him, in rich effusion poured,
My Spirit shall descend;
My truths and judgment he shall show
To earth's remotest end.

3 Gentle and still shall be his voice;
No threats from him proceed;
The smoking flax shall he not quench,
Nor break the bruised reed.

4 The feeble spark to flames he 'll raise;
The weak will not despise;
Judgment he shall bring forth to truth,
And make the fallen rise.

5 The progress of his zeal and power
Shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands and distant isles
Receive the law divine.

101. C. M. Exeter Coll.

The Baptism of Jesus.

1 SEE from on high a light divine
On Jesus' head descend;
And hear the sacred voice of heaven,
That bids us all attend.

2 "This is my well-beloved Son,"
Proclaimed the voice divine;
"Hear him," his heavenly Father said,
"For all his words are mine."

3 His mission thus confirmed from heaven,
The great Messiah came,
And heavenly wisdom taught to man,
In God his Father's name.

4 The path of heavenly peace he showed,
That leads to bliss on high,
Where all his faithful followers here,
Shall live, no more to die.

5 O may we then who own him Lord,
And his loved name profess,
By all our words and actions prove
That we his mind possess!

102. L. M. Watts.

Divine Glory displayed in Christ.

1 NOW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, each soul—awake, each tongue;
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 Grace!—'tis a sweet, a charming theme—
Our thougnts rejoice at Jesus' name!
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

4 Oh! may we reach that happy place
Where he unveils his lovely face!
Where all his beauties to behold,
And sing his name with harps of gold!

103. C. M. Exeter Col.

Glorying in Christ.

1 IS there on earth a nobler name
Than Jesus to be found?
Who can assert a higher claim,
Or more with truth abound?

2 The Son of God, adorned with grace
Commissioned from above,
He bears to our rebellious race
The messages of love.

3 How noble were the truths he taught
How pure the life he led!
And shall another Lord be sought,
And we disown our Head?

4 Ashamed of Jesus! shall we let
Our heavenly prospects go?
And, madly, at defiance set
The threats of future wo!

5 Forbid it, Lord! nor let us yield
To this unworthy shame;
But each, with holy courage filled,
Rejoice in Jesus' name.

104. L. M. Exeter Coll.

Character of Christ.

1 WITH warm delight and grateful joy
Let all our best affections move,
When we on Christ our thoughts employ,—
On him, whom, though unseen, we love.

2 How bright a pattern, and how pure,
Hath he in all things kindly given,
To make our path of duty sure,
And guide our wandering steps to heaven!

3 What constancy, what pious zeal,
To do his heavenly Father's will,
His law and mercy to reveal,
And his all-gracious plans fulfil!

4 In all, with gratitude we view
The steady purpose of his soul,
Our worldly passions to subdue,
And all the powers of sin control.

5 Father of all! his God and ours!
Accept the humble, joyful praise,
Which, with our souls' united powers,
For thy rich grace, through him, we raise.

105. L. M. Watts.

God's Miracles in Christ.

1 BEHOLD the blind their sight receive!
Behold the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders! and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name.

2 Thus doth the eternal Father own
And seal the mission of his Son;
This power vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies! the heavens in mourning stood;
He rises! and appears with God:
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die!

4 Hence and for ever from each heart
We bid our doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands our souls resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

106. L. M. Butcher.

1 WHAT works of wisdom, power, and love,
Do Jesus' high commission prove;
Attest his heaven-derived claim,
And glorify his Father's name!

2 On eyes that never saw the day,
He pours the bright celestial ray;
And deafened ears, by him unbound,
Catch all the harmony of sound.

3 Lameness takes up its bed, and goes
Rejoicing in the strength that flows
Through every nerve; and, free from pain,
Pours forth to God the grateful strain.

4 The shattered mind his word restores,
And tunes afresh the mental powers;
The dead revive, to life return,
And bid affection cease to mourn.

5 Canst thou, my soul! these wonders trace,
And not admire Jehovah's grace?
Canst thou behold thy Prophet's power,
And not the God he served adore?

107. L. M. Watts.

Christ the Pattern of his Followers.

1 OUR dear Redeemer, and our Lord,
We read our duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth—and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love—and meekness so divine,
We would transcribe, O make us thine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of thy prayer:
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

4 Be thou our pattern—make us bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own our name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

108. L. M. Steele.

1 MAKE us, by thy transforming grace,
Dear Saviour, daily more like thee!
Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be.

2 Oh, how benevolent, and kind!
How mild!—how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

3 To do his heavenly Father's will
Were his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

4 But ah! how blind!—how weak we are!
How frail!—how apt to turn aside!
Lord, we depend upon thy care,
And ask thy Spirit for our guide.

109. L. M. Doddridge.

Christ's Submission to his Father's Will.

1 "FATHER divine," the Saviour cried,
While horrors pressed on every side,
And prostrate on the ground he lay,
"Remove this bitter cup away.

2 "But if these pangs must still be born,
Or helpless man be left forlorn,
I bow my soul before thy throne,
And say—thy will, not mine, be done.

3 Thus our submissive souls would bow,
And, taught by Jesus, lie as low;
Our hearts, and not our lips alone
Would say,—Thy will, not ours, be done.

4 Then, though like him in dust we lie,
We'll view the blissful moment nigh,
Which, from our portion in his pains,
Calls to the joy in which he reigns.

110. C. M. Pratt's Coll.

Death of Christ on the Cross.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed—and die for me!

2 "My God," he cries—all nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's veil in sunder breaks—
The solid marbles rend!

3 "'Tis finished—now the ransom 's paid—
Receive my soul," he cries;
Behold he bows his sacred head—
He bows his head and dies!

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God—was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

111. L. M. STEELE.

1 STRETCHED on the cross, the Saviour dies;
Hark!—his expiring groans arise!
See, from his hands—his feet—his side,
Descends the sacred—crimson tide!

2 And didst thou bleed—for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No—he withdrew his cheering ray,
And darkness veiled the mourning day.

3 Can we survey this scene of wo.
Where mingling grief and mercy flow,
And yet our hearts so hard remain,
As not to move with love or pain?

4 Come—dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm each cold, each stupid heart,
Till all our powers and passions move
In melting grief, and ardent love.

112. L. M. STENNET.

It is Finished.

1 'TIS finished;—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bow'd his head and died:
'Tis finished; yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the vict'ry won.

2 'Tis finished—all that heav'n decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfilled, as was design'd,
In Christ the Saviour of mankind.

3 'Tis finished;—in his dying groan,
He did for deepest sins atone:

By this his last expiring breath,
Have millions been redeem'd from death.

4 'Tis finished;—men are reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoil'd;
Complete salvation is obtained,
Eternal life and glory gained.

5 'Tis finished;—let the joyful sound
Be heard by all the nations round:
'Tis finished;—let the echo fly,
Through earth below, and worlds on high.

113. C. M. Christian Psalmist.

Redemption by the Cross of Christ.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour on the cross,
A spectacle of wo!
See from his agonizing wounds
The blood incessant flow;

2 Till death's pale ensigns o'er his cheek
And trembling lips were spread;
Till light forsook his closing eyes,
And life his drooping head.

3 "'Tis finished" was his latest voice:
These sacred accents o'er,
He bowed his head, gave up the ghost,
And suffered pain no more.

4 'Tis finished—the Messiah dies
For sins, but not his own;
The great redemption is complete,
And death is overthrown.

5 'Tis finished—all his groans are past;
His blood, his pain, and toils,
Have fully vanquished our foes,
And crowned him with their spoils.

6 'Tis finished—ritual worship ends,
And Gospel ages run,
All old things now are past away,
A new world is begun.

114. L. M. Stone.

1 BEHOLD the love, the grace of God,
Display'd in Jesus' precious blood;
Our soul 's on fire, it pants to prove
The fulness of redeeming love.

2 Our God is love—O, leap each soul,
Let warm hosannas gently roll;
God gave his Son to save our race,
And Jesus died through sov'reign grace.

3 What love has done, sing earth around,
Angels prolong th' eternal sound;
Lo, Jesus bleeding on the tree!
There, there the love of God we see.

4 We look, we gaze—each rebel heart
Feels its own hardness soon depart,
Repenting tears begin to roll,
And love in streams flows thro' each soul.

5 The cross we view—O wondrous love!
Our sins expire—our fears remove;
Our enmity of heart is slain,
We're reconcil'd—we're born again.

115. C. M. Exeter Col.

Reflections on the Death of Christ.

1 WITH warm affection let us view,
With pious grief improve,
The solemn and impressive scene,
Of Jesus' dying love.

2 Not all the malice of his foes,
His pity could subdue;
"Father! forgive," he meekly prayed,
"They know not what they do."

3 O what a love was here displayed,
Beyond our utmost thought!
How pure the lessons, how sublime,
In life and death he taught!

4 Let not his sacred truths, by us
Be lost, or misapplied;
Nor let our thoughtless hearts forget
That 'twas for us he died.

116. L. M. Watts.

Death and Resurrection of Christ.

1 He dies!—the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!

2 Ye saints, approach!—the anguish view
Of him who groans beneath your load;

He gives his precious life for you,
For you he sheds his precious blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree!
The Lord of glory dies for men!—
But, lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

4 The rising Lord forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns,
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant death in chains!

6 Say, "Live for ever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask—"O death, where is thy sting!
And where thy victory, boasting grave!"

117. C. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

Resurrection of Christ.

1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a sun which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn;
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

118. 7s. Collyer.

1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb!
Jesus dissipates its gloom!
Day of triumph through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise!

2 Christians, dry your flowing tears;
Chase those unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

3 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious fears away;
See the place where Jesus lay.

4 So the rising sun appears,
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres,
So returning beams of light
Chase the terrors of the night.

119. 7s. Pratt's Col.

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men, and angels, say!
Raise your songs of triumph high;
Sing, ye heavens—and earth, reply!

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight—the battle won:
Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er—
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal—
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath opened paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King—
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died, our souls to save—
Where thy victory, boasting grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted head:
Made like him—like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the prize!

120. C. M. Doddridge.

Exaltation of Christ.

1 YE humble souls, that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with pleasure down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought,
Such wonders love can do;

Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbbed and bled for you.

3 Then raise your eyes and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again!
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The conqueror could detain.

4 High o'er the angelic bands, he rears
His once dishonoured head;
And through unnumbered years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

5 With joy like his, shall every saint
His empty tomb survey;
Then rise with his ascending Lord,
Through all his shining way.

121. 6s & 4s. KINGSBURY.

Christ's final Triumph.

1 LET us awake our joys,
Strike up with cheerful voice,
Each creature sing—
Angels, begin the song,
Mortals, the strain prolong,
In accents sweet and strong,
"Jesus is King."

2 Proclaim abroad his name,
Tell of his matchless fame:
What wonders done!
Shout through hell's dark profound;
Let all the earth resound,
Till heaven's high arch rebound,
"Victory is won."

3 He vanquished sin and hell,
And our last foe will quell;
Mourners, rejoice!
His dying love adore—
Praise him, now raised in power,
Praise him for evermore,
With joyful voice.

4 All hail the glorious day,
When through the heavenly way
Lo, he shall come!
While they who pierce him wail—
His promise shall not fail;

Saints, see your King prevail:—
Great Saviour, come.

122. L. M. Watts.

Safe trusting in Christ.

1 LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, our Saviour, and our Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.

2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With deep despair—the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

3 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises—how firm they be!
How firm our hope, our comfort stands!

123. 7s. Pratt's Coll.

Redeeming Love.

1 NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing of mercy's healing stream:
Ye, who Jesus' kindness prove,
Sing of his redeeming love.

2 Welcome all, by sin oppressed,
Welcome all to Jesus' rest.
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

3 He subdued th' infernal powers,
His inveterate foes, and ours:
These he from their empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

4 Hither, then, your tribute bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string:
Saints below, and saints above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

124. 8s & 7s. Newton.

Christ a Friend.

1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly—free—and knows no end.

Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could, or would have shed his blood?—
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

2 When he lived on earth abased,
FRIEND OF SINNERS was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.
Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

125. 8s & 7s. MADDAN'S COLL.

Christ dwelling in his People.

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling!
Joy of heaven, to earth come down:
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart!

2 Come! thou mighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive!
Suddenly return—and never,
Never more thy temples leave!
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above;
Always praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy precious love.

126. C. M. NOEL.

Grateful Remembrance of Christ.

1 IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh,—

2 Oh! shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him who died, our fears to quell,
And save from death and wo!

3 While yet in anguish he surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,

What love his latest words displayed—
"Meet and remember me!"

4 Remember thee!—thy death, thy shame—
Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory! leave no other name
But his recorded there!

127. C. M. Watts.

Godly Sorrow from the Sufferings of Christ.

1 ALAS! and did our Saviour bleed?
And did our Jesus die?
Would he devote that sacred head
To bring salvation nigh.

2 Was it for crimes that we had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glory in,
When Christ the glorious Saviour died,
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might we hide our blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve our hearts in thankfulness,
And melt our eyes in tears.

5 But floods of tears can ne'er repay,
The debt of love we owe;
Here, Lord, we give ourselves away,
'Tis all that we can do.

128. C. M. Steele.

Love of Christ celebrated.

1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
Oh may his love—immortal flame!—
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach!
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,

May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me!"

4 Oh may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

129. S. M. HAMMOND.

1 AWAKE and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb,
Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues;
Sing till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

4 Sing, till ye hear Christ say
"Your sins are all forgiven;"
Sing on rejoicing every day,
Till we all meet in heaven.

130. 6s & 4s. PRATT'S COLL.

Worthy the Lamb.

1 COME all ye saints of God!
Wide through the earth abroad,
Spread Jesus' fame:
Tell what his love has done;
Trust in his name alone;
Shout to his lofty throne,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
Dry up your mournful tears;
Swell the glad theme:
Praise ye our gracious King,
Strike each melodious string,
Join heart and voice to sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Hark—how the choirs above,
Filled with the Saviour's love,

Dwell on his name!—
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

131. C. M. Watts.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died"—they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"—
"Worthy the Lamb"—our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

132. L. M. Doddridge.

Excellency of Christ.

1 WHEN at this distance, Lord, we trace
The various glories of thy face,
What transport pours o'er all our breast,
And charms our cares and woes to rest!

2 Away, ye dreams of mortal joy!
Raptures divine our thoughts employ;
We see the King of glory shine;
We feel thy love—and would be thine.

3 Yet still, O Lord, our waiting eyes
To nobler visions long to rise;
That grand assembly would we join,
Where all thy saints around thee shine.

133. C. M. STEELE.

Love to Christ.

1 YE earthly vanities, depart;
For ever hence remove:
Jesus alone deserves each heart,
And every thought of love.

2 His heart, where love and pity dwelt
In all their softest forms,
Sustained the heavy load of guilt
For lost, rebellious worms.

3 Can we our bleeding Saviour view,
And yet ungrateful prove?
And pierce his wounded heart anew,
And grieve his injured love?

4 Dear Lord, forbid!—oh! bind each heart—
These roving hearts of thine—
So firm, that they may ne'er depart,
In chains of love divine.

134. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

1 BLEST Jesus! when our soaring thoughts
O'er all thy graces rove,
How is each soul in transport lost—
In wonder, joy, and love!

2 Not softest strains can charm our ears,
Like thy beloved name;
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire
Our hearts with equal flame.

3 Where'er we look, our wondering eyes
Unnumbered blessings see;
But what is life, with all its bliss,
If once compared with thee?

4 Hast thou a rival in our breasts?
Search, Lord—for thou canst tell
If aught can raise our passions thus,
Or please our souls so well.

5 No—thou art precious to our hearts—
Our portion and our joy:
For ever let thy boundless grace
Our sweetest thoughts employ.

135. C. M. Watts.

Safety in the hands of Christ.

1 FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
O Lord, our hope, our trust;
If we are found in Jesus' hands,
Our souls can ne'er be lost.

2 His honour is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep:
All whom his heavenly Father gave
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death, nor hell shall e'er remove
His favourites from his breast;
Safe, on the bosom of his love,
Shall they for ever rest.

136. C. M. Doddridge.

1 JESUS, we love thy charming name,
'Tis music to our ear;
Fain would we sound it out so loud,
That earth and heav'n might hear.

2 Yes; thou art precious to our souls,
Our life, our joy, our trust:
Jewels, or gold, compar'd with thee,
Are toys and sordid dust.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon our hearts,
And shed its fragrance there;
To cleanse and heal our various wounds,
To sooth our ev'ry care.

4 We'll speak the honours of thy name,
With our expiring breath;
And dying, triumph in thy cross,
The antidote of death.

137. C. M. Heginbotham.

Indebtedness to Christ.

1 TO thee, our Shepherd, and our Lord,
A grateful song we'll raise;
Oh! let the feeblest of thy flock
Attempt to speak thy praise.

2 But how shall mortal tongue express
A subject so divine?

Do justice to so vast a theme,
Or praise a love like thine?

3 Our life, our joy, our hope, we owe
To this amazing love;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.

4 To thee our trembling spirits fly,
With sin and grief oppressed;
Thy gentle voice dispels our fears,
And lulls our cares to rest.

5 Lead on, dear Shepherd!—led by thee,
No evil shall we fear;
Soon shall we reach thy fold above,
And praise thee better there.

138. L. M. GRIGG.

Not ashamed of Christ.

1 JESUS and shall it ever be
A mortal man asham'd of thee!
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glory shines through endless days.

2 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon:
'Tis midnight with our souls till he,
Bright morning-star! bids darkness flee.

3 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom our hopes of heav'n depend!
No when we blush—be this our shame,
That we no more adore his name.

4 Asham'd of Jesus! yes we may,
When we've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no souls to save.

5 His institutions will we prize,
Take up the cross—the shame despise;
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.

139. C. M. WATTS.

1 WE'RE not ashamed to own our Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, our Lord!—we know his name—
His name is all our trust;
Nor will he put our souls to shame,
Nor let our hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne—his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What we've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own our worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint our souls a place.

140. C. M. DOBELL'S COLL.

1 DEAR Lord, and will thy pardoning love,
Restore our race so vile?
Wilt thou our load of guilt remove,
And bless us with thy smile?

2 Hast thou the cross for us endured,
And suffered all our shame?
And shall we be ashamed, O Lord,
To own thy precious name?

3 No, Lord—we're not ashamed of thee,
Nor of thy cause on earth—
Ashamed of us, O do not be,
When we resign our breath.

4 Be thou our shield—be thou our sun—
Oh guide us all our days,
And let our feet with joy still run
In thy delightful ways.

141. C. M. STEELE.

Ingratitude of rejecting Christ.

1 AND will the Lord thus condescend
To visit sinful worms?
Thus at the door shall mercy stand,
In all her winning forms?

2 Surprising grace!—and shall each heart
Unmoved and cold remain?
Have we no soft—no tender part?
Must mercy plead in vain?

3 Shall Jesus for admission sue,
His charming voice unheard?

And shall our hearts, his rightful due,
Remain for ever barred?

4 Dear Lord, exert thy conquering grace;
Thy mighty power display:
One beam of glory from thy face
Can melt our sin away.

142. 8s & 7s. Robinson.

Rejoicing before the Cross.

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While we see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

3 Love and grief our hearts dividing,
With our tears his feet we'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

4 May we still enjoy this feeling,
Still to our Redeemer go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more truly know.

143. C. M. Watts.

The Gospel a Savour.

1 CHRIST and his cross are all our theme:
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls enlightened from above
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power, and love,
Shine in the risen Lord.

3 The vital savour of his name
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt—despair—and death.

4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,

In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

144. L. M. Watts.

The world crucified to us by the Cross.

1 WHEN we survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory dy'd,
Our richest gain we count but loss;
It pours contempt on all our pride.

Forbid O, God, that we should boast,
Save in the death of Christ our Lord;
All the vain things that charm'd us most,
We sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See! from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Could all creation's realm combine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands our soul, our life, our all.

145. S. M. Watts.

The Church rejoicing in her King.

1 NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord,
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face,
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heav'n begins below.

146. L. M. Pratt's Coll.

Christ the Living Saviour.

1 THE Saviour lives, no more to die:
He lives, the Lord enthroned on high:
He lives, triumphant o'er the grave:
He lives, eternally to save!

2 He lives, to still his servants' fears:
He lives, to wipe away their tears:
He lives, their mansions to prepare:
He lives, to bring them safely there!

3 Ye mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Dismiss your gloomy doubts and fears:
With cheerful hope your hearts revive,
For Christ, the Lord, is yet alive!

4 His saints he loves—and never leaves;
The contrite sinner he receives:
Abundant grace will he afford,
Till all are present with the Lord!

CHARACTER AND FIGURATIVE REPRESENTATIONS OF CHRIST, ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

147. S. M. PRATT'S COLL.

Advocate.

1 JESUS, the conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength arrayed;
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad.

2 Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love:
Lift up your heart—lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.

3 Extol his kingly power,
Adore th' exalted Son,
Who died, but lives, to die no more,
High on his Father's throne.

4 Our advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The victory of his cross.

148. L. M. VERMONT COLL.

Apple-tree.

1 THE tree of life our souls hath seen,
Laden with fruit, and always green;
The trees of nature fruitless be,
Compar'd with Christ, the apple-tree.

2 This beauty doth all things excel,
By faith we know, but ne'er can tell
The glory which we now can see
In Jesus Christ, the apple-tree.

3 For happiness we long have sought,
And pleasure dearly have we bought;
We miss'd of all, but now we see
'Tis found in Christ, the apple-tree.

4 We're wearied with our former toil,
Here we will sit and rest awhile;
Under the shadow we will be
Of Jesus Christ, the apple-tree.

5 With great delight we'll make our stay,
Nothing shall fright our souls away;
Among the sons of men we see
There 's none like Christ, the apple-tree.

6 We'll sit and eat this fruit divine,
It cheers our hearts, 'tis heav'nly wine:
To all, this fruit is rich and free,
That grows on Christ, the apple-tree.

7 This fruit doth make our souls to thrive,
It keeps our living faith alive;
Which makes our souls delight to be
With Jesus Christ, the apple-tree.

149. C. M. WATTS.

Brazen Serpent.

1 SO did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high;
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forbore to die.

2 Look upward in the dying hour,
And live, the prophet cries;
But Christ performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up her eyes.

3 High on the cross the Saviour hung,
High in the heav'ns he reigns;
Here sinners, by the serpent stung,
Look and forget their pains.

4 When God's own Son was lifted up,
A dying world reviv'd;
The Jew beheld the glorious hope,
The dying Gentile liv'd.

150. L. M. Fawcett.

Bread of Life.

1 DEPRAVED minds on ashes feed,
Nor love, nor seek for heav'nly bread;
They choose the husks which swine do eat,
Or meanly crave the serpent's meat.

2 Jesus, thou art the living bread,
By which our needy souls are fed:
In thee alone thy children find
Enough to fill the empty mind.

3 Without this bread, we starve and die;
No other can our need supply:
But this will suit our wretched case,
Abroad, at home, in ev'ry place.

4 'Tis this relieves the hungry poor,
Who ask for bread at mercy's door:
This living food descends from heav'n,
As manna to the Jews was giv'n.

5 This precious food the heart revives,
What strength, what nourishment it gives!
O let us evermore be fed
With this divine, celestial bread.

151. C. M. Stennett.

Chief among ten thousand.

1 TO Christ, the Lord, let ev'ry tongue
Its noblest tribute bring:
When he 's the subject of the song,
Who can refuse to sing?

2 Survey the beauties of his face,
And on his glories dwell:
Think on the wonders of his grace,
And all his triumphs tell.

3 Majestic sweetness sits enthron'd
Upon his peaceful brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd
His lips with grace o'erflow.

4 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men:
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heav'nly train.

5 He saw us plung'd in deep distress,
He flew to our relief;
For us he bore the shameful cross
And carried all our grief.

6 To heav'n, the place of his abode,
He'll bring our weary feet;
Show us the glories of our God,
And make our joys complete.

152. L. M. Doddridge.

Corner Stone.

1 LORD, dost thou show a corner-stone,
For us to build our hopes upon,
That the fair edifice may rise
Sublime in light beyond the skies?

2 We own the work of sov'reign love;
Nor death, nor hell, the hope shall move,
Which, fix'd on this foundation, stand,
Laid by thine own almighty hand.

3 Thy people long this store have try'd,
And all the pow'rs of hell defy'd;
Floods of temptation beat in vain;
Well doth this Rock the house sustain.

4 When storms of wrath around prevail,
Whirlwind and thunder, fire and hail,
'Tis here our trembling souls shall hide,
And here securely they abide.

5 While they that scorn this precious stone,
Fond of some quicksand of their own,
Borne down by weighty vengeance, die,
And buried deep in ruin lie.

153. S. M. Christian Psalmist.

Captain of our Salvation.

1 OUR Captain leads us on,
He beckons from the skies,
He reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize.

2 "Be faithful unto death,
Partake my victory,
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
And thou shalt reign with me."

3 'Tis thus the righteous Lord,
To every soldier saith;
Eternal life is the reward
Of all victorious faith.

4 Who conquer in his might,
The victor's meed receive;
They claim a kingdom in his right,
Which God shall freely give.

154. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Door.

1 AWAKE, our souls, and bless his name,
Whose mercies never fail;
Who opens wide a door of hope
In Achor's gloomy vale.

2 Behold the portal wide display'd,
The building 's strong and fair;
Within are pastures fresh and green,
And living streams are there.

3 Enter, our souls, with cheerful haste,
For Jesus is the door:
Nor fear the serpent's wily arts,
Nor fear the lion's roar.

4 O may thy grace the nations lead,
And Jews and Gentiles come,
All trav'lling through one bounteous gate,
To one eternal home.

155. C. M. ENFIELD.

Example of Christ.

1 BEHOLD, where in a mortal form
Appears each grace divine;
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 'Midst keen reproach, and cruel scorn,
Patient and weak he stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life;
He laboured for their good.

4 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his father's throne,
With soul resigned he bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

5 Be Christ our pattern, and our guide!
His image may we bear!
O may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

156. 7s. 6l. MONTGOMERY.

1 GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel temptation's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour.
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned.
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs his soul sustained.
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, admiring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete;
"It is finished," hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid his breathless clay
All is solitude and gloom;
—Who has taken him away?
Christ is risen; he meets our eyes.
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

157. C. M. BEDDOME.

1 IN duties and in sufferings too,
Our Lord we fain would trace;
As he hath done, so would we do,
Sustained by heavenly grace.

2 Inflamed with zeal, 'twas his delight,
To do his Father's will;
May the same zeal our souls excite
His precepts to fulfil.

3 Meekness, humility, and love
Through all his conduct shine;
O may our whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine.

158. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

1 AND is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and weak simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life!

3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be his the temper of our mind,
And his the rules by which we live.

4 To do his heavenly father's will,
Were his employment and delight:
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright;

5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love:
If then we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

159. C. M. Watts.

1 GIVE us the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be!

2 Once they were mourners here below;
Their eyes were dimmed with tears;
And hard they strove, as we would now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 And ask we, whence their victory came?—
They with united breath
Ascribe their triumph to his name,
Who burst the bands of death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And following their triumphant Lord,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shows the same path to heaven.

160. 148th. Beddome.

1 FROM thy dear pierced side,
Unspotted Lamb of God,
Came forth a mingled stream,
Of water and of blood:
Our sinful souls, there we would lay,
'Till every stain is washed away.

2 'Tis from this sacred spring,
A sovereign virtue flows,
To heal our painful wounds,
And cure our deadly woes:
Here then we'll bathe, and bathe again,
Till not a wound or wo remain.

3 A fountain 'tis, unsealed,
Divinely rich and free;
Open for all that come,
Open for us we see.
Thither with speed will we repair,
Come, sinners come, and meet us there.

161. L. M. Beddome.

Gift of God.

1 JESUS our Lord, our chief delight,
For thee we long, for thee we pray,
Amid the shadows of the night,
Amid the business of the day.

2 When shall we see thy smiling face,
That face which often we have seen?
Arise, thou son of righteousness,
Scatter the clouds that intervene.

3 Thou art the glorious gift of God,
To sinners weary and distressed;
The first of all his gifts bestowed,
And certain pledge of all the rest.

4 Could we possess this gift divine,
The world should lie beneath our feet;
Though poor, no more would we repine,
Or look with envy on the great.

5 The precious jewel we would keep,
And lodge it deep within each heart;
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,
It never should from thence depart.

162. L. M. BEDDOME.

Glories of the Saviour.

1 JESUS, how lovely is his face!
Innumerable sweets are there;
Not one of all the human race
Is half so good or half so fair.

2 There heaven and earth their charms unite,
In full perfection there they shine;
Nor sun nor stars appear so bright,
Nor spread a lustre so divine.

3 Compassion sits upon his brow,
There terror mixed with love appears;
His lips with balmy spices flow,
His words are music to our ears.

4 These are thy glories, mighty Lord,
This the dear form thy saints adore;
'Tis this will endless joys afford,
When earthly scenes delight no more.

163. C. M. BEDDOME.

Hiding-place.

1 THIS world 's a dreary wilderness,
Where turbid waters flow;
No blooming flowers of Paradise,
But thorns profusely grow.

2 We lose our friends, our wealth decays,
And life is full of pain;
For various good we wait and wish,
But wish and wait in vain.

3 Our hand outstretched to seize the prize,
The phantom flies away;
And leaves us to relentless grief,
An unexpected prey.

4 Jesus our Saviour, now to thee,
With hasty steps we come;
Our only refuge here below,
And our eternal home.

5 'Midst rising winds and beating storms,
Reclining on thy breast,
We find in thee a hiding-place,
And here securely rest.

164. C. M. Doddridge.

Head of the Church.

1 JESUS, we sing thy matchless grace,
That calls a worm thine own;
Give us among thy saints a place
To make thy glories known.

2 Allied to thee, our vital head,
We live, and grow, and thrive;
From thee divided, each is dead,
When most he seems alive.

3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
Here join in sweet accord;
One body all in mutual love,
And thou our common Lord.

4 O, may our faith each hour derive,
Thy spirit with delight;
While death and hell in vain shall strive
This bond to disunite.

5 Thou the whole body will present
Before the Father's face;
Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot
Its beauteous form disgrace.

165. C. M. Watts.

High Priest.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In each distressing hour.

166. L. M. MASON.

Image of God.

1 THOU, Lord, by mortal eyes unseen,
And by thine offspring here unknown,
To manifest thyself to men,
Hast set thine image in thy Son.

2 As the bright sun's meridian blaze
O'erwhelms and pains our feeble sight,
But cheers us with his softer rays
When shining with reflected light,—

3 So in thy Son, thy power divine,
Thy wisdom, justice, truth and love,
With mild and pleasing lustre shine,
Reflected from thy throne above.

4 Though Jews who granted not his claim,
Contemptuous turned away their face;
Yet those who trusted in his name,
Beheld in him thy truth and grace.

5 O Thou! at whose almighty word,
Fair light at first from darkness shone,
Teach us to know our glorious Lord,
And trace the Father in the Son.

6 While we thine image there displayed,
With love and admiration view,
Form us in likeness to our head,
That we may bear thine image too.

167. L. M. BEDDOME.

King of Saints.

1 LISTEN, ye mortals, whilst we sing,
The glories of our heavenly King;
With transport dwell upon his name,
To distant nations spread his fame.

2 Jesus our Lord, divinely fair,
No seraph can with him compare;
Nor saints below, nor saints above,
Can equal his stupendous love.

3 He loved us first, he loves us still,
Subdued our souls, inclined our will,
Taught us to choose the better part,
And stamped his image on each heart.

4 With steady feet we still would tread,
The path in which he deigns to lead;
His life transcribe and make our own,
'Till all his will in us be done.

5 But oh, how oft we step aside,
How apt to stray without a guide!
Fix us, dear Lord, and let us be
Afraid of sin, and true to thee.

168. S. M. NEEDHAM.

Light of the World.

1 BEHOLD the Prince of Peace
The chosen of the Lord,
God's well-beloved Son, fulfils
The sure prophetic word.

2 No royal pomp adorns
This King of Righteousness:
Meekness and patience, truth and love
Compose his princely dress.

3 The Spirit of the Lord,
In rich abundance shed,
On this great prophet gently lights,
And rests upon his head.

4 Jesus, the light of men!
His doctrine life imparts;
O may we feel its quickening power
To warm and glad our hearts!

5 Cheered by its beams, our souls
Shall run the heavenly way:
The path which Christ has marked and trod,
Will lead to endless day.

169. C. M. EPISCOPAL COLL.

The Way, Truth, and Life.

1 THOU art the WAY—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the TRUTH—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the LIFE—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death, nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the way—the truth—the life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep—that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

170. C. M. BEDDOME.

Life of his People.

1 OH what a treasure all divine
Is hid in Christ the Lord!
From him what rays of glory shine,
What peace his paths afford.

2 In him our light and life are found,
Though we were dead before;
And now he makes our joys abound,
Who all our sorrows bore.

3 When sore distressed, he to our aid,
On rapid pinions flies;
And, to the wounds which sin has made,
A healing balm applies.

4 'Tis from his fulness we receive,
And daily, grace for grace;
That to his glory we may live,
And see him face to face.

171. C. M. WATTS.

Lamb of God.

1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amid his Father's throne;
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

5 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on his head.

172. C. M. DUNCAN.

Lord of All.

1 ALL hail the great Immanuel's name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Praise him who shed for you his blood,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred—every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 Oh! that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
And join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

173. 8s 7s & 4s. KELLY.

1 LOOK! ye saints—the sight is glorious
See the man of sorrows now,

From the fight returned victorious;
Every knee to him shall bow:
Crown him!—crown him!—
Crowns become the victor's brow.

2 Hark!—those bursts of acclamation—
Hark!—those loud, triumphant chords—
Jesus takes the highest station:
Oh, what joy the sight affords!
Crown him!—crown him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

174. L. M. NEEDHAM.

Messiah.

1 GLORY to God! who reigns above,
Who dwells in light, whose name is love;
Ye saints and angels if ye can,
Declare the love of God to man.

2 Oh, what can more his love commend,
Than his dear only Son to send!
That man, condemn'd to die, might live!
And God be glorious to forgive!

3 Messiah 's come, with joy behold
The days by prophets long foretold;
Judah, thy royal sceptre 's broke,
And time still proves what Jacob spoke.

4 We see the prophecies fulfill'd
In Jesus, that most wondrous child:
His birth, his life, his death, combine
To prove his character divine.

5 Jesus, thy gospel firmly stands,
A blessing to these favour'd lands;
No enemy shall be our dread,
Since thou art risen from the dead.

175. C. M. WATTS.

Access to God by a Mediator.

1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there
Upon a throne of love.

2 Come, let us bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;

No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double-flaming sword.

3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.

176. L. M. BEDDOME.

Morning Star.

1 YE worlds of light, that roll so near
The Saviour's throne of shining bliss,
Oh tell, how mean your glories are;
How faint and few compared with his!

2 We sing the bright and morning Star,
Jesus, the source of light and love;
His purest rays, diffused from far,
Conduct us to the realms above.

3 'Midst gloomy darkness spread abroad,
This light directs the pilgrim's way;
Still, as he goes, he finds the road,
That leads him safe to endless day.

4 When shall we reach the glorious height,
Where this bright Star shall brightest shine;
Leave far behind these scenes of night,
And view the lustre all divine.

177. C. M. BEDDOME.

Names of Christ.

1 JESUS! delightful, charming name,
It spreads a fragrance round;
Justice and mercy, truth and peace,
In union here are found.

2 He is our life, our joy, our strength,
In him all glories meet;
He is a shade above our heads,
A light to guide our feet.

3 The thickest clouds are soon dispersed,
If Jesus shows his face;
To weary heavy-laden souls,
He is their resting-place.

4 When storms arise and tempests blow,
He speaks the stilling word;

The threatening billows cease to flow,
The winds obey their Lord.

5 Through every age he's still the same,
But we ungrateful prove,
Forget the savour of his name,
The sweetness of his love.

178. C. M. Anonymous.

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It sooths his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name, the Rock on which we build,
Our shield and hiding-place;
Our never failing treas'ry fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus our Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Our Lord, our life, our way, our end,
Accept the praise we bring.

5 Weak is the effort of each heart,
And cold our warmest thoughts,
But when we see thee as thou art,
We'll praise thee as we ought.

6 Till then we would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh our souls in death.

179. L. M. Vermont Coll.

1 THAT name to us sounds ever sweet,
Where grace and truth do always meet,
Where righteousness doth peace embrace,
And opens wide a store of grace.

2 A meeting place it is indeed,
Where mercy meets a sinner's need:
And opens wide a gracious store,
Sufficient to relieve the poor.

3 Hark! don't you hear the heav'nly call,
It soundeth loud, it is to all—
To high and low, to bond and free,
That none may say—'tis not for me.

4 "Ho! every one that thirsts (he cries)
Here 's wine and milk, and large supplies,
Come now to me, and drink your fill,
'Tis free for whosoever will.

5 "Come now receive, I ask no pay,
But freely give it all away
To all that do my word believe,
And freely now my grace receive."

180. C. M. Christian Psalmist.

1 TO us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him, all the hosts of heaven.

2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given—
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

181. C. M. Steele.

Pearl of Great Price.

1 YE glitt'ring toys of earth, adieu,
A nobler choice sublime,
A real prize attracts our view,
A treasure all divine.

2 Begone, unworthy of our cares,
Ye specious baits of sense;
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense!

3 Should both the Indies at our call,
Their boasted stores resign;

We would with joy renounce them all,
To be entirely thine.

4 Dear Sov'reign of our souls' desire,
Thy love is bliss complete;
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honour, pleasure meet.

182. C. M. VERMONT COLL.

Prince of Peace.

1 LET saints on earth their anthems raise,
Who taste the Saviour's grace;
Let saints in heav'n proclaim his praise,
And crown him "Prince of peace."

2 Praise him, who laid his glory by
For man's apostate race;
Praise him who stoop'd to bleed and die,
And crown him "Prince of Peace."

3 Come, rebels, lay your weapons down,
Let war for ever cease;
Immanuel for your Saviour own,
And crown him "Prince of Peace."

4 We soon shall reach the blissful shore,
To view his lovely face,
His name for ever to adore,
And crown him "Prince of Peace."

183. L. M. SCOTT.

Physician of the Soul.

1 WHY droop our souls with grief oppress'd?
Whence these wild tumults in each breast?
Is there no balm to heal each wound
No kind physician to be found?

2 Raise to the cross your tearful eyes;
Behold the Prince of glory dies!
He dies, extended on the cross,
And sheds a sovereign balm for us.

3 Dear Saviour, at thy feet we lie,
Here to receive a cure, or die;
But grace forbids that painful fear—
Almighty grace, which triumphs here.

4 Thou wilt withdraw the poisoned dart,
Bind up and heal the wounded heart:

With blooming health each face adorn,
And change the gloomy night to morn.

5 Exult, our souls, with holy joy;
Hosannas be our blest employ,
Salvation your eternal theme,
And swell the song with Jesus' name.

184. L. M. Doddridge.

Sun of Righteousness.

1 TO thee, O God, we homage pay,
Source of the light that rules the day!
Which, while it gilds all nature's frame,
Reflects thy rays and speaks thy name.

2 In louder strains we sing that grace
Which gives the Sun of Righteousness,
Whose nobler light salvation brings,
And scatters healing from his wings.

3 Still on our hearts may Jesus shine,
With beams of light and love divine;
Quickened by him our souls shall live,
And cheered by him shall grow and thrive.

4 O may his glories stand confessed,
From north to south, from east to west;
Successful may his gospel run,
Wide as the circuit of the sun.

5 When shall that radiant scene arise,
When, fixed on high, in purer skies,
Christ all his lustre shall display
On all his saints through endless day!

185. C. M. Doddridge.

The Lord our Righteousness.

1 SAVIOUR divine! we praise thy name,
And in that name we trust;
Thou art the Lord our Righteousness,
Thou art thine Israel's boast.

2 Guilty we plead before thy throne,
And low in dust we lie;
Jesus, stretch forth thy gracious arm,
To bring the guilty nigh.

3 Pardon and peace, and lively hope,
To sinners now are giv'n;

Israel and Judah soon shall change
Their wilderness for heav'n.

4 With joy we taste that manna now,
Thy mercy scatters down;
We pay our humble vows to thee,
And wait the promis'd crown.

186. 7s. Toplady.

The Rock of Ages.

1 ROCK of ages! cleft we see,
Let us hide ourselves in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of fear and sin the cure;
Save from wrath and make us pure.

2 Should our tears for ever flow,
Should our zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In our hands no price we bring,
Simply to thy cross we cling.

3 While we draw this fleeting breath,
When our eyelids close in death,
When we rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages! cleft we see,
Let us hide ourselves in thee.

187. 7s. Union Coll.

A Refuge.

1 JESUS, Saviour of our souls,
Let us to thy bosom fly;
While the raging billow rolls,
While the tempest still is high:
All our trust on thee is stayed;
All our help from thee we bring:
Cover our defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

2 Other refuge have we none—
Helpless hang our souls on thee:
Leave, oh! leave us not alone!
Still support and comfort be.

Hide us, O our Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive our souls at last!

188. L. M. STEELE.

Saviour—the only one.

1 JESUS, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow;
Jesus, no other name but thine,
Can save from everlasting wo.

2 No other name will heav'n approve:
Thou art the true and living way,
Ordain'd by everlasting love,
To the bright realms of endless day.

3 Here let our constant feet abide,
Nor from the heav'nly path depart;
O let thy Spirit, gracious guide,
Direct our steps, and cheer each heart.

4 Safe lead us through this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains,
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

189. S. M. BEDDOME.

Shepherd.

1 GREAT Shepherd of the flock,
To whom the sheep belong,
Be thou our trust and confidence,
Our glory and our song.

2 From every devious path,
Our wandering feet restore;
Be thou our constant guard and guide,
And let us stray no more.

3 With thirst and hunger pained,
When faint and near to die,
With living water, living bread,
Do thou our wants supply.

4 Here let us often taste
Of thy distinguished love,
Till we a full repast obtain
In richer fields above.

190. 7s. Anonymous.

Star of Bethlehem.

1 SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star!
Star of truth that gilds the night,
And guides bewildered men aright.

2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death;
Scattering error's wide-spread night;
Kindling darkness into light.

3 Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your Lord appear;
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there!

4 There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring light on mortal eyes;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day!

191. L. M. H. K. White.

1 WHEN marshall'd on the mightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas we rode,
The storm was loud—the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd our foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then our vitals froze,
Death-struck, we ceas'd the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the star of Bethlehem.

5 It was our guide, our light, our all,
It bade our dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led us to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moor'd—our perils o'er,
We'll sing, first in night's diadem,

For ever and for evermore,
The Star!—The Star of Bethlehem!

192. S. M. Beddome.

Teacher.

1 JESUS, we bless thy name,
Thou teacher sent from heaven;
How sweet, how infinitely sweet,
The lessons thou hast given!

2 When storms and tempests rise,
Thy word creates a calm;
Where sin its mortal wounds has made,
It proves a healing balm.

3 Never did angels' tongue
So charm the human ear,
So animate the trembling soul,
And chase away its fear.

4 When plunged in deep distress,
This eased the killing pain;
And what before had this effect,
We long to hear again.

193. L. M. Pratt's Coll.

Hosanna to the Son of David.

1 WHAT are those soul-reviving strains,
Which echo thus from Salem's plains?
What anthems loud, and louder still,
So sweetly sound from Zion's hill?

2 Lo! 'tis an infant chorus sings,
Hosanna to the King of kings:
The Saviour comes!—and babes proclaim
Salvation, sent in Jesus' name.

3 Nor these alone their voice shall raise,
For we will join this song of praise;
Still Israel's children forward press
To hail the Lord their righteousness.

4 Messiah's name shall joy impart
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart:
He bled for us—he bled for you,
And we will sing hosanna too.

5 Proclaim hosannas loud and clear;
See David's Son and Lord appear!

All praise on earth to him be given,
And glory shout through highest heaven!

194. 148th. Watts.

1 HOSANNA to the King
Of David's ancient blood;
Behold he 's come to bring
Forgiving grace from God:
Let old and young attend his way,
And at his feet their honours lay.

2 Glory to God on high,
Salvation to the Lamb;
Let earth, and sea, and sky,
His wondrous love proclaim:
Upon his head shall honours rest,
And ev'ry age pronounce him blest.

WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS OF THE GOSPEL

195. L. M. Watts.

The broad and narrow Ways.

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul, that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all our hopes be vain;
Create our hearts entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain;
Which false apostates never knew.

196. C. M. Watts.

1 STRAIGHT is the way—the door is straight,
That leads to joys on high:
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.

2 Beloved self must be denied,
The mind and will renewed,
Passion suppressed—and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.

3 Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard?
Thy grace must all the work perform,
And give the free reward.

197. L. M. Pratt's Coll.

Danger of rejecting Christ.

1 HARK! from the cross a voice of peace
Bids Sinai's awful thunders cease!—
Sinner! that voice of love obey,
From Christ, the true, the living way.

2 How else his presence wilt thou bear,
When he in judgment shall appear?
When slighted love to wrath shall turn,
And all the earth like Sinai burn?

3 Now from the cross a voice of peace
Bids Sinai's awful thunder cease—
O sinner, while 'tis called to-day,
That voice of saving love obey.

198. S. M. Pratt's Coll.

The way of Sin not the way to Heaven.

1 CAN sinners hope for heaven,
Who love this world so well?
Or dream of future happiness,
While on the road to hell?

2 Can sin's deceitful way
Conduct to Zion's hill?
Or those expect with God to reign
Who disregard his will?

3 Shall they hosannas sing,
With an unhallowed tongue?
Shall palms adorn the guilty hand
Which does its neighbour wrong?

4 Thy grace, O God, alone,
Good hopes can e'er afford!
The pardoned and renewed shall see
The glory of the Lord.

199. L. M. Pratt's Coll.

The one Thing Needful.

1 WHY will you waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares?
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue:
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour draws near.

4 Almighty God! thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart:
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

200. 8s 7s & 4s. Reed.

1 HEAR, O sinner!—mercy hails you,
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls;
Hear, O Sinner!—
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

2 See! the storm of vengeance gathering
O'er the path you dare to tread;
Hark! the awful thunder 's rolling
Loud, and louder o'er your head;
Turn, O sinner!
Lest the lightnings strike you dead.

3 Haste! O sinner! to the Saviour,
Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;
Soon your life will pass away;
Haste, O sinner!—
You must perish—if you stay.

201. L. M. Vermont Coll.

The strong persuasion of Grace.

1 O SINNERS, fly to Jesus' arms,
Enjoy his everlasting charms!

He calls you to a heav'nly feast,
O come, poor starving souls, and taste.

2 Say, will you be for ever blest,
And with the heavenly Jesus rest?
He'll save you from all sin and pain,
And you shall in full glory reign.

3 Say now, poor souls, what will you do?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?
Make now the choice, and halt no more,
For Christ is waiting at your door.

4 He waits, he woos, he 's loath to leave,
And will you not his word believe?
Why will you let this Jesus go,
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

5 Once more I'll ask you in his name,
(I know his love is still the same,)
Will you be sav'd from dreadful wo?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

202. L. M. Rippon's Coll.

Danger of Delay.

1 HASTEN, O sinner, *to be wise,*
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.

2 O hasten, *mercy to implore,*
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear thy season should be o'er,
Before this ev'ning stage be run.

3 O hasten, sinner, *to return,*
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn,
Before the needful work is done.

4 O hasten, sinner, *to be blest,*
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear the curse should thee arrest,
Before the morrow is begun.

5 O Lord, do thou the sinner turn!
Now rouse him from his senseless state
O let him not thy counsel spurn,
Nor rue his fatal choice too late.

203. C. M. Watts.

The Gospel Trumpet.

1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

2 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

3 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die—
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

4 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

5 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;—
Lord—we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

204. S. M. Pratt's Coll.

1 YE trembling captives, hear!—
The gospel trumpet sounds:
No music more can charm the ear,
Or heal your heart-felt wounds.

2 'Tis not the trump of war,
Nor Sinai's awful roar;
Salvation's news it spreads afar,
And vengeance is no more.

3 Forgiveness, love, and peace,
Glad heaven aloud proclaims;
And earth the Jubilee's release,
With eager rapture, claims.

Far, far to distant lands
The saving news shall spread;
And Jesus, all his willing bands,
In glorious triumph lead.

205. 8s & 4s. Reed's Coll.

1 HARK, hark! the gospel trumpet sounds,
Through earth and heaven the echo bounds;
Pardon and peace by Jesus' blood!
Sinners are reconciled to God,
By grace divine!

2 Come, sinners, hear the joyful news,
Nor longer dare the grace refuse;
Mercy and justice here combine,
Goodness and truth harmonious join,
T' invite you near.

3 Ye saints in glory, strike the lyre;
Ye mortals, catch the sacred fire;
Let both the Saviour's love proclaim—
For ever worthy is the Lamb
Of endless praise.

206. 6s & 8s. Watts.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know
To earth's remotest bound;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return ye ransom'd sinners home!

2 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace:
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return to your eternal home!

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood,
Throughout the world proclaim;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return ye ransom'd sinners home.

207. 8s 8s & 6s. Rippon's Coll.

1 YE scarlet-colour'd sinners, come;
Jesus, the Lord, invites you home;
O whither can you go!
What! are your crimes of crimson hue?
His promise is for ever true;
He'll wash you white as snow.

2 Backsliders! filled with your own ways,
Whose weeping nights and wretched days
In bitterness are spent,
Return to Jesus—he'll reveal
His lovely face, and sweetly heal
What you so much lament.

3 Tried souls! look up—he says, 'tis I—
He loves you still, but means to try
If faith will bear the test:
The Lord has giv'n the chiefest good,
He shed for you his precious blood;
O trust him for the rest!

4 Ye tender souls! draw hither too,
Ye grateful, highly-favour'd few,
Who feel the debt you owe;
Press on, the Lord hath more to give;
By faith upon him daily live,
And you shall find it so.

208. L. M. Watts.

Christ's Invitation to Sinners.

1 "COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 "They shall find rest, who learn of me:
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 "Blest is the man, whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to the neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."

4 Jesus, we come at thy command;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

209. C. M. Steele.

1 THE Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here, streams of bounty flow;
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal wo.

3 Ye sinners, come—'tis mercy's voice;
That gracious voice obey;
'Tis Jesus calls to heavenly joys—
And can you yet delay?

4 Dear Saviour! draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink—and never die.

210. L. M. STEELE.

Invitation to the Heavy-laden.

1 COME, weary souls, with sin oppressed,
Oh come! accept the promised rest:
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,
Oh come, and bow before your God!
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt—and heal your woes:
Here's pardon, life, and endless peace—
How rich the gift!—how free the grace!

211. C. M. FAWCETT.

1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
His mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast,
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 But he, who turns to God, shall live,
Through his abounding grace:
His mercy will the guilt forgive,
Of those who seek his face.

4 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin;

Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

5 His love exceeds your highest thoughts!
He pardons like a God!
He will forgive your numerous faults
Through our Redeemer's blood.

212. H. M. PRATT'S COLL.

1 YE dying sons of men,
Immerged in sin and wo!
Now mercy calls again,
Its message is to you!
Ye perishing and guilty, come!
In mercy's arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame;
Christ bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame:
All things are ready—sinners come!
For every trembling soul there's room.

3 Drawn by his dying love,
Ye wandering sheep, draw near!
He calls you from above,
The Shepherd's voice now hear:
To him who ever will may come,
In Jesus' arms there still is room.

213. 12s. THORNBY.

Free Grace.

1 THE voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain:"
For Adam's lost race God has opened a fountain;
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,
Christ's blood flows so freely in streams of salvation.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has brought us a pardon,
We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.

2 Ye souls that are wounded, to the Saviour repair,
Now he calls you in mercy—and can you forbear?

Though your sins are increased as high as a mountain,
His blood can remove them—it flows from the fountain.

3 Now Jesus, our King, reigns triumphantly glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell, he is more than victorious;
With shouting proclaim it—oh trust in his passion,
He saves us most freely--oh precious salvation!

4 Our Jesus his name now proclaims all victorious,
He reigns over all, and his kingdom is glorious:
To Jesus we'll join with the great congregation,
And triumph, ascribing to him our salvation.

5 With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore;
With harps in our hands, we'll praise him the more;
We'll range the sweet plains on the bank of the river,
And sing of salvation for ever and ever!

214. C. M. Lutheran Coll.

1 OH what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation, like a river, rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring!
Here love—unchanging love abounds,
A deep, celestial spring!

4 Whoever will—oh gracious word!—
Shall of this stream partake;
Come, thirsty souls—and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesus' sake!

5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;

Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

215. C. M. Steele.

The Gospel Feast.

1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

2 There Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls—he bids you come;
Though guilt restrains—and fear alarms,
Behold, there yet is room.

3 Oh! come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope expects the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

4 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In songs on earth unknown.

5 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
And enter while there's room.

216. L. M. Doddridge.

The River of Life.

1 GREAT source of being and of love!
Thou waterest all the worlds above;
And all the joys which mortals know,
From thine exhaustless fountain flow.

2 A sacred spring, at thy command,
From Sion's mount, in Canaan's land,
Beside thy temple cleaves the ground,
And pours its limpid stream around.

3 This gentle stream, with sudden force,
Swells to a river in its course;
Through desert realms its windings play
And scatter blessings all the way.

4 Close by its banks, in order fair,
The blooming trees of life appear;

Their blossoms fragrant odours give,
And on their fruit the nations live.

5 Flow, wondrous stream! with glory crowned,
Flow on to earth's remotest bound;
And bear us, on thy gentle wave—
To him who all thy virtues gave.

217. S. M. DABALL.

Now the accepted Time.

1 NOW is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late,
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

218. S. M. PRATT'S COLL.

1 ALL yesterday is gone!
To-morrow 's not our own;
O sinner, come, without delay,
To bow before the throne?

2 Oh hear his voice to-day,
And harden not your heart:
To-morrow, with a frown, he may
Pronounce the word—depart.

219. C. M. WATTS.

Pardon and Sanctification.

1 IN vain we lavish out our lives
To gather empty wind;
The choicest blessings earth can yield
Will starve a hungry mind.

2 But God can every want supply,
And fill our hearts with peace:
He gives by covenant, and by oath,
The riches of his grace.

3 Come—and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,
And wash away our stains
In that dear fountain which his Son
Poured from his dying veins.

4 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law;
And every motion of our souls
To swift obedience draw.

Thus will he pour salvation down,
And we shall render praise;
We, the dear people of his love,
And he, our God of grace.

220. C. M. COLLYER.

God's gracious Call to Sinners.

1 RETURN, O wanderer—now return!
And seek thy Father's face!
Those new desires, which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer—now return!
He hears thy humble sigh:
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer—now return!
Thy Saviour bids thee live:
Come to his feet—and grateful learn,
How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer—now return!
And wipe the falling tear:
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn!
'Tis love invites thee near.

221. 7s. EPISCOPAL COLL.

Sinners urged to accept the Invitation.

1 SINNERS, turn—why will you die?
God, your Maker, asks you why:
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.

2 Sinners, turn—why will you die?
Christ, your Saviour, asks you why:
He, who did your souls retrieve,
He who died, that ye might live.

3 Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why—ye ransomed sinners—why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

4 Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Oh! ye dying sinners, why—
Why will ye for ever die?

DIVINE INFLUENCE.

222. L. M. WATTS.

The Spirit enlightening and renewing.

1 ETERNAL Spirit! we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy power conveys the blessings down,
To Jew and Gentile, through the Son.

2 Enlightened by thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day,
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Our wild, imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice;
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind—
And calm the surges of the mind.

223. L. M. PRATT'S COLL.

Descent of the Holy Spirit.

1 BLEST day! when our ascended Lord
Fulfilled his own prophetic word;
Sent down his Spirit, to inspire
His saints, baptized with holy fire.

2 While by his power these signs were wrought
While divers tongues his wisdom taught,
His love one only subject gave—
That Jesus died the world to save!

3 Sure peace with God!—the joyful sound
Pours wide its sacred influence round;

Relenting foes his grace receive,
And humble myriads hear and live!

224. P. M. Spirit of the Psalms.

The Holy Spirit the Comforter.

1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All powerful as the wind he came,
As viewless too.

3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious humble guest,
While he can find one humble heart,
Wherein to rest.

4 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.

6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see;
O make our hearts thy dwelling place,
And worthier thee.

225. L. M. Watts.

The effusion of the Holy Spirit.

1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met;
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
And pow'r to heal, and pow'r to save!
Furnished their tongues with wondrous words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

3 Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth.
From east to west, from south to north:

"Go, and assert your Saviour's cause;
"Go, spread the myst'ry of his cross."

4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are,
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low!

5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heav'nly arms subdued;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

226. C. M. WATTS.

Regeneration by the Holy Spirit.

1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth
Can raise a soul to heaven.

The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh,
New-models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From their long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

227. C. M. COTTERILL.

1 LET songs of praises fill the sky!
Behold th' ascended Lord
Sends down his Spirit from on high,
And thus fulfils his word.

2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within:
He raises sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.

3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And shows them unto men;
The humble soul his temple makes,
God's image stamps again.

4 Come, Holy Spirit! from above,
With thy celestial fire;
Oh come! with holy zeal and love
Each heart and tongue inspire!

228. L. M. Doddridge.

The Spirit's Influence compared to Water.

1 BLESS'D Jesus, source of grace divine,
What soul-refreshing streams are thine!
Oh, bring these healing waters nigh,
Or we must droop, and fall and die.

2 No traveller through desert lands,
'Midst scorching suns, and burning sands,
More needs the current to obtain,
Or to enjoy refreshing rain.

3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,
Spring up, celestial Fountain, spring;
To a redundant river flow,
And cheer this thirsty land below.

4 May this blest torrent near our side,
Through all the desert gently glide;
Then, in Immanuel's land above,
Spread to a sea of joy and love!

229. L. M. 61. C. Wesley.

Influences of the Spirit implored.

1 WE want the spirit of power within,
Of love, and of a healthful mind;
Of power to conquer every sin,
Of love to God and all mankind;
Of health that pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies.

2 O that the Comforter would come,
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in us its constant home,
And keep possession of each breast;
And make our souls its blest abode,
The temple of the living God!

230. C. M. Watts.

To quicken.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,

Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever lie
In this poor dying state,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great!

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

231. L. M. BROWNE.

To guide.

1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian—thou our guide!
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose thy way:
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness—the road
Which we must take to dwell with God:
Lead us to Christ—the living way;
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

4 Lead us to God—our final rest,
To be with him for ever blest:
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fulness of joy for ever there!

232. C. M. EPISCOPAL COLL.

1 FATHER, to thee our souls we lift,
On thee our hope depends,
Convinced that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too;
Without the Spirit of thy Son
We nothing good can do.

3 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
Our good is all divine;
The praise of every holy thought,
And righteous word, is thine.

4 From thee—through Jesus—we receive
The power on thee to call;
In thee, O Lord, we move, and live—
Our God is all in all.

233. L. M. F. H. BURDER'S COLL.

To prepare for Worship.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, calm each mind,
And fit us to approach our God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead us to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to our souls
A living spark of holy fire?
Oh! kindle now the sacred flame;
Make us to burn with pure desire.

3 Still brighter faith and hope impart,
And let us now our Saviour see:
Oh! sooth and cheer each burdened heart
And bid our spirits rest in thee.

234. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

1 GREAT Father of each perfect gift,
Behold thy servants wait;
With longing eyes—and lifted hands,
We flock around thy gate.

2 Oh shed abroad that royal gift,
Thy Spirit from above,
To bless our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.

3 Blest earnest of eternal joy,
Declare our sins forgiven;
And bear, with energy divine,
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.

235. C. M. Wesley's Coll.

1 FATHER of all—in whom alone
We live, and move, and breathe.
One bright celestial ray send down
And cheer thy sons beneath.

2 While in thy word we search for thee,
Oh fill our souls with awe;
Thy light impart, that we may see
The wonders of thy law.

3 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now thy revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

4 Before us make thy goodness pass,
Which here by faith we know;
Let us in Jesus see thy face,
And die to all below.

236. 7s. Stocker.

To comfort.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit—Love divine!
Let thy light within us shine;
All our guilty fears remove,
Fill us with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead us to the Lamb of God,
Wash us in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to us impart;
Seal salvation on each heart:
Breathe thyself into each breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let us never from thee stray,
Keep us in the narrow way;
Fill our souls with joy divine;
Keep us, Lord, for ever thine.

237. L. M. Pratt's Coll.

1 BREATHE, Holy Spirit, from above,
Until our hearts with fervour glow:
Oh, kindle there a Saviour's love,
True sympathy with human wo.

2 Bid our conflicting passions cease,
And terror from each conscience flee;
Oh, speak to every bosom peace,
Unknown to all who know not thee.

3 Give us to taste thy heavenly joy,
Our hopes to brightest glory raise;
Guide us to bliss without alloy,
And tune our hearts to endless praise.

238. C. M. WATTS.

1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?—
Great Comforter! descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal them heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish our complaints,
And show our sins forgiven?

3 Assure each conscience of its part
In our Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with each heart,
That we are born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey us home.

239. L. M. STEELE.

Prayer for the return of the Spirit

1 LORD, in the temples of thy grace,
Thy saints behold thy smiling face;
Here have we seen thy glory shine
With power and majesty divine.

2 Return, O Lord—our spirits cry—
Our graces droop—our comforts die,
Return, and let thy glories rise
Again to our admiring eyes;

3 Till, filled with light, and joy, and love,
Thy courts below, like those above,
Triumphant hallelujahs raise,
Till heaven and earth resound thy praise.

240. L. M. Rippon's Coll.

Divine Influence compared to Rain.

1 THE dews and rains, in all their store,
Watering the pastures o'er and o'er,
Are not so copious as that grace
Which sanctifies and saves our race.

2 As in soft silence, vernal showers
Descend and cheer the fainting flowers;
So in the secrecy of love
Falls the sweet influence from above.

3 That heavenly influence let us find
In holy silence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

4 Nor let these blessings be confined
To us, but poured on all mankind;
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,
And a new Eden bless our eyes.

241. L. M. Steele.

Divine Influence.

1 GREAT God, and shall thy Spirit rest
In such a wretched heart as mine?
Unworthy dwelling!—glorious Guest!—
How great the favour!—how divine!

2 When sin prevails—and gloomy fear,
And hope almost expires in night,
Lord, can thy Spirit then be here—
Great spring of comfort, life, and light?

3 Sure the blest comforter is nigh!
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart!
Else would my hope for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

4 And, when my cheerful hope can say,
"I love my God, and taste his grace,"
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?

5 Let thy good Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell—O God of love!
And light and heavenly peace impart—
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

242. L. M. Rippon's Coll.

Prayer for all the saving influences of Grace.

1 WE 'RE in a world of hopes and fears,
A wilderness of toils and tears,
Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat.

2 Shed down, O Lord! a heav'nly ray,
To guide us in the doubtful way;
And o'er us hold thy shield of pow'r,
To guard us in the dang'rous hour.

3 Teach us the flatt'ring path to shun,
In which the thoughtless many run;
Who for a shade the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.

4 Each sacred principle impart;
The faith, that sanctifies the heart;
Hope, that to heaven's high vault aspires;
And love, that warms with holy fires.

5 Whate'er is noble, pure, refin'd,
Just, gen'rous, amiable, and kind,
That may our constant thoughts pursue—
That may we love and practise too.

6 Let neither pleasure, wealth, nor pride,
Allure our wand'ring souls aside;
But, through this maze of mortal ill,
Safe lead us to thy heav'nly hill.

PENITENTIAL HYMNS.

243. 7s. Lutheran Col.

Sins Confessed and Mourned.

1 GOD of mercy, God of love,
Hear our sad repentant song;
Sorrow dwells on every face,
Penitence on every tongue.

2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time mispent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent:

3 Foolish fears, and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain;

Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain:

4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame we own;
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

5 God of mercy, God of grace,
Hear our sad repentant songs;
O restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all praise belongs.

244. L. M. Beddome.

Inconstancy Lamented.

1 THE wandering star and fleeting wind
Are emblems of the fickle mind;
The morning cloud and early dew
Bring our inconstancy to view.

2 But cloud and wind, and dew and star,
Only a faint resemblance bear;
Nor can there ought in nature be
So changeable and frail as we.

3 Our outward walk and inward frame,
Are scarcely through an hour the same;
We vow, and straight our vows forget,
And then those very vows repeat.

4 With contrite hearts, Lord, we confess
Our folly and unsteadfastness;
When shall these hearts more stable be,
Fixed by thy grace alone on thee!

245. C. M. Heber's Coll.

Prayer for Divine Help.

1 OH help us, Lord! each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

2 Oh help us, when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore,
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
Oh help us, Lord, the more.

3 Oh help us, through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe;

For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 Oh help us, Father! from on high;
We know no help but thee;
Oh! help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be.

246. S. M. BEDDOME.

Hope Reviving.

1 AND shall we sit alone,
Oppressed with grief and fear;
To God our Father make our moan,
And he refuse to hear?

2 If he our Father be,
His pity he will show;
From cruel bondage set us free,
And inward peace bestow.

3 If still he silence keep,
'Tis but our faith to try;
He knows and feels whene'er we weep,
And softens every sigh.

4 Then will we humbly wait,
Nor once indulge despair;
Our sins are great, but not so great
As his compassions are.

247. S. M. STEELE.

Absence from God.

1 O THOU, whose mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent, wipes the tear
From sorrow's weeping eye!

2 See low before thy throne
We wretched wanderers mourn;
Hast thou not bid us seek thy face?
Hast thou not said,—Return?

3 Absent from thee, our light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate our way!

4 On this benighted heart
With beams of mercy shine;

And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

5 Thy presence can bestow
Delights which never cloy:
Be this our solace here below,
And our eternal joy!

248. S. M. Jarvis.

Peace to the returning Penitent.

1 FATHER!—how sweet thy voice,
That speaks of life and peace;
That bids the penitent revive,
And all his anguish cease.

2 No balm on earth beside
Can cheer the contrite heart;
No flattering dreams of earthly bliss,
Such pure delight impart.

3 Still merciful and kind,
That mercy, Lord! reveal:
The broken heart 'tis thou canst bind,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 Thy presence can restore
Peace to the anxious breast:
And aid us in the path that leads
To everlasting rest.

249. C. M. Montgomery.

Preparation of the Heart.

1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear:
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

2 Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and wo,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go?

3 God of all grace, we come to thee,
With broken contrite hearts;
Give what thine eye delights to see,
—Truth in the inward parts:—

4 Give deep humility;—the sense
Of godly sorrow give;

—A strong desiring confidence,
To hear thy voice and live:

5 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee, though thou slay.

6 Give these,—and then thy will be done,
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, by thy spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

250. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Salvation only in God.

1 HOW long shall dreams of creature-bliss
Our flattering hopes employ?
And mock our fond, deluded eyes
With visionary joy?

2 Why, from the mountains and the hills
Is our salvation sought?
While our eternal Rock 's forsook,
And Israel's God forgot.

3 The living spring neglected flows
Full in our daily view,
Yet we, with anxious, fruitless toil,
Our broken cisterns hew.

4 These fatal errors, gracious God,
With gentle pity see;
To thee our roving eyes direct,
And fix our hearts on thee.

251. C. M. MRS. CARTER.

Mercy of God to the Penitent.

1 O THOU, the wretched's sure retreat,
Who dost our cares control,
And with the cheerful smile of peace
Revive the fainting soul!

2 Did ever thy propitious ear
The humble plea disdain?
Or when did plaintive misery sigh,
Or supplicate in vain?

3 Oppressed with grief and shame, dissolved
In penitential tears,

Thy goodness calms our anxious doubts,
And dissipates our fears.

4 From that blest source, propitious hope
Appears serenely bright,
And sheds her soft and cheering beam
O'er sorrow's dismal night.

5 Our hearts adore thy mercy, Lord,
And bless the friendly ray,
Which ushers in the smiling morn
Of everlasting day.

252. C. M. WATTS.

Coldness and Inconstancy Lamented.

1 LONG have we heard the joyful sound
Of thy salvation, Lord!
Yet still how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 How cold and feeble is our love!
How negligent our fear!
How low our hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

3 Great God! thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success!
Write thy salvation in each heart,
And make us learn thy grace.

4 Show our forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

253. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

1 PERPETUAL Source of light and grace,
We hail thy sacred name;
Through every year's revolving round,
Thy goodness is the same.

2 On us, all worthless as we are,
It wondrous mercy pours;
As sure as heaven's established course,
And plenteous as the showers.

3 Inconstant service we repay,
And treacherous vows renew;
As false as morning's scattering cloud,
And transient as the dew.

4 In flowing tears our guilt we mourn,
And loud implore thy grace,
To bear our feeble footsteps on,
In all thy righteous ways.

5 Armed with this energy divine,
Our souls shall steadfast move;
And with increasing transport press
To thy bright courts above.

254. C. M. WATTS.

Freedom from Sin and Misery in Heaven.

1 OUR sins, alas! how strong they be!
And like a violent sea,
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And hurry us away.

2 The waves of trouble, how they rise!
How loud the tempests roar!
But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heavenly shore.

3 There, to fulfil his sweet commands,
Our speedy feet shall move;
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
Or cool our burning love.

4 There shall we sit, and sing, and tell
The wonders of his grace;
Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in every face.

255. C. M. VERMONT COLL.

The true Penitent.

1 HARK! hear the sound on earth is found,
Each soul delights to hear,
Of dying love that 's from above,
Of pardon bought so dear.

2 God's ministers like flames of fire,
Are passing through the land;
The voice is, hear, repent and fear,
King Jesus is at hand.

3 God's chariots they no longer stay,
They're mounted on the truth;
The saints in pray'r, cry, Lord, draw near,
Have mercy on the youth.

4 Young converts sing and praise their King,
And bless God's holy name;
While older saints, true penitents,
Rejoice to join the theme.

5 God grant a shower of saving power,
On ev'ry aching heart,
Who sincerely to God do cry,
That they may have a part.

6 Come, lovely youth, embrace the truth,
Agree with one accord;
And use your tongues while you are young,
In praising Christ the Lord.

256. S. M. Pratt's Coll.

Returning to Christ.

1 YE sons of earth, arise!
Ye creatures of a day!
Redeem the time—be bold—be wise,
And cast your bonds away.

2 The year of gospel-grace,
With us rejoice to see;
And thankfully in Christ embrace
Your proffered liberty.

3 Blest Saviour—Lord of all!
Thee help us to receive;
Obedient to thy gracious call,
Oh, bid us turn and live!

4 Our former years mispent,
Now let us deeply mourn;
And, softened by thy grace, repent,
And to thine arms return!

257. C. M. Schofield's Coll.

Compassion and Intercession for Sinners

1 ALMIGHTY God, with pitying eye,
The sons of men survey;
Behold how thoughtless mortals sport
In sin's destructive way.

2 Ten thousand dangers lurk around
To bear them to the tomb;
Each passing hour may place them where
Repentance cannot come.

3 Bring back, O Lord, their wand'ring steps,
Misled by airy dreams;
And let the light of truth dispel
Their visionary schemes.

4 Rouse, and direct them by thy word,
Their dang'rous state to see,
That they may seek, and find the path
That leads to heav'n and thee.

PRAYER AND SUPPLICATION.

258. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Prayer.

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd, or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
The watch-word at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
The turning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold! he prays!"

6 In prayer, on earth the saints are one;
They're one in word and mind,
When, with the Father and the Son,
Sweet fellowship they find.

7 O thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of pray'r thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

259. S. M. Montgomery.

The Lord's Prayer.

1 OUR heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now:
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow.

2 Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power
Our feeble hearts defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine, then, for ever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.

260. L. M. Birmingham Coll.

1 FATHER, adored in worlds above!
Thy glorious name be hallowed still;
Thy kingdom come in truth and love;
And earth, like heaven obey thy will.

2 Lord, make our daily wants thy care;
Forgive the sins which we forsake:
In thy compassion let us share,
As fellow men of ours partake.

3 Evils beset us every hour;
Thy kind protection we implore,
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power,
The glory thine for ever more.

261. C. M. Pope.

The Universal Prayer.

1 FATHER of all! whose cares extend
To earth's remotest shore,

From every clime let praise ascend,
And every age adore.

2 Thou great First Cause, least understood,
Who all our sense confined,
To know but this that thou art good,
And we ourselves are blind.

3 What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns us not to do:
This, teach us more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

4 Save us alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent:
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

5 Teach us to feel another's wo,
To hide the faults we see:
The mercy we to others show,
We shall receive from thee.

6 To thee whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all beings raise,
All nature's incense rise!

262. C. M. CAPPE'S COLL.

Prayer for Divine Aid and Guidance.

1 ETERNAL Source of light and thought!
Supremely good and wise!
To thee we bring our grateful vows,
To thee lift up our eyes.

2 Thy quickening energy is felt
Through nature's ample round;
In heaven, on earth, through air, and skies,
Its impress, Lord! is found.

3 Our dark and erring minds illume
With truth's celestial rays;
Kindle in these cold hearts thy love,
And tune our tongues to praise.

4 O grant to us thy needful aid,
To do and bear thy will;
Thy grace can make each burden light,
And every murmur still.

5 O safely guide us by that grace,
Through life's perplexing road,
To pleasures which for ever flow
From the right hand of God!

263. C. M. Salisbury Coll.

Spiritual blessings implored.

1 FOUNTAIN of blessing! God of love!
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thine all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, wholly thine, we long to be,
Our sacrifice receive;
Made and preserved, and saved by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3 O may we travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
Till by thy wisdom and thy strength,
We see our Father, God!

264. L. M. Doddridge.

Encouragement to Prayer.

1 SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims
His various and his saving names;
Oh may they not be heard alone,
But by our sure experience known.

2 Through every age his gracious ear
Is open to his servants' prayer;
Nor can one humble soul complain,
That he has sought his God in vain.

3 What unbelieving heart shall dare
In whispers to suggest a fear,
While still he owns his ancient name,
The same his power—his love the same;

4 To thee our souls in faith arise,
To thee we lift expecting eyes;
We boldly through the desert tread,
For God will guard, where he shall lead.

265. L. M. Steele.

1 LORD, how shall wretched sinners dare
Look up to thy divine abode,

Or offer their imperfect prayer
Before a just and holy God?

2 Bright terrors guard thine awful seat,
And dazzling glories veil thy face;
Yet mercy calls us to thy feet:
Thy throne is still a throne of grace.

3 Oh! may our souls thy grace adore;
May Jesus plead our humble claim,
While thy protection we implore,
In his prevailing, glorious name.

4 Let past experience of thy care
Support our hope—our trust invite;
Again attend our humble prayer;—
Let mercy still be thy delight.

266. L. M. Moravian Coll.

Prayer for Protection and Guidance.

1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove our hearts, they pant for thee;
Oh burst these bonds, and set them free!

2 If in this darksome wild we stray,
Be thou our light—be thou our way;
No foes, nor danger will we fear,
While thou, our Saviour, God, art near.

3 When rising floods our souls o'erflow,
When sink our hearts in waves of wo,
Great God, thy timely aid impart,
To raise each head—and cheer each heart.

4 Oh let thy hand support us still,
And lead us to thy holy hill,
Where toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm—and all is peace.

267. C. M. Exeter Coll.

1 LORD, through the dubious path of life
Thy feeble servants guide!
Supported by thy powerful arm,
Our footsteps shall not slide.

2 Let others, swelled with empty pride,
Of wisdom make their boasts;
Our wisdom and our strength must come
From thee, the Lord of hosts.

3 To thee, O our unerring Guide!
We would ourselves resign;
In all our ways acknowledge thee,
And form our will to thine.

268. C. M. Merrick.

1 AUTHOR of good—to thee we turn:
Thine ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all our wants discern—
Thy hand alone supply.

Oh let thy love within us dwell,
Thy fear our footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer love expel,
That fear all fears beside.

3 Not what we wish—but what we want,
Let mercy still supply:
The good we ask not, Father, grant—
The ill we ask—deny.

269. L. M. Sir Walter Scott.

Imploring the constant Presence of God.

1 WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.

2 By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

3 Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray!

4 And O, when gathers on our path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be thou, long suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

270. C. M. Montgomery.

For General Mercies.

1 FATHER of all our mercies,—thou,
In whom we move and live,

Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling, now,
And answer, and forgive.

2 When harassed by ten thousand foes,
Our helplessness we feel,
O give the weary souls repose,
Our wounded spirits heal.

3 When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure,
By storm or calm, in thee is found
A refuge strong and sure.

4 When age advances, may we grow
In faith, in hope, and love;
And walk in holiness below
To holiness above.

5 When earthly joys and cares depart,
Desire and envy cease,
Be thou the portion of each heart,
In thee may we have peace.

271. C. M. Salisbury Coll.

Divine Aid Implored.

1 THINE influence, mighty God! is felt,
Through nature's ample round;
In heaven, on earth, through air, and skies,
Thy energy is found.

2 Thy sacred influence, Lord! we need
To form our hearts anew;
O cleanse our souls from every sin,
And thy salvation show!

3 Father of light! thine aid impart
To guide our doubtful way;
Thy truth shall scatter every cloud,
And make a glorious day.

4 Supported by thy heavenly grace,
We'll do and bear thy will;
That grace shall make each burden light,
And every murmur still.

5 Cheer'd by thy smiles, we'll fearless tread
The gloomy path of death;
And, with the hopes of endless bliss,
To thee resign our breath.

272. L. M. Dryden.

Divine Light and Guidance Implored.

1 THOU Source of uncreated light!
By whom the worlds were raised from night,
Come, visit every pious mind;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind.

2 Plenteous in grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy matchless energy;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.

3 Chase from our path each noxious foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in our way.

273. L. M. Exeter Coll.

Steadfastness and Watchfulness Implored.

1 GREAT God! our Father and our Friend,
On whom we cast our constant care,
On whom for all things we depend!
To thee we raise our humble prayer.

2 Endue us with a holy fear;
The frailty of our hearts reveal;
Sin and its snares are always near,
Thee may we always nearer feel.

3 O that to thee the constant mind,
May with a steady flame aspire;
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And check the rise of wrong desire!

4 O that our watchful souls may fly
The first perceived approach of sin;
Look up to thee when danger's nigh,
And feel thy fear control within!

5 Search, gracious God! each inmost heart;
From guilt and error set us free;
Thy light and truth and peace impart,
And guide us safe to heaven and thee.

274. L. M. Henry Moore.

Wisdom and Virtue sought from God.

1 SUPREME and universal light!
Fountain of reason! judge of right!

Parent of good! whose blessings flow
On all above, and all below:

2 Assist us, Lord! to act, to be,
What nature and thy laws decree;
Worthy that intellectual flame,
Which from thy breathing spirit came.

3 No slave to profit, shame, or fear,
O may our steadfast bosoms bear
The stamp of heaven, an upright heart,
Above the mean disguise of art!

4 May our expanded souls disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim;
But with a Christian zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to our race.

5 O Father! grace and virtue grant;
No more we wish, no more we want:
To know, to serve thee, and to love,
Is peace below,—is bliss above.

275. C. M. J. HUMPHREYS.

Lord, remember me.

1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.

2 When on my aching burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart:
Good Lord, remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day:
Good Lord, remember me.

4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Good Lord, remember me.

5 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Good Lord, remember me.

276. L. M. Christian Psalmist.

For the continued Help of God.

1 BE with us, Lord, where'er we go;
Teach us what thou wouldst have us do;
Suggest whate'er we think or say;
Direct us in thy narrow way.

2 Prevent us, lest we harbour pride,
Lest we in our own strength confide;
Show us our weakness, let us see
We have our power, our all from thee.

3 Enrich us alway with thy love;
Our kind protection ever prove;
Thy signet put upon each breast,
And let thy spirit on us rest.

4 Assist and teach us how to pray;
Incline our natures to obey;
What thou abhorrest let us flee,
And only love what pleases thee.

5 O may we never do our will,
But thine and only thine fulfil;
Let all our time, and all our ways
Be spent and ended to thy praise.

277. C. M. Montgomery.

Solomon's prayer for Wisdom.

1 ALMIGHTY God, in humble prayer
To thee our souls we lift;
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.

2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.

3 We ask not honours, which an hour
May bring and take away;
We ask not pleasure, pomp and power,
Lest we should go astray.

4 We ask for wisdom:—Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before thee give.

5 The young remember thee in youth.
Before the evil days!
The old be guided by thy truth
In wisdom's pleasant ways?

278. L. M. Toplady.

To be made perfect in love.

1 O THAT my heart was right with thee,
And loved thee with a perfect love;
O that my Lord would dwell in me.
And never from his seat remove!

2 Father, I dwell in mournful night,
Till thou dost in my heart appear;
Arise, propitious sun! and light
An everlasting morning there.

3 O let my prayer acceptance find,
And bring the mighty blessing down
Eye-sight impart, for I am blind;
And seal me thine adopted son.

279. L. M. Doddridge.

Choosing the better part.

1 BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path we stand:
Father divine! diffuse thy light,
To guide our doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage each roving, treacherous heart,
Wisely to choose the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall we fear,
But all our treasures with us bear.

4 If thou, our Father, still be nigh,
Cheerful we live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand words in thee.

280. C. M. Episcopal Coll.

For Guidance and Protection.

1 GOD of our fathers! by whose hand
Thy people still are blessed,

Be with us through our pilgrimage,
Conduct us to our rest.

2 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide:
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

4 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou, O Lord, shalt be our God,
And portion evermore.

281. L. M. Vermont Coll.

The Cup of Affliction.

1 IS this unpleasing cup now given
By thee, our Father, Lord of heaven?
O let us then in silence stand,
And meekly take it at thy hand.

2 If thou wilt help us to believe
We can this bitter draught receive;
Though mix'd with wormwood and with gall,
Our souls in faith can drink it all.

3 Thou know'st we are but feeble dust,
Too apt thy goodness to distrust;
But let not darkness veil our mind,
Let us not think our God unkind.

4 Still, Saviour, let us see thy face,
And rest our souls in thine embrace;
Send down fresh cordials from above,
And mix this wo with signs of love.

GENERAL PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

282. S. M. Roscoe.

Song of Adoration.

1 LET one loud song of praise arise
To God, whose goodness ceaseless flows;
Who dwells enthroned above the skies,
And life and breath on all bestows.

2 Let all of good this bosom fires,
To him, sole good, give praises due;
Let all the truth himself inspires,
Unite to sing him only true.

3 In ardent adoration joined,
Obedient to thy holy will,
Let all our faculties combined,
Thy just commands, O God! fulfil.

4 O! may the solemn-breathing sound
Like incense rise before thy throne,
Where thou, whose glory knows no bound,
Great Cause of all things, dwell'st alone.

283. C. M. JARVIS.

Praise the peculiar Duty of Man.

1 LORD of the world's majestic frame!
Stupendous are thy ways;
Thy various works declare thy name,
And all resound thy praise.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Whose motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour,
We read thy glory still.

3 And while these radiant globes of light,
That shine from pole to pole,
In silent harmony unite
To praise thee as they roll;

4 Oh! shall not we of human race,
The glorious concert join?
Shall not the children of thy grace
Attempt the theme divine?

5 Yes, this shall be our best employ
Through life's uncertain days:
Till in the realms of boundless joy,
We join in loftier praise.

284. C. M. LIV. OLD. COLL.

Devout Contemplation of the Creation.

1 LOOK round, O man! survey this globe
Speak of creating power;
See nature gives a different robe
To every herb and flower.

2 See various beings fill the air,
And people earth and sea;
What grateful changes form the year!
How constant night and day!

3 Next raise thine eye; th' expanse above
A power unbounded shows;
See round the sun the planets move,
And various worlds compose.

4 Then turn into thyself, O man!
With wonder view thy soul;
Confess his power who laid each plan,
And still directs the whole.

5 And let obedience to his laws
Thy gratitude proclaim,
To him the first, almighty cause,—
JEHOVAH is his name.

285. C. M. WESLEY'S COLL.

Ascription of Praise.

1 BLEST be our everlasting Lord,
Our Father, God and King!
Thy sovereign goodness we record,
Thy glorious power we sing.

2 By thee the victory is given;
The majesty divine,
And strength and might, and earth and heaven,
And all therein is thine.

3 The kingdom, Lord, is thine alone,
Who dost thy right maintain,
And high on thy eternal throne
O'er men and angels reign.

4 Riches, as seemeth good to thee,
Thou dost and honour give;
And kings their power and dignity
Out of thy hand receive.

5 Thou hast on us the grace bestowed
Thy greatness to proclaim;
And therefore now we thank our God,
And praise thy glorious name.

286. L. M. ENFIELD.

Praise to the Lord of Nature.

1 O THOU! through all thy works adored,
Great power supreme, almighty Lord!

Author of life, whose sovereign sway
Creatures of every tribe obey!

2 To thee, most high, to thee belong
The suppliant prayer, the joyful song;
To thee we will attune our voice,
And in thy wondrous works rejoice.

3 Planets, those wandering worlds above,
Guided by thee, incessant move;
Suns, kindled by a ray divine,
In honour of their Maker shine.

4 From thee proceed heaven's varied store,
The changing wind, the fruitful shower,
The flying cloud, the coloured bow,
The moulded hail, the feathered snow.

5 Tempests obey thy mighty will;
Thine awful mandate to fulfil,
The forked lightnings dart around,
And rive the oak, and blast the ground

6 Yet pleased to bless, kind to supply,
Thy hand supports thy family,
And fosters, with a parent's care,
The tribes of earth, and sea, and air.

287. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

Praising God in all Changes.

1 FATHER of mercies, God of love,
Our Father and our God;
We 'll sing the honours of thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.

2 In every period of our lives
Thy thoughts of love appear;
Thy mercies gild each transient scene,
And crown each lengthening year.

3 In all these mercies may our souls
A father's bounty see;
Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows
Estrange our hearts from thee.

4 Teach us in time of deep distress
To own thy hand, O God!
And in submissive silence bear
The lessons of thy rod.

5 In every changing state of life,
Each bright, each gloomy scene,

Give us a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and serene.

6 Then will we close our eyes in death,
Free from distressing fear;
For death itself is life, O God,
If thou art with us there.

288. 7s. J. Taylor.

Glory to God.

1 GLORY be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of heaven.

2 Favoured mortals, raise the song;
Endless thanks to God belong;
Hearts o'erflowing with his praise,
Join the hymns your voices raise.

3 Mark the wonders of his hand;
Power, no empire can withstand;
Wisdom, angels' glorious theme;
Goodness, one eternal stream.

4 Glorious being! from thy throne
Send thy promised blessings down;
Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,
Bid our raging passions cease.

289. 7s. Salisbury Coll.

Adoration.

1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
Be thy glorious name adored;
Lord, thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

2 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

3 There no tongue shall silent be;
All shall join in harmony;
That through heaven's capacious round
Praise to thee may ever sound.

4 Lord, thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be thy glorious name adored.

290. S. M. Mrs. Opie.

Praise of God peculiarly due from Man.

1 THERE seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every opening flower,
Which tells, O Lord! the wondrous tale
Of thy indulgence, love, and power.

2 The birds that rise on soaring wing
Appear to hymn their Maker's praise,
And all the mingling sounds of spring
To thee a general pæan raise.

3 And shall our voice, Great God, alone
Be mute 'midst nature's loud acclaim?
No; let our hearts with answering tone
Breathe forth in praise thy holy name.

291. C. M. Anonymous.

Praise for Divine Goodness.

1 LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspir'd;
Loud and more loud the anthem raise,
With grateful ardour fir'd!

2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose tender care sustains
Our feeble frame, encompass'd round
With death's unnumber'd pains.

3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every minute, as it flies,
With benefits unsought!

4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows;
Who sent his Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes!

5 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
That lights through darkest shades of death,
To realms of endless day!

292. S. M. Watts.

Praise for preserving Grace.

1 TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belong,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting song.

293. 7s. Montgomery.

Glory to God in the Highest.

1 SONGS of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

2 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

3 And will man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

4 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

5 Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

294. C. M. Heginbotham.

Praising God in Life and Death.

1 OUR souls shall praise thee, O our God!
Through all our mortal days;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 In each bright hour of peace and hope,
Be this our sweet employ:
Devotion heightens all our bliss,
And sanctifies our joy.

3 When gloomy care or keen distress
Invades our throbbing breast,
Our tongues shall learn to speak thy praise,
And sooth our pains to rest.

4 Nor shall our tongues alone proclaim
The honours of our God.
Our lives, with all our active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

5 And though these lips shall cease to move,
Though death shall close these eyes,
Yet shall our souls to nobler heights
Of joy and transport rise.

6 Then shall our powers in endless strains
Their grateful tribute pay:
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE AND CHARACTER.

295. S. M. Watts.

Adoption.

1 BEHOLD! what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;

The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made:
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

5 If in our Father's love
We share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon each heart.

6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

296. S. M. Doddridge.

Vital union with Christ.

1 DEAR Saviour, we are thine
By everlasting bonds:
Our hearts, our souls we would resign,
Entirely to thy hands.

2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh let them ne'er prevail.

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our head;
Shall form us to thine image bright,
And teach thy paths to tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear;
If he in heaven hath fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

297. C. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

Christian Fellowship.

1 BEHOLD, where breathing love divine,
Our dying master stands!
His weeping followers gathering round,
Receive his last commands.

2 From that mild teacher's parting lips
What tender accents fell!
The gentle precept which he gave,
Became its author well.

3 Blest is the man, whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain:

4 Whose breast expands with generous warmth
A stranger's wo to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound,
He wants the power to heal.

5 He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief:
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unask'd relief.

6 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow:
He views through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

298. C. M. Exeter Coll.

1 WITH pure delight the bosom glows,
Where love to God resides;
And blessed, and blessing, is his heart,
Where charity abides.

2 Prompted by love, to misery's call
He never shuts his ear;
And, o'er the sorrows others feel,
Oft sheds the silent tear.

3 Doth virtue in distress appear?
Doth grief the heart invade?
Doth humble poverty complain,
And seek his friendly aid?

4 Benevolence his bosom warms,
And love his actions guides;

A friend in him the poor man finds;
In him the heart confides.

5 From him, the sweet rewards of love
On earth, are kept in store;
And God will be his constant friend,
His portion evermore.

299. C. M. Cennick.

1 BLEST is the dear, uniting love,
That will not let us part:
Our bodies may far off remove;
We still are one in heart!

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
We still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And still his praise we show.

3 Oh may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside!
Nothing desire—nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified!

4 Richly we share the Saviour's grace,
We're one in mind and heart;
Not joy, nor grief—not time, nor place.
Not life, nor death can part.

300. S. M. Hawker's Coll.

1 ONCE more, before we part,
Oh bless the Saviour's name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

2 Lord, in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We meet in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.

3 Still on thy holy word
We'll live, and feed, and grow,
And still go on to know the Lord,
And practise what we know.

4 Now, Lord, before we part,
Help us to bless thy name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

301. C. M. Vermont Coll.

Fellowship with God.

1 FROM all that 's mortal, all that 's vain,
And from this earthly clod ;
Arise, our souls, and strive to gain
Sweet fellowship with God.

2 Not life, nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flow'ry road,
Can to our souls such bliss impart
As fellowship with God.

3 Not health, nor friendship here below,
Nor wealth, that golden load,
Can such delight or comfort show
As fellowship with God.

4 When we are made in love to bear
Affliction's needful rod,
Light, sweet, and kind the strokes appear,
Through fellowship with God.

5 So when the icy hand of death
Shall chill our flowing blood ;
With joy we'll yield our latest breath
In fellowship with God.

302. C. M. Pratt's Coll.

Joining the Church of Christ.

1 YE men and angels, witness now,
Before the Lord we speak ;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break,—

2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield ;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely ;
May he with our returning wants,
All needful aid supply.

4 Oh guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways ;
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

303. L. M. Watts.

The Christian Race.

1 AWAKE, our souls—away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint;—

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young;
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply;
While those who trust their native strength
Shall melt away—and droop—and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

304. C. M. Doddridge.

1 AWAKE, our souls—stretch every nerve
And press with vigour on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
A bright, immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls you from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To each aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold you in full survey:—
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge your way.

4 Blest Saviour—introduced by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
We'll lay our laurels down.

305. L. M. Watts.

The Christian Warfare.

1 STAND up, our souls—shake off your fears,
And gird the gospel armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus our great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and your sins resist your course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Your Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let our souls march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall we wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in our glorious Leader's praise.

306. L. M. Montgomery.

The Christian Soldier.

1 THE Christian warrior, see him stand
In the whole armour of his God;
The spirit's sword is in his hand;
His feet are with the gospel shod:

2 In panoply of truth complete,
Salvation's helmet on his head,
With righteousness, a breastplate meet,
And faith's broad shield before him spread.

3 With this omnipotence he moves,
From this the alien armies flee;
Till more than conqueror he proves,
Through Christ, who gives him victory.

4 Thus strong in his Redeemer's strength,
Sin, death and hell he tramples down,
Fights the good fight; and wins at length,
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

307. C. M. Watts.

1 ARE we the soldiers of the cross,
And followers of the Lamb?—

And shall we fear to own his cause?—
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Are there no foes for us to face?
Must we not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help us on to God!

3 Sure we must fight—if we would reign;
Increase our courage, Lord!
We'll bear the cross—endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

4 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they're slain:
They see the triumph from afar,
And soon with Christ shall reign.

5 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

308. C. M. Watts.

This Life a Pilgrimage.

1 LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply,
No cheering fruits—no wholesome trees,
No streams of living joy?

2 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.

3 There, on a green and flowery mount,
Our weary souls shall sit—
And with transporting joy recount
The labours of our feet.

4 Eternal glory to the King,
Whose hand conducts us through;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

309. L. M. Brattle-street Coll.

1 ARISE, our souls! on wings sublime,
Above the vanities of time;
Remove the parting veil—and see
The glories of eternity!

2 Born by a new, celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at vain and fleeting toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
While we are walking back to God?
Or can we love this earth so well
As not to long with God to dwell?

4 To dwell with God!—to taste his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
The glorious expectation now
Is heavenly bliss begun below.

310. C. M. Newton.

Mourning over departed Comforts.

1 SWEET was the time, when first we felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood,
Applied to cleanse our souls from guilt,
And bring us home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned our tongues;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all our songs.

3 In prayer our souls drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when we read his holy word,
Each called his promise mine.

4 But now—when evening shade prevails—
Our soul in darkness mourns:
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Lord, and help us to prevail—
Oh make our souls thy care!
We know thy mercy cannot fail;
Let us that mercy share.

311. L. M. Christian Psalmist.

1 OH where is now that glowing love,
That marked our union with the Lord?
Our hearts were fixed on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.

2 Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Saviour's glory known;

That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on him alone?

3 Where are the happy seasons spent
In fellowship with him we loved?
The sacred joy—the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved?

4 Behold, again, we turn to thee;
Oh cast us not away, though vile!
No peace we have—no joy we see,
O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

312. H. M. Anonymous.

1 WHERE is our Saviour now,
Whose smiles we once possessed?
Till he return, we bow,
By heaviest grief oppressed:
Our days of happiness are gone,
And we are left to weep alone.

2 Where can the mourner go,
And tell his tale of grief?
Ah! who can sooth his wo,
And give him sweet relief?
Earth cannot heal the wounded breast,
Or give the troubled sinner rest.

3 Jesus, thy smiles impart;
O dearest Lord, return,
And ease each wounded heart,
And bid us cease to mourn:
Then shall this night of sorrow flee,
And peace and heaven be found in thee.

313. C. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

Christian Charity.

1 BLESS'D is the man whose soft'ning heart
Feels for his neighbour's pain,
To whom the supplicating eye
Is never rais'd in vain.

2 With gen'rous zeal he flies to help
The stranger in distress;
And mourns the wrongs which from his aid
Admit not of redress.

3 He lends a kind supporting arm
To every child of grief;

His secret bounty largely flows,
And yields unhoped relief.

4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views through mercy's melting eye
A brother in a foe.

5 To him compassion shall be shown;
And blessings from above
Shall come on all, who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love.

314. L. M. VERMONT COLL.

Regeneration.

1 ASSIST our souls, O heavenly King,
Thine everlasting love to sing;
And joyful spread the praise abroad,
As one through grace that's born of God.

2 No, it was not the will of man,
Our soul's new heavenly birth began;
Nor will, nor pow'r of flesh and blood,
That turn'd our hearts from sin to God.

3 Herein let self be all abas'd,
And heavenly love alone confess'd;
This be our song through all the road,
That born we are, and born of God.

4 O may this love our souls constrain,
To make returns of love again;
That we, while earth is our abode,
May live like children born of God.

5 Lead us, O Lord, in all thy ways,
Guard us, O Lord, through all our days,
O make thy word our rule and rod,
To walk like children born of God.

6 And when th' appointed hour shall come,
That thou wilt call us to our home,
Joyful we'll pass the chilling flood,
And die like children born of God.

315. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Communion with God and with Christ.

1 OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;

With both our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all our griefs;
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.

3 Jesus, our living head,
We bless thy faithful care;
Our advocate before the throne,
And our forerunner there.

4 Here fix, each roving heart,
Here wait, our warmest love,
Till the communion be complete
In nobler scenes above.

316. L. M. WATTS.

Retirement and Meditation.

1 OUR God, permit us not to be
As strangers to ourselves and thee:
Amidst a thousand thoughts we rove,
Forgetful of our highest love.

2 Why should our passions mix with earth,
And thus debase our heavenly birth?
Why should we cleave to things below,
And let our God, our Saviour, go?

3 Call us away from flesh and sense:
One sovereign word can draw us thence:
We would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind,
Our heaven, and there our God, we find.

317. C. M. COWPER.

1 FAR from the world, O Lord! we flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes, where sin is raging still
Its most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode;
O with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God.

4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

318. C. M. Doddridge.

He that hath the Son hath Life.

1 O HAPPY Christian, who can boast
"The Son of God is mine!"
Happy, though humbled in the dust;
Rich in this gift divine.

2 He lives the life of heaven below,
And shall for ever live;
Eternal streams from Christ shall flow,
And endless vigour give.

3 That life we ask with bended knee,
Nor will the Lord deny;
Nor will celestial mercy see
Its humble suppliants die.

319. C. M. Cowper.

Backsliding and Returning.

1 DEAR Lord, accept a sinful heart,
Which of itself complains;
And mourns with much and frequent smart,
The evil it contains.

2 How eager are our thoughts to roam
In quest of what they love!
But ah! when duty calls us home,
How heavily they move!

3 Oh cleanse us in our Saviour's blood,
Transform us by thy power,
Make us, O Lord, thy blest abode,
And let us rove no more!

320. S. M. Doddridge.

Returning and choosing God.

1 OUR souls, review the time
In which our God we sought;

We cried aloud for aid divine,
And aid divine he brought.

2 Through all our fainting hearts
His secret vigour spread;
To us his strength he did impart,
And raised each drooping head.

3 Now will we raise our voice,
In loud and cheerful song;
With all the saints we will rejoice,
Who to his courts belong.

4 With them the path we'll trace,
Which leads to his abode;
With them we'll sing redeeming grace,
Along the joyful road.

5 Within his sacred walls,
We shall be ever blest;
We'll follow where our Father calls,
And seek his heavenly rest.

321. C. M. Dobell's Coll.

1 AGAIN, indulgent Lord, return,
With sweet and quickening grace,
To cheer and warm our sluggish souls,
And speed us in our race.

2 Awake, our love, our faith, our hope,
Our fortitude, and joy;
Vain world, begone—let things above
Our happy thoughts employ.

3 Whilst thee, our Saviour, and our God,
We would for ever own;
Drive each rebellious, rival lust,
Each traitor, from the throne.

4 Instruct our minds—our wills subdue,
To heaven our passions raise;
And let our lives for ever be
Devoted to thy praise.

322. P. M. Vermont Coll.

The fear of the Lord is to hate evil.

1 NOW while we try our hearts
By thine unerring word,
Each conscience can assert
We truly fear the Lord.

We cannot tread the paths of sin,
We long for holiness within.

2 Yes, holiness of heart,
We would more largely share;
We mourn with inward smart
The evils that are there.
We hate our thoughts when they are vain,
We would from every sin abstain.

3 We hate our wretched pride,
Our covetous desires;
We'd have them crucified,
For God the heart requires.
Great God, do thou these foes subdue,
O make us more sincere and true.

4 We'd live alone to thee,
We love t' obey thy word,
Well pleas'd that thou shouldst be
Our Saviour and our Lord.
To thee we now resign each heart,
Renew it, Lord, in every part.

323. C. M. VERMONT COLL.

Jesus Christ, both theirs and ours.

1 SWEET are the gifts which gracious heav'n
On true believers pours;
But the best gift is grace to know
That Jesus Christ is ours.

2 Our Jesus! what rich drops of bliss
Descend in copious show'rs,
When ruin'd sinners, such as we,
By faith can call him ours.

3 Differ we may in age and state,
Learning and mental powers,
But all the saints may join and shout,
Dear Jesus! thou art ours.

4 Let those who know our Jesus not,
Delight in earth's gay flowers;
We, glorying in our better lot,
Rejoice that he is ours.

5 When hope with elevated flight,
Toward heaven in rapture towers,
'Tis this supports our vent'rous wing,
We know that Christ is ours

6 Time, which this world with all its joys
With eager haste devours,
May take inferior things away,
But Jesus still is ours.

324. L. M. Doddridge.

Strength equal to our day.

1 NOW let the feeble all be strong,
And make Jehovah's arm their song;
His shield is spread o'er every saint;
And, thus supported, who shall faint?

2 What though the hosts of hell engage
With mingled cruelty and rage!
A faithful God restrains their hands,
And chains them down in iron bands.

3 Bound by his word, he will display
A strength proportion'd to our day:
And, when united trials meet,
Will show a path of safe retreat.

4 Thus far we prove that promise good,
Which Jesus ratify'd with blood:
Still is he gracious, wise, and just;
And still, in him, let Israel trust.

325. L. M. Gibbons.

Imitation of Christ's Beneficence.

1 WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day,
But miracles of pow'r and grace,
That spread salvation through our race?

2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestow'd, let kindness done,
Be witness'd by each rolling sun.

3 *That* man may *last* but never *lives*,
Who much receives, but nothing gives;
Who none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank:

4 But he who marks, from day to day,
In gen'rous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

326. L. M. Scott.

Against Persecution and Intolerance.

1 ABSURD and vain attempt! to bind
With iron chains the free-born mind;
To force conviction, and reclaim
The wand'ring, by destructive flame.

2 Bold arrogance! to snatch from heav'n
Dominion not to mortals giv'n;
O'er conscience to usurp the throne,
Accountable to God alone.

3 Jesus, thy gentle law of love
Doth no such cruelties approve;
Mild as thyself, thy doctrine wields
No arms but what persuasion yields.

4 By proofs divine, and reason strong,
It draws the willing mind along;
And conquests to thy church acquires
By eloquence which heaven inspires.

327. L. M. Jarvis.

Integrity, fortitude, and joy.

1 THE man, whose firm and equal mind
To solid glory is inclin'd,
Determin'd will his path pursue,
And keep the godlike prize in view.

2 His calm, undaunted, manly breast,
Of virtue, honour, truth possest,
Will stem the torrent of the age,
And fearless tread this mortal stage.

3 Amidst th' assailing ills of life,
Pride, passion, malice, envy, strife;
He'll act his part without disguise,
Intrepid, generous, just and wise.

4 In conscious rectitude secure,
This man, unshaken, shall endure
Of human woes the num'rous train,
Oppression, bondage, sickness, pain.

5 And when, at last, th' eternal Power
Shall fix th' irrevocable hour;
That solemn hour which none can fly,
Since 'tis decreed that all must die:

6 Conscious of sov'reign mercy near,
Its voice shall banish ev'ry fear;
While faith and hope in joys to come,
Waft him to realms beyond the tomb.

328. L. M. Doddridge.

Paul's solicitude to finish his course with joy.

1 ASSIST us, Lord, thy name to praise,
For this rich gospel of thy grace;
And, that our hearts may love it more,
Teach them to feel its vital pow'r.

2 With joy may we our course pursue,
And keep the crown of life in view;
That crown, which in one hour repays
The labour of ten thousand days.

3 Should bonds or death obstruct our way,
Unmov'd, their terrors we'll survey;
And the last hour improve for thee,
The last of life or liberty.

4 Welcome those bands which may unite
Our souls to their supreme delight;
Welcome that death, whose painful strife
Bears us to Christ our better life.

329. C. M. Anonymous.

The joy of the Lord is your strength.

1 JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known;
There fruits of heav'nly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

3 A bleeding Saviour, seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable! divine!

5 These are the joys which satisfy,
And sanctify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

6 No more, believers, mourn your lot;
But if you are the Lord's,
Resign to them that know him not
Such joys as earth affords.

330. L. M. Anonymous.

The death of Stephen.

1 AS some tall rock amidst the waves
The fury of the tempest braves,
While the fierce billows, tossing high,
Break at its foot, and murm'ring die;

2 Thus they who in the Lord confide,
Though foes assault on ev'ry side,
Cannot be mov'd or overthrown,
For Jesus makes their cause his own.

3 So faithful Stephen, undismay'd,
The malice of the Jews survey'd;
The holy joy which fill'd his breast,
A lustre on his face impress'd.

4 "Behold! he said, the world of light
Is open'd to my strengthen'd sight;
My glorious Lord appears in view,
That Jesus whom ye lately slew."

5 With such a friend and witness near,
No form of death could make him fear;
Calm, amidst show'rs of stones, he kneels,
And only for his murd'rers feels.

6 May we by faith, perceive thee thus,
Dear Saviour, ever near to us!
This sight our peace through life shall keep,
And death be fear'd no more than sleep.

CHRISTIAN GRACES ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

331. S. M. J. Wesley.

The Christian Armour.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on;

Strong in the strength which God supplies,
In his beloved Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And mighty in his pow'r;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Put on then, for the fight,
The armour of your God;
And, trusting in your Leader's might,
Pursue the path he trod.

4 Lord, grant, that all things done,
And all our conflicts past,
We may o'ercome, through thee alone,
And stand entire at last.

332. 148th. ANONYMOUS.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on;
Engage your enemies,
Let every fear be gone:
Now take the field, the fight renew,
And never yield, though faint, pursue.

2 Though sin, and death, and hell,
Your heav'nly march oppose;
Fear not, it shall be well,
God will confound your foes:
Go on, ye saints, the fight renew,
And Gideon like, though faint, pursue.

3 Ne'er lay your weapons down,
Till death shall close the strife;
Till you receive a crown
Of everlasting life:
On God depend, the fight renew,
As Gideon conquer'd, so shall you.

4 Come feed on heav'nly bread,
'Twill make you strong to fight;
God will supply your need,
And put your foes to flight:
His arm is strong, his word is true,
Ye saints, go on, though faint, pursue.

333. C. M. Dr. Gregory.

Christian Benevolence.

1 SWEET is the love that mutual glows,
Within each brother's breast,
And binds in gentlest bonds each heart,
All blessing and all blessed :

2 Sweet as the odorous balsam poured
On Aaron's sacred head,
Which o'er his beard, and down his vest,
A breathing fragrance shed ;

3 Like morning dews, on Zion's mount
That spread their silver rays ;
And deck with gems the verdant pomp ;
Which Hermon's top displays.

4 To such, the Lord of life and love
His blessing shall extend ;
On earth a life of joy and peace,
And life that ne'er shall end.

334. L. M. Anonymous.

1 O WHAT stupendous mercy shines
Around the Majesty of heaven !
Rebels, he deigns to call his sons,
Their souls renew'd, their sins forgiv'n.

2 Go, imitate the grace divine,
The grace that blazes like a sun ;
Hold forth your fair, though feeble light,
Through all your lives let mercy run

3 Upon your bounty's willing wings,
Swift let the kind assistance fly ;
The hungry feed, the naked cloth
To pain and sickness help apply.

4 Pity the weeping widow's wo,
And be her counsellor and stay ;
Adopt the fatherless, and soothe
The much afflicted on their way.

5 When all is done, renounce your deeds,
Renounce self-righteousness with scorn ;
Thus will you glorify your God,
And thus the Christian name adorn.

335. C. M. 61. COTTON.

Contentment.

1 O LET us, with a grateful mind,
Take what our Father, ever-kind,
So liberally bestows!
Yet if our earthly store be small,
In thankfulness improve it all
To him from whom it flows.

2 To be resigned, when ills betide,
Patient, when favours are denied,
And pleased with favours given;
This, gracious God! is wisdom's part;
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance reaches heaven.

3 Thus through life's changing scenes we'll go,
Its checkered paths of joy and wo,
With cautious steps we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead:

4 While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

336. C. M. STEELE.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:—

2 "Give us a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make us live to thee.

3 "Oh let the hope that we are thine,
Our life and death attend—
Thy presence through our journey shine,
And crown our journey's end."

337. L. M. Beddome.

1 FOUNTAIN of blessings ever bless'd,
Enriching all, of all possess'd,
By whom the whole creation's fed,
Give us, each day, our daily bread.

2 To thee our very life we owe,
From thee do all our comforts flow;
And ev'ry blessing which we need
Must from thy bounteous hand proceed.

3 Great things are not what we desire,
Nor dainty meat, nor rich attire;
Content with little would we be,
That little, Lord, must come from thee.

4 While wicked men with all their store,
Are ever grasping after more;
With Agur's wish we're satisfied,
Nor grudge them all the world beside.

338. C. M. J. Newton.

Confidence in God.

1 O HAPPY they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell;
He feeds and cheers them by his word,
His arm supports them well.

2 To them, in each distressing hour,
His throne of grace is near;
And when they plead his love and power,
He stands engaged to hear.

3 He helped his saints in ancient days
Who trusted in his name;
And we can witness to his praise,
His love is still the same.

4 His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light;
A word from him dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

5 Lord, we expect to suffer here,
Nor would we dare repine;
But give us still to find thee near,
And own us still for thine.

6 Let us enjoy and highly prize
The tokens of thy love,

Till thou bid us immortal rise
To worship thee above.

339. L. M. Scott.

Charitable Judgment.

1 ALL-SEEING God! 'tis thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow;
To judge from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.

2 Who among men, great Lord of all,
Thy servant to his bar shall call?
Judge him, for modes of faith, thy foe,
And doom him to the realms of wo?

3 Who with another's eye can read?
Or worship by another's creed?
Trusting thy grace, we form our own,
And bow to thy commands alone.

4 If wrong, correct; accept, if right;
While faithful, we improve our light,
Condemning none, but zealous still
To learn and follow all thy will.

340. S. M. Cowper.

Dependance on God.

1 TO keep the lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl;
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.

2 The Lord's unsparing hand
Supplies the living stream;
It is not at our own command,
But still derived from him.

3 Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And e'en an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.

4 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings,
Than all your works beside.

5 In God is all our store,
Grace issues from his throne;

Whoever says, "I want no more,"
Confesses he has none.

341. C. M. Ryland.

Delight in God.

1 O Lord, we would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in ev'ry trouble flee,
Our best, our only friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May we with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near;
A fountain which will ever run
With waters sweet and clear?

4 O, that we had but stronger faith,
To look within the veil,
To credit what the Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail!

5 O Lord, we cast our care on thee,
We triumph and adore;
Henceforth our great concern shall be,
To love and please thee more.

342. S. M. Doddridge.

Delight and Holy Zeal.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait;
Observant of his heav'nly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak, he 's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!

He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.

343. L. M. Beddome.

Equity and Candour.

1 HEAR what the holy prophets teach,
The scorner's seat with care decline;
Keep silence still, or let your speech
Be seasoned well with grace divine.

2 Reproachful words put far away,
Seek to conceal your neighbour's blame;
Dare not his secret faults betray,
Or his infirmities proclaim.

3 Give no offence to Greek or Jew,
But follow peace with all mankind;
Let love through all your actions flow,
Ingenious, free, and unconfined.

4 Fly faction, strife and fierce debate,
From wrath and bitterness abstain;
The measure you to others mete,
Others will mete to you again.

344. C. M. Watts.

Faith of Things not seen.

1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight,
Breaks thro' the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heav'nly light.

2 It sets time past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word:
Abra'm to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.

4 He sought a city far and high,
Built by th' Eternal hands;
And faith assures us, though we die,
That heav'nly building stands.

345. L. M. Watts.

Walking by Faith.

1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come,
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide—and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar—and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

346. C. M. Turner.

1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss.
And saves us from its snares:
It yields support in all our toils,
And softens all our cares.

2 The wounded conscience knows its power,
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

3 Wide it unveils the heavenly worlds,
Where endless pleasures reign;
It bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.

4 Faith shows the promises, all sealed
With our Redeemer's blood;
It helps our feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

5 There, still unshaken, would we rest
Till this frail body dies;
And then on faith's triumphant wing,
To endless glory rise.

347. C. M. Watts.

Faith without Works is dead.

1 MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast

Of inward joys, and sins forgiven.
While they are slaves to lust!

2 Vain are our fancy's airy flights.
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living head.

3 'Tis faith that purifies the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 This faith shall every fear control
By its celestial power:
With holy triumph fill the soul
In death's approaching hour.

348. C. M. NEEDHAM.

Faith of the Ancients.

1 RISE, O our souls, pursue the path
By ancient heroes trod:
Ambitious view those holy men,
Who liv'd and walk'd with God.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'Twas through the Lamb's most precious [blood,
They conquered ev'ry foe;
And to his power and matchless grace,
Their crowns and honour owe.

4 Lord, may we ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast giv'n;
And ne'er forsake the blessed road,
Which led them safe to heav'n.

349. L. M. VERMONT COLL.

Instability without Faith.

1 ATTEND, our souls, and trembling hear,
This awful truth demands your fear:
Persisting still to disbelieve,
No hope nor grace can you receive.

2 Attend to what th' Eternal saith,
And pray incessantly for faith;

Lest in an awful hast'ning hour,
We fall to be restor'd no more.

3 Pray for that faith which stands sincere,
Which strives till death to persevere;
That faith which treads the tempter down,
Which apprehends the heav'nly crown.

4 That faith which gladdens all the heart,
Cleansing the soul through ev'ry part;
That faith which justifies, which draws
The will t' obey Jehovah's laws.

5 O precious faith!—may we be found
Establish'd on its happy ground;
Instruct us, Jesus, from above,
And build us up in faith and love.

6 Then let the rising billows roll,
Faith is the anchor of each soul;
We're well secur'd on ev'ry side,
Fix'd firm in Christ, our rock, our guide.

350. S. M. Pratt's Coll.

Faith prevailing in Trouble.

1 IF, through unruffled seas,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the fostering gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow—kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control:
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart
To live by faith alone.

351. C. M. Exeter Coll.

Fortitude founded on Godly Fear.

1 BLEST is the man who fears the Lord;
His well established mind,

In every varying scene of life,
Shall true composure find.

2 Oft through the deep and stormy sea
The heavenly footsteps lie;
But on a glorious world beyond
His faith can fix its eye.

3 Though dark his present prospects be,
And sorrows round him dwell,
Yet hope can whisper to his soul,
That all shall issue well.

4 Full in the presence of his God,
Through every scene he goes,
And, fearing him, no other fear
His steadfast bosom knows.

352. L. M. Scott

The Fear of God.

1 GREAT Author of all nature's frame!
Holy and reverend is thy name;
Thou Lord of life, and Lord of death!
Worlds rise and vanish at thy breath.

2 But blest are they, O gracious Lord!
Who fear thy name and keep thy word;
Thy wisdom guides, thy power defends
Their life, till life its journey ends.

3 O that our souls with awful sense
Of thy transcendent excellence,
May close the day, the day begin,
Watchful against each darling sin!

4 Never, O never from the heart,
May this great principle depart,
But act with unabating power
Within us to our latest hour!

353. C. M. Fawcett.

Godliness.

1 HOW vast the blessings, how divine,
From Godliness which flow!
Not men, nor angels, should they join,
Can half its value show;

2 Ten thousand comforts it procures
To Christians, while on earth;

It endless happiness secures,
And frees from endless death.

3 God, for himself, hath set apart
The godly, whom he loves:
They have a place within his heart;
Their conduct he approves.

4 A glorious kingdom, and a crown,
Christ will on such bestow;
In them the seeds of bliss are sown,
And fruits of glory grow.

354. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Gratitude.

1 YE saints of ev'ry rank, with joy,
To God your off'rings bring;
Let towns and cities, hills, and vales,
With loud hosannas ring.

2 Let him receive the glory due
To his exalted name;
With thankful hearts and voices rais'd,
His wondrous deeds proclaim.

3 Praise him in elevated strains
And make the world to know,
How great the Master whom you serve,
And yet how gracious too.

355. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Gratitude to Christ.

1 TO him who on the fatal cross,
Pour'd out his blood, his life, for us;
In grateful strains our voice we'll raise,
And in his service spend our days.

2 To list'ning multitudes we'll tell
How he redeem'd our souls from hell;
And how, reposing on his breast,
We lost our cares, and found our rest.

3 Through him our sins are all forgiv'n,
He ever pleads our cause in heav'n;
We'll build an altar to his name,
And to the world his grace proclaim.

356. L. M. Beddome.

Growing in Grace.

1 FATHER of spirits, grant that we
May more and more resemble thee;
Daily from strength to strength proceed,
Christians in name and so in deed.

2 In our whole lives may we express,
The truth and energy of grace;
A lively faith, an humble fear,
And be in truth what we appear.

3 By our exact obedience show,
What we to thy rich mercy owe;
And thus a bright example give,
To teach the world how they should live.

4 Not tire nor stop, but still press on,
To finish well the course begun;
And then receive the great reward,
For such and only such prepared.

357. L. M. Watts.

Hope in the Covenant.

1 HOW oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend our souls from thee, our God!
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seal'd it with his blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord,
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal pow'r performs the word,
And fills all heav'n with endless praise.

3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
Our souls to this dear refuge fly;
Hope is our anchor firm and strong,
Till tempests cease and billows die.

4 The gospel bears our spirits up:
A faithful and unchanging God
Laid the foundation for our hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

358. C. M. Watts.

Hope of heaven by the resurrection of Christ.

1 BLESS'D be the everlasting God
The Father of our Lord:

Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.

2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky;
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 What though our mortal state require
Our flesh to see the dust;
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his follow'rs must.

4 There's an inheritance divine,
Reserv'd against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot fade away.

5 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept,
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

359. L. M. STEELE.

Hope encouraged by Divine Perfections.

1 WHY sinks our weak desponding mind?
Why heave our hearts the anxious sigh?
Can sov'reign goodness be unkind?
Are we not safe when God is nigh?

2 He holds all nature in his hand,
That gracious hand, on which we live,
Does life, and time, and death command,
And has immortal joys to give.

3 'Tis he supports our fainting frame;
On him alone our hopes recline;
The wondrous glories of his name, [shine!
How wide they spread, how bright they

4 Infinite wisdom! boundless pow'r!
Unchanging faithfulness and love!
Here let us trust, while we adore,
Nor from our refuge e'er remove.

5 Forgive our doubts, O gracious Lord!
And ease the sorrows of each breast;
Speak to our souls the cheering word,
That we are thine; we then are blest.

360. C. M. Heginbotham.

Good Hope through Grace.

1 COME humble souls, ye mourners come,
And wipe away your tears:
Adieu to all your sad complaints,
Your sorrows and your fears.

2 Come, shout aloud the Father's grace,
And sing the Saviour's love:
Soon shall you join the glorious theme,
In loftier strains above.

3 Thanks to our God for ev'ry gift
His bounteous hands bestow;
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow.

4 For ever let our grateful hearts
His bount'ous grace adore;
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids us hope for more.

5 Transporting hope! still on our souls
May his sweet glories shine,
Till all our pow'rs are lost in joys,
Immortal and divine.

361. 7s. Cennick.

Rejoicing in God.

1 CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are trav'lling home to God,
In the way the fathers' trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, the Father's Son,
Bids you, undismay'd, go on.

5 Lord! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

362. C. M. Coombes.

Flying to Christ under trouble.

1 IN ev'ry trouble, sharp and strong,
Our souls to Jesus fly:
Our anchor—hope is firm in him,
When swelling billows rise.

2 His comforts bear our spirits up,
We trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of our hope
Is in a Saviour's blood.

3 Loud hallelujahs sing, our souls,
To the Redeemer's name;
In joy, in sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same.

363. L. M. Watts.

Holiness.

1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

364. L. M. Enfield.

Humility.

1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay.
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,

Lives but the insect of a day,—
Oh! why should mortal man be proud?

2 His brightest visions just appear,
Then vanish, and no more are found;
The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
A breath may level with the ground.

3 By doubt perplexed, in error lost,
With trembling step he seeks his way;
How vain of wisdom's gift the boast!
Of reason's lamp how faint the ray!

4 Follies and crimes, a countless sum,
Are crowded in life's little span:
How ill, alas! does pride become
That erring, guilty creature man!

5 God of our lives! Father divine!
Give us a meek and lowly mind;
In modest worth, O may we shine,
And peace in humble virtue find!

365. 7s. MADAN'S COLL.

A prayer for Humility.

1 LORD, if thou thy grace impart,—
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
We shall, as our Master, be
Rooted in humility.

2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Like unto a little child;
Pleas'd with all the Lord provides:
Wean'd from all the world besides.

3 Father, fix our souls on thee;
Ev'ry evil let us flee;
Nothing want, beneath, above,—
Happy in thy precious love.

4 Oh, that all may seek and find
Ev'ry good in Jesus join'd!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him, evermore.

366. L. M. BEDDOME.

Integrity.

1 GREAT God, thy quickening grace impart,
Impress thine image on each heart;
And thence let holiness divine,
In all its native lustre shine.

2 Cleanse us from vile hypocrisy,
And let our words and deeds agree;
Integrity be still our guard,
Nor let us think thy precepts hard.

3 Oh may our help in thee be found,
When others fall, to stand our ground;
'Midst gins and snares hold on our way,
Till we arrive at endless day.

367. S. M. WATTS.

Ingratitude deplored.

1 IS this the kind return?
Are these the thanks we owe?
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange, rebellious wretches we!
And God as strangely kind!

3 Turn—turn us, mighty God!
And mould our souls afresh!
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

4 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

368. S. M. WATTS.

Christian Joy.

1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known:
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place:
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

369. S. M. Doddridge.

1 NOW let our voices join
To form a sacred song;
We, pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,
With praises pass along.

2 How straight the path appears,
How open and how fair!
No lurking snares entrap our feet,
No fierce destroyer there.

3 But flowers of Paradise
In rich profusion spring;
The Sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

4 See! Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Are sparkling through the skies.

5 All honour to his name,
Who marks the shining way;
And safely leads the pilgrims on
To realms of endless day.

370. C. M.

Justice and Equity.

1 COME, let us search our ways and try;
Have they been just and right?
Is the great rule of equity,
Our practice and delight?

2 What we would have our neighbours do,
Have we still done the same?
From others ne'er withheld the due,
Which we from others claim?

3 Have we ne'er envied others' good,
Ne'er envied others' praise?
In no man's path malignant stood,
Nor used detraction's ways?

4 Have we not, deaf to his request,
Turned from another's wo?
The scorn which wrings the sufferer's breast,
Have we abhorred to show?

5 Then may we raise our modest prayer
To God, the just and kind;
May humbly cast on him our care,
And hope his grace to find.

371. C. M. Doddridge.

Seeking the knowledge of God.

1 SHINE forth, Eternal Source of light,
And make thy glories known;
Fill our enlarged adoring sight
With lustre all thine own.

2 Vain are the charms, and faint the rays
The brightest creatures boast;
And all their grandeur and their praise
Are in thy presence lost.

3 To know the author of our frame
Is our sublimest skill:
True science is to read thy name,
True life t' obey thy will.

4 For this we long, for this we pray,
And following on pursue,
Till visions of eternal day
Fix and complete the view.

372. C. M. Watts.

Love the chief of Graces.

1 HAPPY the heart, where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge—alas! 'tis all in vain—
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In realms of endless peace.

373. L. M. Watts.

1 HAD we the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, we are found
Like tinkling brass—an empty sound.

2 Were we inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven or hell;
Or could our faith the world remove,
Still we are nothing without love.

3 Should we distribute all our store
To feed the hungry—clothe the poor;
Or give our bodies to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name—

4 If love to God, and love to men
Be absent, all our hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

374. L. M. Anonymous.

Love to our Enemies.

1 GREAT Author of th' immortal mind!
For noblest thoughts and views design'd,
Make me ambitious to express
The image of thy holiness.

2 While I thy boundless love admire,
Grant me to catch the sacred fire;
Thus shall my heavenly birth be known,
And for thy child thou wilt me own.

3 Father, I see thy sun arise
To cheer thy friends and enemies;
And, when thy rain from heaven descends,
Thy bounty both alike befriends.

4 Enlarge my soul with love like thine;
My moral pow'rs by grace refine;
So shall I feel another's wo,
And cheerful feed a hungry foe.

375. S. M. Fawcett.

Love to the Brethren.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent pray'rs:
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

376. L. M. Doddridge.

1 GREAT Spirit of immortal love!
Vouchsafe our frozen hearts to move;
With ardour strong these breasts inflame
To all that own a Saviour's name.

2 Still let the heav'nly fire endure,
Fervent and vig'rous, true and pure;
Let every heart, and every hand
Join in the dear fraternal band.

3 Celestial Dove! descend, and bring
The smiling blessings on thy wing;
And make us taste those sweets below,
Which in the blissful mansions grow.

377. C. M. Doddridge.

Love to our Enemies.

1 ALOUD we sing the wondrous grace,
Christ to his murd'rers bare;
Which made the torturing cross its throne,
And hung its trophies there.

2 "Father forgive!" his mercy cried,
With his expiring breath;
And drew eternal blessings down,
On those who wrought his death.

3 Jesus, this wondrous love we sing!
And, whilst we sing, admire;
Breathe on our souls, and kindle there
The same celestial fire.

4 Sway'd by thy dear example, we
For enemies will pray:
With love, their hatred, and their curse,
With blessings, we'll repay.

378. L. M. BROWN.

Love to all Mankind.

1 O GOD, our Father, and our King,
Of all we have, or hope, the spring!
Send down thy spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

2 May we from every act abstain,
That gives another's bosom pain:
And bear a sympathizing part,
Whene'r we meet a wounded heart.

3 And though our neighbour's hate we prove,
Still let us vanquish hate with love;
And every secret wish suppress,
That would abridge his happiness.

4 Let love through all our conduct shine,
An image fair, though faint, of thine!
Thus let us his disciples prove,
Who came to manifest thy love.

379. L. M. SCOTT.

Meekness.

1 LO! what confusion rends the mind,
When by its own fierce tempests tost;
When reason is to rage resigned,
And in the whirl of passion lost!

2 Happy the meek! whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's evening ray,
Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.

3 His heart no broken friendships sting,
No jars his peaceful tent invade;
Secure beneath th' Almighty wing,
And, foe to none, of none afraid.

4 Spirit of grace, all meek and mild!
Inspire our breasts, our souls possess;
Repel each passion rude and wild,
And bless us, as we aim to bless.

380. S. M. Anonymous.

The blessings of Meekness.

1 "BLEST are the meek," he said,
Whose doctrine is divine;
The humble-minded earth possess,
And bright in heaven will shine.

2 While here on earth they stay,
Calm peace with them shall dwell;
And cheerful hope and heavenly joy
Beyond what tongue can tell.

3 The God of peace is theirs;
They own his gracious sway;
And yielding all their wills to him,
His sovereign laws obey.

4 No angry passions move,
No envy fires the breast;
The prospect of eternal peace
Bids every trouble rest.

5 O gracious Father, grant
That we this influence feel,
That all we hope, or wish, may be
Subjected to thy will.

381. S. M. Doddridge.

Ornament of a meek and quiet Spirit.

1 HOW glorious, Lord, art thou!
How bright thy splendours shine!
Whose rays, reflected, gild thy saints
With ornaments divine.

2 With lowliness and love,
Wisdom and courage meet;
The grateful heart, the cheerful eye,
How reverend and how sweet!

3 In beauties such as these,
Thy children now are drest;
But brighter habits shall they wear
In regions of the blest.

382. C. M. NEEDHAM.

Moderation.

1 HAPPY the man, whose cautious steps
Still keep the golden mean;
Whose life, by wisdom's rules well formed
Declares a conscience clean.

2 What blessings bounteous Heaven bestows
He takes with thankful heart;
With temperance he both eats and drinks,
And gives the poor a part.

3 To sect or party his large soul
Disdains to be confined;
The good he loves of every name,
And prays for all mankind.

4 His business is to keep his heart;
Each passion to control;
Nobly ambitious well to rule
The empire of his soul.

5 Not on the world his heart is set,
His treasure is above;
Nothing beneath the sovereign good
Can claim his highest love.

383. L. M. BUTCHER.

Obedience.

1 NOT he whose baseless hope relies
On modes and forms that men devise,
Who merely calls the Saviour, Lord,
But heeds not to perform his word;

2 Not he shall tread the courts above,
The bright abodes of joy and love;
But he whose prompt obedience shows
His wish to practise what he knows:

3 Whose heart enlarged bids him embrace,
As brethren, all the human race:
Who for his friends with ardour glows,
And pities and forgives his foes.

4 This is the man whose head shall rise,
With glory crowned, above the skies;
Whom Jesus shall in judgment own,
And place by God's immortal throne.

384. L. M. Watts.

Filial Obedience.

1 GRACE, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.

2 Not by the terrors of a slave,
Do they perform his will;
But with the noblest powers they have,
His sweet commands fulfil.

3 They find access at every hour
To God within the veil;
Hence they derive a quickening power,
And joys that never fail.

4 Oh happy souls!—oh glorious state
Of overflowing grace!
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face.

385. L. M. Doddridge.

Patience.

1 WAIT on the Lord, ye heirs of hope,
And let his word support each soul;
Well can he bear your courage up,
And all your foes and fears control.

2 He waits his own well-chosen hour
The intended mercy to display:
And his paternal pities move,
While wisdom dictates the delay.

3 Blest are the humble souls, that wait
With sweet submission to his will;
Harmonious all their passions move,
And in the midst of storms are still;—

4 Still, till their Father's well-known voice
Wakens their silence into songs;
Then earth grows vocal with his praise,
And heaven the grateful shout prolongs.

386. C. M. Fawcett.

Perseverance.

1 LORD, hast thou made us know thy ways?
Conduct us in thy fear;
And grant us such supplies of grace,
That we may persevere.

2 O never let us turn aside,
Nor leave the path divine:
Let faith, and love, and zeal abide;
Let patience ne'er decline.

3 Supported by a lively hope,
May we the storms endure;
Let sov'reign mercy hold us up,
And we shall walk secure.

4 Should all the pow'rs of darkness strive,
Our peace to discompose;
Upheld by thee, our souls shall live
Triumphant o'er our foes.

5 Be thou our all-sufficient friend,
Till all these toils shall cease;
Guard us through life, and let our end
Be everlasting peace.

387. C. M. J. Newton.

1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own;
The hope that 's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or, fainting, shall not die;
For God, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.

4 Though sometimes unperceived by sense,
Faith sees him always near,
A Guide, a Glory, a Defence;
Then what have you to fear?

5 As surely as Christ overcame,
And triumphed once for you;

So surely you that love his name
Shall triumph in him too.

388. L. M. Anonymous.

Purity.

1 O GOD ! to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove our hearts ; they pant for thee ;
O burst these bonds, and set them free.

2 Wash out their stains, refine the dross,
Bind our affections to the cross ;
Hallow each thought ; cleanse all within
From the polluting power of sin.

3 While through this darksome wild we stray
Our strength proportion to our day ,
Let joys and sorrows gently flow,
Nor rise too high nor sink too low.

4 Our restless passions, Lord ! restrain,
And in our souls unrivalled reign ;
Then with whatever loads oppressed,
Centred in thee our souls shall rest.

389. C. M. Steele.

Penitence and Hope.

1 DEAR Saviour ! when our thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace ;
Low at thy feet asham'd we fall
And hide our blushing face.

2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid ?
Ah, vile ungrateful heart !
By earth's low cares detain'd—betray'd
From Jesus to depart.

3 From Jesus, who alone can give,
True pleasure, peace, and rest ;
When absent from our Lord, we live
Unsatisfied, unblest.

4 But he, for his own mercy's sake,
Our wand'ring souls restores ;
He bids the mourning heart partake,
The pardon it implores.

5 Oh, while we breathe to thee our Lord,
The penitential sigh ;

Confirm the kind forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye.

390. C. M. Steele.

Penitence.

1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye.

2 See, low before thy throne of grace
We wretched wand'rers mourn;
Hast thou not bid us seek thy face?
Hast thou not said—Return?

3 And shall our guilty fears prevail
To drive us from thy feet?
Oh, let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat!

4 Oh, shine on ev'ry sinful heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

391. C. M. Watts.

1 LORD, we confess our num'rous faults,
How great our guilt has been!
Foolish, and vain, were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

2 But O our souls, for ever praise,
For ever love his name;
Who turns our feet from dang'rous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.

3 'Tis not by works of righteousness,
Which our own hands have done;
But we are sav'd by sov'reign grace
Abounding through his Son.

4 Rais'd from the dead, we live anew;
And justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

392. C. M. JARVIS.

Peace to the returning Penitent.

1 SWEET is the friendly voice that speaks
The words of life and peace;
Which bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease.

2 No healing balm on earth like this
Can cheer the contrite heart;
No flatt'ring dreams of earthly bliss
Such pure delight impart.

3 Thou still art merciful and kind;
Thy mercy, Lord, reveal:
The broken heart 'tis thou canst bind,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 Let thy bright presence, Lord, restore
Peace to each anxious breast:
Conduct us in the path that leads
To everlasting rest.

393. C. M. BEDDOME.

Resignation.

1 OUR times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand;
Our choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would we not repine;
Before they were possess'd by us,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would we drop a murm'ring word,
Though the whole world were gone;
But seek enduring happiness,
In thee and thee alone.

4 What is the world with all its store?
'Tis but a bitter sweet;
When we attempt a rose to pluck,
A pricking thorn we meet.

5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
The honey 's mixt with gall;
'Midst changing scenes and dying friends,
Be thou our ALL IN ALL.

394. C. M. Greene.

1 IT is the Lord—enthron'd in light,
Whose claims are all divine;
Yes, gracious God, take what thou please,
To thee we all resign.

2 It is the Lord, who gives us all
Our wealth, our friends, our ease;
And, of his bounties, may recall
Whatever part he please.

3 It is the Lord, should we distrust,
Or contradict his will?
Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still!

4 It is the Lord, who can sustain
Beneath th' heaviest load;
From whom, assistance we obtain
To tread the thorny road.

5 It is the Lord, whose matchless skill,
Can from afflictions, raise
Matter eternity to fill
With ever-growing praise.

395. L. M. Steele.

Resolution and Example.

1 AH wretched souls, who strive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
A nobler toil may we sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.

2 May we resolve, with all the heart,
With all our powers to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

3 O be his service all our joy!
Around let our example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labours so divine.

4 O may we never faint nor tire,
Nor, wandering, leave his sacred ways;
Great God! accept our souls' desire,
And give us strength to live thy praise

396. L. M. Doddridge.

Rejoicing in God.

1 THE righteous Lord, supremely great,
Maintains his universal state;
O'er all the earth his power extends;
All heaven before his footstool bends.

2 Yet justice still with power presides,
And mercy all his empire guides:
Mercy and truth are his delight,
And saints are lovely in his sight.

3 No more, ye wise! your wisdom boast;
No more, ye strong! your valour trust;
No more, ye rich! survey your store,
Elate with heaps of shining ore.

4 Rejoice, ye saints, in this alone,
That God, your God, to you is known:
That you have own'd his sov'reign sway,
That you have felt his cheering ray.

5 Our wisdom, wealth, and power, we find
In one Jehovah all combin'd:
On him we fix our roving eyes,
And all our souls in raptures rise.

397. C. M. Hawes.

Submission.

1 SUBMISSIVE to thy will, O God,
We all to thee resign,
And bow before thy chast'ning rod;
We mourn, but not repine.

2 Why should our foolish hearts complain,
When wisdom, truth, and love
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
And point to joys above.

3 How short are all our suff'rings here,
How needful every cross;
Away, our unbelieving fears,
Nor call our gain, our loss.

4 Then give, dear Lord, or take away,
We'll bless thy sacred name;
Thy precepts, yesterday, to-day,
For ever are the same.

398. C. M. Steele.

1 AND can our hearts aspire so high,
To say, Our Father, God!
Lord, at thy feet we fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

2 We would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise;
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom
And bid us wait serene;
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

4 Our Father, O permit our hearts
To plead their humble claim,
And ask the bliss thy word imparts,
In our Redeemer's name.

399. S. M. Toplady.

Trust in God.

1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take:
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will, to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things—nor things to come,
Shall quench this spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame;
Then will we trust the gracious God,
And rest upon his name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

400. L. M. J. Newton.

1 BE still, our hearts! these anxious cares
To you are burdens, thorns and snares;
They cast dishonour on our Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.

2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why will you now give place to fear?
How can you want if he provide,
Or lose your way with such a guide?

3 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear your call;
And has he not his promise past,
That you shall overcome at last?

4 He who has helped us hitherto
Will help us all our journey through,
And give us daily cause to raise
New trophies to his endless praise.

401. S. M. Beddome.

Christian Unity.

1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free
Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Let envy, and ill will
Be banished far away;
Those should in holy friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of pleasure always flow,
And every heart is love.

402. S. M. Vermont Coll.

1 LET strife for ever cease,
And envy quit the field;
Come join and live in love and peace,
And to the gospel yield.

2 Let bitter words no more
Among the saints remain;
Let every member, every hour
Submit to Jesus' reign.

3 When bitter words arise,
Then Satan has his ends;
We wound the heart and hands of Christ,
Amidst his chosen friends.

4 Then why should we contend
For meat and drink and dress,
And crucify the Lord again,
And pierce his wounds afresh?

5 No more we'll feed the flame,
Nor judge ourselves too wise;
But search with care to find the beam
That lurks within our eyes.

6 Unto the world we'll prove
That we disciples are;
They shall behold us walk in love,
And say the Lord is there.

403. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Unity of the Spirit in the Bond of Peace.

1 THE glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon and stars, are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain.

2 The earth, the ocean, and the sky
To form one world agree;
Where all that walk, or swim, or fly,
Compose one family.

3 God in creation thus displays
His wisdom and his might,
While all his works with all his ways
Harmoniously unite.

4 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.

5 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright, eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.

6 Lord, may our union form a part,
Of that thrice happy whole;
Derive its pulse from thee the heart,
Its life from thee the soul.

404. L. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

1 HOW blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts and faith and hopes are one!

2 To each, the soul of each, how dear!
What jealous love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal wo;
Their ardent prayers together rise
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Together shall they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face:
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When nature droops her sickening fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy—because of love.

405. L. M. Browne.

Personal virtues.

1 AWAKE, my soul! rouse every power,
Thy native dignity display:
Let lust and passion reign no more,
No longer own their lawless sway.

2 Thy temper meek and humble be,
Content and pleased with every state;
From dire revenge and envy free,
And wild ambition to be great.

3 Confine thy roving appetites;
From this vain world withdraw thine eyes,
Fix them on those divine delights,
Reserved for saints above the skies.

4 With eager zeal pursue the prize;
Each fleeting hour of life improve:

This course will speak thee truly wise,
And raise thee to the world above.

406. C. M. C. Wesley.

Watchfulness.

1 WE want a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to find it near.

We want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wandering of the will,
And quench the kindling fire.

3 From thee that we no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience give.

4 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, our conscience make!
Awake our souls, when sin is nigh,
And keep them still awake.

407. C. M. Doddridge.

1 AWAKE, our drowsy souls, awake,
And view the threatening scene:
Legions of foes encamp around,
And treachery lurks within.

2 'Tis not this mortal life alone
These enemies assail;
How can you hope for future bliss,
If their attempts prevail?

3 Then to the work of God awake—
Behold your Master near—
The various, arduous task pursue
With vigour, and with fear.

4 The awful register goes on,
The account will surely come;
And opening day, or closing night
May bear us to our doom.

5 Tremendous thought! how deep it strikes!
Yet like a dream it flies,
Till God's own voice the slumbers chase
From these deluded eyes.

408. L. M. Wesley's Coll.

Christian Wisdom.

1 HAPPY the man, who finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross, compared to her.

3 Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise;
Riches of Christ, on all bestowed,
And honour that descends from God.

4 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, innocent delights:
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

5 Happy the man who wisdom gains;
Thrice happy, who his guest retains;
He owns, and shall for ever own
Wisdom, and Christ, and Heaven are one.

409. C. M. Scotch Paraphrases.

Youthful Piety.

1 O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's faithful voice;
And who, celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice!

2 Wisdom has greater treasures far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are,
Than is the gain of gold.

3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy days;
Riches, with splendid honours joined,
Her left hand full displays.

4 She guides the young, with innocence
In pleasure's paths to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

5 According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

410. C. M. J. Newton.

True and false Zeal.

1 ZEAL is that pure and heavenly flame
The fire of love supplies;
While that which often bears the name,
Is self, in a disguise.

2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear;
The false is headstrong, fierce and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.

3 While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
He knows the worth of peace;
But self contends for names and forms,
Its party to increase.

4 Self may its poor reward obtain,
And be applauded here;
But zeal the best applause will gain
When Jesus shall appear.

5 O God, the idol self dethrone,
And from our hearts remove;
And let no zeal by us be shown,
But that which springs from love.

411. L. M. Watts.

Zeal tempered by Charity.

1 GREAT God! whose all-pervading eye
Sees every passion in each soul!
When sunk too low, or raised too high,
Teach us those passions to control.

2 Temper the fervours of each frame;
Be charity their constant spring;
And O let no unhallowed flame
Pollute the offerings which we bring!

3 Let love with piety unite
To mend the bias of each will;
While hope and heaven-eyed faith excite,
And wisdom regulates, our zeal;—

4 That wisdom which to meekness turns,—
Wisdom descending from above;
And let our zeal, whene'er it burns,
Be kindled by the fire of love.

INSTITUTIONS OF THE GOSPEL.

412. 8s, 8s and 6s.

Attendance upon Religious Institutions.

1 WE'LL bless Jehovah's glorious name,
Whose goodness heaven and earth proclaim,
With every morning light;
And at the close of every day,
To him our cheerful homage pay,
Who guards us through the night.

2 Then in his churches to appear,
And pay our humble worship there,
Shall be our sweet employ:
The day that saw the Saviour rise,
Shall dawn on our delighted eyes
With pure and holy joy.

3 With grateful sorrow in each breast,
We'll celebrate the dying feast
Of our departing Lord;
And while his perfect love we view,
His bright example we'll pursue,
And meditate his word.

413. S. M. WATTS.

Safety of the Church.

1 HOW honoured is the place,
Where we adoring stand,
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!

2 Bulwarks of grace defend
The city where we dwell;
While walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy the assaults of hell.

3 Lift up th' eternal gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of your King.

4 Here taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;—
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, ye saints,
And banish all your fears:
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

414. L. M. Watts.

1 HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thy holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.

2 Thy walls are strength—and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundation move,
Fixed on his counsels and his love.

3 Thy foes in vain designs engage,
Against thy throne in vain they rage;
Like rising waves with angry roar,
That break and die upon the shore.

4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of earth and hell;
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

5 God is our shield—and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

415. P. M. Cowper.

Peace and glory of the Church.

1 HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken,
O my people! faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken;
Fair abodes I build for you:
Themes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls, salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.

2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures, without end, shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow;
Still in undisturb'd possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

3 Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me:
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

416. L. M. Anonymous.

On the reception of Members.

1 LORD, we adore thy wondrous grace,
Who crown'st the gospel with success;
Subjecting rebels to thy yoke,
And bringing to the fold thy flock.

2 May those who have thy truth confess'd,
As their own faith, and hope, and rest,
From day to day still more increase,
In faith, in love, and holiness.

3 As living members may they share
The joys and griefs which others bear,
And active in their stations prove,
In all the offices of love.

4 From all temptations now defend,
And keep them steadfast to the end;
While in thy house they still improve,
Until they join the church above.

417. L. M. Doddridge.

The parting of Church Members.

1 THY presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In every place thy children keep.

2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain;
When absent, happy if we share
Thy grace, thy teaching, and thy care.

3 To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy feet;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

4 O grant that we may meet again,
To join in praises to thy name;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

418. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

At the ordination of Deacons.

1 LORD, let thy presence now attend
Him whom we to thy grace commend;
Nor let him as a pilgrim rove,
Without the conduct of thy love.

2 Thy promise stands upon record,
To be with those who preach thy word:
Be with him, Lord! the work is thine;
Support him with thy strength divine.

3 Inflame his zeal, enlarge his heart,
Courage and utterance impart;
His love be ardent, pure his aim,
The great salvation be his theme.

4 While thronging multitudes around
Hear from his lips the joyful sound,
Thy power impart, thy gospel bless,
And crown his labours with success.

5 O may his eyes with joy behold
Thy grace, as in the days of old;
May sinners tremble at thy word,
Believe and turn unto the Lord.

419. 112th. FELLOWES.

Christ baptized in Jordan.

1 IN Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,
Immersing the repenting Jews;
The Son of God the rite demands,
Nor dares the holy man refuse:
Jesus descends beneath the wave,
The emblem of his future grave.

2 Wonder, ye heavens! the Saviour lies,
In deeps conceal'd from human view;
Ye saints, behold him sink and rise,
A fit example thus for you;
The sacred record, while you read,
Calls you to imitate the deed.

3 But lo! from yonder opening skies,
What beams of dazzling glory spread!
Dove-like, the Holy Spirit flies,
And lights on the Redeemer's head;
Amaz'd they see the power divine,
Around the Saviour's temples shine.

4 Thus the Eternal Father spoke,
Who shakes creation with a nod;
Through parting skies the accents broke,
And bid us hear the Son of God:
O hear, the powerful word to-day,
Hear all ye nations, and obey!

420. P. M. VERMONT COLL.

1 SALEM'S bright King, Jesus by name,
In ancient time to Jordan came
All righteousness to fill;
'Twas there the ancient Baptist stood,
Whose name was John, a man of God,
To do his master's will.

2 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream,
The Baptist led the holy Lamb,
And there did him baptize;
Jehovah saw his darling Son,
And was well pleas'd in what he'd done,
And own'd him from the skies.

3 This is my Son, Jehovah cries,
On him to rest the Spirit flies,
O children, hear ye him;
Hark! 'tis his voice, behold he cries,
Repent, believe, and be baptiz'd,
And wash away your sin.

4 Come, children, come, his voice obey,
Salem's bright King has mark'd the way,
And has a crown prepar'd;
O then arise and give consent,
Walk in the way that Jesus went,
And have the great reward.

5 Believing children, gather round,
And let your joyful songs abound,
With cheerful hearts arise;
See here is water, here is room,
A loving Saviour calling, come,
O children, be baptiz'd.

6 Behold his servant waiting stands,
With willing heart and ready hands,
To wait upon the bride;
Ye candidates, your hearts prepare,
And let us join in solemn prayer,
Down by the water side.

421. C. M. STENNETT.

1 THUS was the great Redeemer plung'd
In Jordan's swelling flood;
To show he must be soon baptiz'd
In tears, and sweat, and blood.

2 Thus was his sacred body laid
Beneath the yielding wave;
Thus was his sacred body rais'd
Out of the liquid grave.

3 Lord, we thy precepts would obey,
In thine own footsteps tread;
Would die, be buried, rise with thee,
Our ever-living head.

4 We look to thee, our Saviour dear,
Bless us with power divine;
We would show forth thy glory here,
And be for ever thine.

422. L. M. WATTS.

The commission to Baptize.

1 'TWAS the commission of our Lord,
"Go, teach the nations, and baptize."
The nations have receiv'd the word
Since he ascended to the skies.

2 Repent, and be baptiz'd, he saith,
For the remission of your sins;
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shows us what his gospel means.

3 Our souls he washes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean;
And the good Spirit of our God
Descends like purifying rain.

4 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
And seal our cov'nant with the Lord;
Let angels now with rapture see,
And heaven our solemn vows record.

423. 8s & 7s. FAWCETT.

Baptismal Hymns.

1 HUMBLE souls who seek salvation,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of Revelation,
Tread the path that Jesus trod.
Flee to him your only Saviour;
In his mighty name confide;
In the whole of your behaviour,
Own him as your sovereign Guide.

2 Hear the bless'd Redeemer call you,
Listen to his gracious voice;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice
Jesus says, Let each believer
Be baptized in my name:
He himself in Jordan's river
Was immers'd beneath the stream.

3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay;
Gladly his command embracing,
Lo! your Captain leads the way:
View the rite with understanding,
Jesus' grave before you lies;
Be interr'd at his commanding,
After his example rise.

424. C. M. SALISBURY COLL.

1 "I COME," the great Redeemer cries,
"To do thy will, O Lord!"
At Jordan's flood, behold! he seals
The sure prophetic word.

"Thus it becomes us to fulfil
All righteousness," he said;

He spake obedient, and beneath
The yielding wave was laid.

3 Hark! a glad voice; the Father speaks,
From heaven's exalted height;
"This is my Son, my well belov'd,
My joy, my chief delight."

4 Jesus, the Saviour, well belov'd!
His name we will profess,
Like him, desirous to fulfil
Each law of righteousness.

5 No more we'll count ourselves our own,
But his in bonds of love;
O! may such bonds for ever draw
Our souls to things above.

425. L. M. STENNETT.

1 THE great Redeemer we adore,
Who came the lost to seek and save;
Went humbly down from Jordan's shore,
To find a tomb beneath the wave.

2 With thee into thy wat'ry tomb,
Lord, 'tis our glory to descend;
'Tis wondrous grace that gives us room,
To lie interred by such a friend!

3 Yet as the yielding waves give way,
To let us see the light again;
So on thy resurrection day,
The bands of death proved weak and vain.

4 Thus when thou shalt again appear,
The gates of death shall open wide;
Our dust thy powerful voice shall hear,
Shall rise and triumph at thy side.

426. L. M. FELLOWES.

1 GREAT God, we in thy courts appear,
With humble joy and holy fear,
Thy wise injunctions to obey;
Let saints and angels hail the day!

2 In thine assembly here we stand,
Obedient to thy great command;
The sacred flood is full in view,
And thy sweet voice invites us through.

3 The Word, the Spirit, and the Bride,
Must not invite and be denied;
Was not the Lord, who came to save,
Interred in such a liquid grave?

4 Thus we, dear Saviour, own thy name,
Receive us rising from the stream;
Then to thy table let us come,
And dwell in Zion as our home.

427. C. M. BEDDOME.

1 BURIED beneath the yielding wave,
The dear Redeemer lies;
Faith views him in the watery grave,
And thence beholds him rise.

2 Thus it becomes his saints to-day
Their ardent zeal t' express;
And in the Lord's appointed way,
Fulfil all righteousness.

3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,
And would his cause maintain,
Like him be numbered with the dead,
And with him rise and reign.

4 His presence oft revives our hearts,
And drives our fears away;
When he commands, and strength imparts,
We cheerfully obey.

5 Now we, dear Jesus, would to thee
Our grateful voices raise;
Washed in the fountain of thy blood,
Our lives shall all be praise.

428. L. M. BEDDOME.

1 YE humble worshippers of God,
Redeemed and saved by Jesus' blood,
His sacred steps with care explore,
And choose the path he trod before.

2 Inspired with zeal he meekly came,
To Jordan's highly honoured stream,
And there a bright example gave,
Immersed beneath the flowing wave.

3 The swelling billows round him rise,
Fit emblem of his agonies;
His death and resurrection too,
Are here exhibited to view.

4 He sanctified this mystic rite,
That we in it might take delight;
Come then as once your Saviour came,
And be baptized beneath the stream.

5 Behold the place where Jesus lay,
Believe in him, and him obey;
He will sufficient grace afford,
Come now and own your sovereign Lord.

429. P. M. VERMONT COLL.

1 NEVER does truth more shine,
With beams of heavenly light,
Than when the scriptures join
To prove it plain and right:
Than when each text doth each explain,
And all unite to speak the same.

2 Thus Peter, who obeyed
What Jesus said, was wise;
And preached as he was led,
Repent, and be baptized.
Thus Philip did t' the eunuch say,
If you believe in Christ you may.

3 Paul preached the word of grace,
Whole households did believe,
And were baptized to Christ,
Whose gospel they'd received.
Thus Christians were of ancient date,
As sacred history does relate.

4 We see 'tis no new thing,
To teach and then baptize;
So Christians first began,
Christ's ordinance to prize.
This makes us cheerfully obey,
And go as they have led the way.

430. C. M. NEWTON.

After Baptism.

1 PROCLAIM, saith Christ, my wondrous [grace
To all the sons of men;
He that believes, and is baptized,
Salvation shall obtain.

2 Let plenteous grace descend on those,
Who hoping in thy word,

This day have publicly declared,
That Jesus is their Lord.

3 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race;
And through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

431. C. M. Doddridge.

Practical improvement of Baptism.

1 ATTEND, ye children of our God;
Ye heirs of glory, hear;
For accents so divine as these
Might charm the dullest ear.

2 Baptiz'd into your Saviour's death,
Your souls to sin must die;
With Christ, your Lord, ye live anew.
With Christ ascend on high.

3 There by his Father's side he sits,
Enthron'd divinely fair;
Yet owns himself your Brother still,
And your forerunner there.

4 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
On wings of faith and love;
Above your choicest treasure lies,
And be your hearts above.

432. L. M. Watts.

The Lord's Supper instituted.

1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes—

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blest and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body broke for sin:
Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup and blessed the wine:
"'Tis the new covenant in my blood."

4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying friend;

Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

433. L. M. Anonymous.

1 'TWAS on the night when doomed to know
The eager rage of every foe,
That night in which he was betrayed,
The Saviour of the world took bread;

2 And, after thanks and glory given
To him that rules in earth and heaven,
That symbol of his flesh he broke,
And thus to all his followers spoke:

3 My broken body thus I give
For you, my friends, take eat and live;
And oft the sacred rite renew,
That brings my wondrous love to view.

4 Then in his hands the cup he raised,
And God anew he thanked and praised;
While kindness in his bosom glowed,
And from his lips salvation flowed.

5 My blood I thus pour forth, he cries,
To cleanse the soul in sin that lies;
In this the covenant is sealed,
And heaven's eternal grace revealed.

6 With love to man this cup is fraught,
Let saints partake the sacred draught;
Through latest ages let it pour
In memory of my dying hour.

434. S. M. Watts.

Christ's invitation to the Table.

1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 For food he gives his flesh;
He bids us drink his blood;
Amazing favour—matchless grace
Of our redeeming Lord!

3 Let all our powers be joined
His glorious name to raise :
Let joy and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

435. S. M. Watts.

Love of Christ prompting to Christian Love.

1 JESUS, the Friend of man,
Invites us to his board ;
The welcome summons we obey
And own our gracious Lord.

2 Here we survey that love
Which spoke in every breath,
Prompted each action of his life,
And triumphed in his death.

3 Here let our powers unite
His honoured name to raise ;
Let grateful joy fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

4 One faith, one hope, one Lord,
One God alone we know ;
Brethren we are ; let every heart
With kind affections glow.

5 Warmed with our Master's love,
And thy unmeasured grace,
Lord ! let our thankful hearts expand,
And all mankind embrace.

436. C. M. Birmingham Coll.

For Communicants.

1 YE followers of the Prince of Peace,
Who round his table draw !
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.

2 The love, which all his bosom filled,
Did all his actions guide ;
Inspired by love, he lived and taught ;
Inspired by love, he died.

3 Let each the sacred law fufil ;
Like his be every mind :
Be every temper formed by love,
And every action kind.

4 Let none who call themselves his friends,
Disgrace the honoured name;
But by a near resemblance prove
The title which they claim.

437. L. M. Doddridge.

1 WE praise the Lord for heavenly bread,
With which his favoured sons are fed;
We praise thee for that heavenly feast,
Which Jesus with delight could taste.

2 So let us live, sustained by grace,
Regaled with fruits of righteousness;
Enter our hearts, all-gracious Lord,
And sup with us, and deck thy board.

3 Devotion, faith, and zealous love,
And hope that bears the soul above,
Be these our dainties, till we rise,
And taste the joys of paradise.

438. S. M. Bryant.

1 YES, to the last command
We will obedient prove;
Around his table will we stand,
In memory of his love.

2 His precious blood he shed
For our unworthy race,
While uttering, in the Almighty's stead,
His messages of grace.

3 Oh! if our senseless pride
His dying words neglect,
'Tis we who pierce his sacred side,
And we who God reject.

4 Then let us ever keep
This consecrated feast,
Till memory shall have sunk to sleep,
Or life itself have ceased.

439. C. M. Anonymous.

1 THE blest memorials of thy grief,
Thy sufferings and thy death,
We come, O Jesus, to receive;
But would receive with faith.

2 The tokens sent us to relieve
Our spirits when they droop,
We come, O Jesus, to receive;
But would receive with love.

3 Here, in obedience to thy word,
We take the bread and wine;
The utmost we can do, O Lord,
For all beyond is thine.

4 Increase our faith, and hope, and love;
Lord, give us all that 's good:
We would thy full salvation prove,
And share thy flesh and blood.

440. C. M. Bryant.

1 O GOD! accept the sacred hour
Which we to thee have given;
And let this hallowed scene have power
To raise our souls to heaven.

2 Still let us hold, till life departs,
The precepts of thy Son,
Nor let our thoughtless, thankless hearts
Forget what he has done.

3 His true disciples may we live,
From all corruption free,
And humbly learn like him to give
Our powers, our wills to thee.

4 And oft along life's dangerous way,
To smooth our passage through,
Wilt thou, on this thy holy day,
For us this scene renew.

441. C. M. Anonymous.

1 THAT doleful night before his death,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Did, almost with his dying breath,
This solemn feast ordain.

2 To keep the feast, Lord, we have met,
And to remember thee:
Help each poor trembler to repeat,
"For me, he died for me."

3 These sacred signs, thy suff'rings, Lord,
To our remembrance brings:
We eat and drink around thy board,
But think on nobler things.

4 O tune our tongues, and set in frame,
Each heart that pants for thee,
To sing, "Hosanna to the Lamb,"
The Lamb that died for me.

442. L. M. Anonymous.

1 THE Lord of life this table spread,
With his own flesh and dying blood
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless the Lord.

2 Let worldly sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

443. 7s. Pratt's Coll.

Spiritual Nourishment from Christ.

1 BREAD of heaven! on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed:
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread!

2 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice:
Lord, thy wounds our healing give;
To thy cross we look and live.

3 Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died;
Lord of life! oh let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee!

444. C. M. Stennett.

1 HERE at thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine:
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 He, who prepares this rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies;
And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.

3 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow;
Oh what delightful food!
We eat the bread—and drink the wine—
But think on nobler good.

4 Deep was the suffering he endured
Upon the cross or tree—
For me—each welcome guest may say—
'Twas all endured for me.

5 Sure there was never love so free—
Dear Saviour—so divine!
Well thou mayst claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine.

445. L. M. Watts.

Not ashamed of Christ crucified.

1 AT thy command, O gracious Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 What tho' the world pronounce it shame,
And cast their scandals on thy cause?
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumph in his cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
"He that was dead hath left his tomb;
He lives, above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come."

446. L. M. Anonymous.

The Unity of the Saints.

1 HOW pleasing to behold and see
The friends of Jesus all agree,
To sit around his sacred board,
As members of one common Lord.

2 While here we sit we would implore
That love may spread from shore to shore;
Till all the saints, like us, combine,
To praise the Lord in songs divine.

3 To all we freely give our hand,
Who love the Lord in every land;
For all are one in Christ, our Head,
To whom be endless honours paid.

447. C. M. Steele.

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song:
O may his love each heart inflame,
And tune each stamm'ring tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 Let wonder still with love unite,
And gratitude and joy;
Thou, Lord, be our supreme delight,
Thy praise our best employ.

448. L. M. Anonymous.

Desiring suitable affections at the Lord's table

1 LORD, while around thy board we meet,
And humbly worship at thy feet;
O may our warm affections move
In glad returns of grateful love.

2 Strengthen our faith, us also aid,
To view thy wondrous love display'd
Through emblems of thy flesh and blood,
By which we're sav'd and brought to God.

3 May grief for sin, the cause of wo,
With painful pleasing anguish flow;
And thy forgiving love impart
Life, hope, and joy, to every heart.

449. 8s & 7s. Exeter Coll.

After Communion.

1 FROM the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head.

2 His example by beholding,
May our lives his image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere

3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,

Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God through endless day!

450. L. M. Bryant.

The Lord's Day.

1 WE bless thee for this sacred day,
Thou, who hast every blessing given,
Which sends the dreams of earth away,
And yields a glimpse of opening heaven.

2 Rich day of holy thoughtful rest!
May we improve thy calm repose,
And in God's service truly blessed,
Forget the world, its joys and woes.

3 Lord! may thy truth, upon the heart
Now fall and dwell, as heavenly dew,
And flowers of grace in freshness start
Where once the weeds of error grew.

4 May prayer now lift her sacred wings,
Contented with that aim alone
Which bears her to the King of kings,
And rests her at his sheltering throne.

451. S. M. Watts.

1 THE work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day proclaims it all divine—
This day did Jesus rise.

2 We hail the glorious day,
With thankful heart and voice,
Which chas'd each painful doubt away
And bade the church rejoice.

3 Since he hath left the grave,
His promises are true;
And each exalted hope he gave,
Confirm'd of God we view.

4 O come the happy hour,
When all the earth shall own
The Son, O God! declared with power,
And worship at thy throne.

5 That we possess thy word,
Which all this grace displays,
Accept, thou Father of our Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

452. S. M. Watts.

The Lord's Day welcomed.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to each reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 Jesus himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day, amid the place
Where our dear God is seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

4 Our willing souls would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till called to rise, and soar away,
To everlasting bliss.

453. H. M. Hayward.

1 WELCOME, delightful morn!
Thou day of sacred rest;
We hail thy kind return;
Lord make these moments blest.
From low delights, and mortal toys,
We soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours:
Then shall our souls new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be improved in vain.

454. L. M. Episcopal Coll.

1 OUR opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day;
Our thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus our early vows we pay.

2 We yield our hearts to thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest;
Eternal King! erect thy throne,
And reign sole monarch in each breast.

3 Oh bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let us feel one vain desire—
One sinful thought—through all the day.

4 Then, to thy courts when we repair,
Our souls shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

455. L. M. STENNETT.

The rest of the Lord's Day.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done;
Another Sabbath is begun:
Return, our souls—enjoy your rest;
Improve the day your God has blest.

2 Oh that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies;
And, draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

3 This heavenly calm within the breast!
The dearest pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains—
The end of cares—the end of pains.

4 With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In varied scenes, both old and new;
With praise, we think on mercies past;
With hope, we future pleasures taste.

5 In holy duties, let the day—
In holy pleasures, pass away:
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

456. C. M. DE COURCY'S COLL.

1 COME, let us join with sweet accord
In hymns around the throne:
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made, and called his own.

2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven;
Type of that everlasting rest,
The saints enjoy in heaven.

457. L. M. DOBELL.

Preparation for the Lord's Day.

1 COME, dearest Lord, and bless this day,
Come, bear our thoughts from earth away:
Now, let our noblest passions rise
With ardour to their native skies.

2 Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine;
And, let our waiting souls be blest,
On this sweet day of sacred rest.

3 Then, when our Sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransomed, we shall spend
A Sabbath which shall never end.

458. C. M. BEDDOME.

Lord's Day Morning.

1 ON this illustrious joyful morn,
Our Saviour left the grave;
Was then declared the Son of God,
With mighty power to save.

2 Come humble souls, and see the place
Where once the Saviour lay;
New string your harps, attune your songs,
And hail the solemn day.

3 In lofty accents praise his name,
Who thus in triumph rose;
Who broke the iron bands of death,
And trampled on his foes.

4 Sing loud hosannas to your King,
The Lamb that once was slain;
For you the royal victim died,
For you he rose again.

459. C. M. C. WESLEY.

1 MAY we, throughout this day of thine,
Be in thy Spirit, Lord,
Spirit of humble fear divine,
That trembles at thy word.

2 Spirit of faith, our hearts to raise,
And fix on things above;
Spirit of sacrifice and praise,
Of holiness and love.

460. L. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

The Sacrifice of the Heart.

1 WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his Maker, God,
What rites, what honours shall he pay?
How spread his sovereign's praise abroad?

2 From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall curling clouds of incense rise?
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice?

3 Vain, sinful man! creation's Lord
Thy golden offerings well may spare:
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

461. C. M. Browne.

Lord's Day Evening.

1 FREQUENT the day of God returns,
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns;
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The sabbath ne'er shall end.

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

462. L. M. Doddridge.

The Eternal Sabbath.

1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house;

And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy churches rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With earnest hope and strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress;
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of wo and sin,
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

463. C. M. Kelly.

1 AND now another week begins,
This day we call the Lord's;
This day he rose, who bore our sins,
For so his word records.

2 Hark, how the angels sweetly sing!—
Their voices fill the sky—
They hail their great victorious King,
And welcome him on high.

3 We'll catch the note of lofty praise;
Their joys oh may we feel;
Our thankful song with them we'll raise,
And emulate their zeal.

4 Come, then, ye saints, and grateful sing
Of Christ, our risen Lord;
Of Christ, the everlasting King,
Of Christ, th' beloved Word.

5 Hail, mighty Saviour, thee we hail!
High on thy throne above;
Till heart and flesh together fail,
We'll sing thy matchless love.

464. C. M. Bowring.

Pure Worship.

1 THE offerings to thy throne which rise,
Of mingled praise and prayer,
Are but a worthless sacrifice
Unless the heart is there.

2 Upon thine all discerning ear
Let no vain words intrude;
No tribute, but the vow sincere,
The tribute of the good.

3 Our offerings will indeed be blest,
If sanctified by thee;
If thy pure Spirit touch the breast
With its own purity.

4 O may that Spirit warm each heart
To piety and love,
And to life's lowly vale impart
Some rays from heaven above.

465. 7s. J. Taylor.

1 LORD, before thy presence come,
Bow we down with holy fear;
Call our erring footsteps home,
Let us feel that thou art near.

2 Wandering thoughts and languid powers
Come not where devotion kneels;
Let the soul expand her stores,
Glowing with the joy she feels.

3 At the portals of thy house,
We resign our earth-born cares:
Nobler thoughts our souls engross,
Songs of praise and fervent prayers.

466. C. M. Browne.

1 WHEREWITH shall we approach the Lord,
And bow before his throne?
Oh! how procure his kind regard,
And for our guilt atone?

2 Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,
And spicy fumes ascend?
Will these our earnest wish succeed,
And make our God our friend?

3 O no, our souls! 't were fruitless all;
Such offerings are vain:
No fatlings from the field or stall
His favour can obtain.

4 To men their rights we must allow,
And proofs of kindness give;
To God with humble reverence bow,
And to his glory live.

467. C. M. Jarvis.

1 BEFORE the awful throne we bow
Of heaven's almighty king:
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

2 Thee we adore; and, Lord, to thee
Our filial duty pay:
Thy service, unconstrained and free,
Conducts to endless day.

3 While in thy house of prayer we kneel
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

4 With fervour teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

468. S. M. E. Taylor.

Invitation to the House of God.

1 COME to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come;
The God of peace shall meet thee there,
He makes that house his home.

2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb
Your lips forget to move.

4 Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow; your voices raise;
Let not your hearts his praise disown,
Who gives the power to praise.

469. L. M. WATTS.

Delight in Worship.

1 FAR from our thoughts, vain world, be gone;
Let our religious hours alone;
Fain would our eyes our Saviour see;
We wait a visit, Lord! from thee.

2 Oh! warm our hearts with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire:
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill our souls with heavenly love.

3 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thy glorious name shall be adored,
And every tongue confess thee Lord.

470. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

1 WHAT pleasure, Lord! thy house attends,
When the whole heart to heaven ascends;
One day thus spent with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 While we can have the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace!
We would not absent from thee live
For all a tempting world can give.

3 God is our sun—he makes our day;
God is our shield—he guides our way;
Our future hopes, our present joys,
All from his boundless goodness rise.

4 To men of pure and pious hearts,
All real good their God imparts:
With grace he crowns them here below,
And endless glory will bestow.

5 Author of good! whose sovereign sway
All worlds, all beings must obey;
How happy must thy children be,
Whose spirits firmly trust in thee!

471. L. M. Anonymous.

1 WHEN to his temple God descends,
He holds communion with his friends,
His grace and glory there displays,
And shines with bright, but friendly rays.

2 While hovering o'er the happy place,
The Spirit sheds his heavenly grace;
To fix our thoughts—our hearts to raise,
And tune our souls to love and praise.

3 'Tis here we learn the blessed skill
To know and do our Maker's will;
And, while we hear, and sing, and pray,
With heavenly joy we soar away.

4 Oh! dearest hours of all we know—
Oh! sweetest joys of all below:
Here would we choose our fixed abode,
And dwell for ever near our God.

472. S. M. Stennett.

1 HOW charming is the place
Where our Redeemer God
Unveils the glories of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

3 To him their prayers and cries
Each contrite soul presents:
And while he hears their humble sighs,
He grants them all their wants.

4 Give us, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode;
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of our God.

473. C. M. Wesley.

1 HAPPY the souls in Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone:

Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee, in thy glorious realm, they praise,
And bow before thy throne:
We in the kingdom of thy grace;
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads;
From hence our spirits rise:
And he who in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

474. C. M. Newton.

The presence of God sought in his house.

1 GREAT Shepherd of thy people, hear!
Thy presence now display:
We kneel within thy house of prayer,
Oh! give us hearts to pray.

2 The clouds, which veil thee from our sight.
In pity, Lord, remove;
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of thy love.

3 Help us, with holy fear and joy,
To kneel before thy face;
Oh make us creatures of thy power,
The children of thy grace.

475. C. M. Pratt's Coll.

1 AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And to thy courts repair;
Again with joyful feet we come,
To meet our Saviour here.

2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell:
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 The feeling heart—the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

4 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

5 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hopes to raise;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

476. C. M. Presbyterian Coll.

1 WITHIN thy house, O Lord, our God,
In glory now appear;
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy blessings here.

2 When we thine awful seat surround,
Thy spirit, Lord, impart;
And let thy gospel's joyful sound
With power reach every heart.

3 Here let the blind their sight obtain;
Here give the mourners rest:
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthroned in every breast.

4 Here let the voice of sacred joy
And humble prayer arise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ,
To celebrate thy praise.

477. 7s. Montgomery.

Prayer for a Blessing on Public Worship.

1 TO thy temple we repair—
Lord, we love to worship there;
There within the veil we meet
Thee upon the mercy-seat.

2 While thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips—unloose our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord our Righteousness.

3 While thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.

4 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;

That at evening we may say—
"We have walked with God to-day."

478. C. M. VERMONT COLL.

1 GREAT God, let not thy grace delay
To meet us with thy love;
Drive interposing clouds away,
And make our guilt remove.

2 Come in with power to every soul,
O thou immortal Dove;
Make every wounded spirit whole,
With thy redeeming love.

3 We long to meet our God to-day,
And taste his grace divine,
That every soul with joy may say,
Our Lord, our God, we're thine.

4 Here 's some that pant, O God, to see
Thy face, and taste thy love;
O speak, and bring us near to thee,
And make our doubts remove.

5 O God, inspire each heart and tongue
To learn thy precious name;
Redeeming love shall be our song,
And we thy love proclaim.

479. C. M. HOSKINS.

1 IN thy great name, O Lord, we come,
To worship at thy feet;
Oh pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.

2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Saviour's voice:
Thy face and favour, Lord, we seek;
Now make our hearts rejoice.

3 Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear,
And understand thy word;
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust the living Lord.

480. 7s. HAMMOND.

1 LORD, we come before thee now;
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace;
Tune our hearts to sing thy praise.

3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those who are cast down—lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind:
Heal the sick—the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

481. 8s & 7s. J. TAYLOR.

Surrounding the Mercy-Seat.

1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and fond desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.
From the Fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes;
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2 Who may share this great salvation?—
Every pure and humble mind:
Every kindred, tongue and nation,
From the dross of guilt refined:
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

3 Every stain of guilt abhorring,
Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
Still thy providence adoring,
Faithful subjects to thy laws,
Lord! with favour still attend us,
Bless us with thy wondrous love
Thou, our sun and shield, defend us;
All our hope is from above.

482. C. M. Drennan.

God may be Worshipped in every place.

1 THE heaven of heavens cannot contain
The universal Lord;
Yet he in humble hearts will deign
To dwell and be adored.

2 Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
The God of heaven is there.

3 His presence is diffused abroad
Through realms, thro' worlds unknown;
Who seek the mercies of our God
Are ever near his throne.

483. L. M. Anonymous.

Opening of Worship.

1 GREAT God! before thy throne we bow,
In humble praise—in humble prayer;
O let thy Spirit's influence now
Descend on all assembled here.

2 Diffuse thy love and peace abroad,
Bid worldly cares and follies flee,
While in thy house, O Lord, our God,
We dedicate ourselves to thee.

3 An offering poor—yet thou wilt own
The humble and the contrite heart,
That meekly worships at thy throne,
Nor would from thy commands depart.

4 Accept the humble strains we raise,
And when our sabbaths here decay,
O may they rise in loftier praise,
Through an eternal Sabbath day.

484. C. M. Vermont Coll.

1 HERE in the presence of our God,
We've met to seek thy face;
O let us feel th' eternal word,
And feast upon thy grace.

2 O may this be a happy hour
To every mourning soul;
Display thy love, make known thy power,
And make the wounded whole.

3 O may a spark of heavenly fire
Each stupid soul inflame,
And sacred love our tongues inspire
To praise thy worthy name.

4 Let every soul the Saviour see,
And taste his love divine;
And every heart for ever be
United, Lord, with thine.

485. 112th. FAWCETT.

Before Sermon.

1 THY presence gracious God, afford,
Prepare us to receive thy word:
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed with what we hear:

CHORUS.

Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy Gospel with success.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us the sacred word apply,
With sovereign power and energy:
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will:
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

286. L. M. RIPPON'S COLL.

1 LOOK from on high, great God, and see
Thy saints lamenting after thee:
We sigh, we languish, and complain;
Revive thy gracious work again.

2 To-day thy cheering grace impart,
Bind up and heal the broken heart;
Our sins subdue, our souls restore,
And let our foes prevail no more.

3 Thy presence in thy house afford,
To every heart apply thy word;
That sinners may their danger see,
And now begin to mourn for thee.

487. L. M. Watts.

1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know and taste and feel,
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know:
Be everlasting honours done,
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

488. 8s, 7s & 4s. Pratt's Coll.

1 IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear—
Hear with meekness—
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
Let us give them, Lord, to thee:
Cheered by hope—and daily strengthened,
We would run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 There in worship, purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before;
Full enjoyment—
Holy bliss for evermore.

489. 7s. Kelly.

After Sermon.

1 SAVIOUR, bless thy word to all,
Quick and powerful let it prove;

Oh may sinners hear thy call!
Let thy people grow in love.

2 Thine own gracious message bless,
Follow it with power divine;
Give the gospel great success—
Thine the work—the glory thine.

3 Saviour, bid the world rejoice,
Send—oh send thy truth abroad!
Let the nations hear thy voice—
Hear it—and return to God.

490. C. M. Montgomery.

1 AGAIN our ears have heard the voice
At which the dead shall live;
O may the sound our hearts rejoice,
And strength immortal give!

2 And have we heard the word with joy?
And have we felt its power?
To keep it be our blest employ,
Till life's extremest hour.

491. C. M. Christian Psalmist.

The Good Seed.

1 ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield, a hundred fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Nor let thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to thy throne,
Return to thee, and sadly tell
That we reject thy Son.

5 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow;
That all whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

492. C. M. Rippon's Coll.

1 NOW, Lord, the heav'nly seed is sown,
Be it thy servants' care
Thy heavenly blessing to bring down,
By humble fervent prayer.

2 In vain we plant, without thine aid,
And water too in vain;
Lord of the harvest, God of grace,
Send down thy heavenly rain.

3 Then shall our cheerful hearts and tongues
Begin this song divine;
"Thou, Lord, hast given the rich increase,
And be the glory thine."

493. P. M. Calamy.

1 LORD of nature, source of light,
In pity view thy world below;
Guide our erring footsteps right,
Through these scenes of guilt and wo.

2 Grant thy Spirit! By thy kindness
Let our errors be forgiven;
Heal our sins; dispel our blindness;
Then conduct us safe to heaven.

494. 8s & 7s. Anonymous.

Dismission.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above;
Let us each, thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.

495. L. M. Hart.

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Tho' we are guilty, thou art good,
Wash all our soul's in Jesus' blood;
Give every fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

496. 8s, 7s & 4s. Anonymous.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us!
Trav'lling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

497. 8s & 7s. Anonymous.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Bid us all depart in peace;
Still on gospel manna feeding,
Pure seraphic love increase:
Fill each breast with consolation,
While to thee our songs we raise;
When we reach the blissful station,
We will give thee nobler praise.

498. S. M. Hart.

1 ONCE more, before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name;
Record his mercies every heart,
Sing every tongue the same.

2 O may we keep his word,
And feed thereon and grow;
Go on to seek and know the Lord,
And practise what we know.

499. C. M. Anonymous.

1 NOW to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head.

2 Thou hast redeem'd us by thy blood,
And set the pris'ners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

500. 8s, 7s & 4s. KELLY.

1 GOD of our salvation, hear us;
Bless, oh bless us, ere we go;
When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow:
Saviour keep us—
Keep us safe from every foe.

2 May we live in view of heaven,
Where we hope to see thy face;
Save us from unhallowed leaven,
All that might obscure thy grace;
Keep us walking
Each in his appointed place.

3 As our steps are drawing nearer
To the place we call our home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer,
Hope more bright of joys to come;
And, when dying,
May thy presence cheer the gloom.

501. 7s. COWPER.

1 NOW may he who from the dead
Brought the shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our king and head,
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight;
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night.

502. 8s & 7s. J. NEWTON.

1 MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

503. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Ministry of Divine Appointment.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy house,
We pay our homage, and our vows,

While with most grateful hearts we share
These pledges of our Saviour's care.

2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scattered his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

3 Hence sprung th' apostle's honoured name,
Sacred beyond all earthly fame;
In lowlier forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.

4 So shall the bright succession run
Through latest courses of the sun;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish, large and fair.

504. L. M. Watts.

Christ's Commission to his Ministers.

1 "GO preach my gospel," saith the Lord;
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive
He shall be saved that trusts my word,
And he condemned, who'll not believe.

2 "I'll make your great commission known;
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Teach all the nations my commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands—
I can destroy—and I defend."

4 He spake—and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode:
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended Lord.

505. S. M. Watts.

Ministers the Bearers of glad Tidings.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad!
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their Lord.

UNIVERSAL DIFFUSION OF THE GOSPEL.

506. 8s, 7s & 4s. COTTERILL.

Condition and Prospects of the Heathen.

1 O'ER the realms of Pagan darkness,
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the kindred of the people
Lost in sin's bewildering maze;
Darkness brooding
On the face of all the earth.

2 Light of them that sit in darkness!
Rise and shine, thy blessings bring;
Light to lighten all the Gentiles!
Rise with healing in thy wing;
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.

3 May the heathen, now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and, worshipping before him,
Serve the living God alone:
Let thy glory
Fill the earth as floods the sea.

4 Thou to whom all power is given,
Speak the word;—at thy command,
Let the company of preachers
Spread thy name from land to land;
Lord, be with them
Alway to the end of time.

507. 7s & 6s. Bishop Heber.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

508. C. M. Gibbons.

Prevalence of Christianity promised.

1 GREAT God, is not thy promise pledg'd
To thine exalted Son,
That through the nations of the earth
Thy word of life shall run?

2 "Ask—and I give the heathen lands
For thine inheritance;
And to the world's remotest shores
Thine empire shall advance."

3 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name adored:
Let earth, with all its millions, shout
Hosanna to the Lord!

509. L. M. Doddridge.

Prayer for the Conversion of the World.

1 INDULGENT Sovereign of the skies,
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?
While feeble mortals raise their cries,
Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear?

2 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,
And view the desolation round;
See what wide realms in darkness lie,
What scenes of wo and crime abound!

3 Loud let the gospel trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar;
Let all the isles their Saviour know,
And earth's remotest ends draw near.

510. L. M. Pratt's Coll.

1 SOVEREIGN of worlds! display thy power,
Be this thy Zion's favoured hour;
Oh bid the morning-star arise,
Oh point the heathen to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
In western wilds, and heathen plains,
Far let the gospel's sound be known;
Make thou the universe thine own.

3 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice:
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
Bid every nation hail the light.

511. C. M. Montgomery.

Restoration of Israel.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake! put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south, "Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O north!"

4 They come, they come;—thine exiled bands
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

512. L. M. Pratt's Coll.

False Religions supplanted by Christianity

1 ARISE! arise!—with joy survey
The glory of the latter day:
Already is the dawn begun
Which marks at hand a rising sun!

2 "Behold the way!" ye heralds, cry:
Spare not—but lift your voices high:
Convey the sound from pole to pole,
"Glad tidings," to the captive soul.

3 "Behold the way to Zion's hill,
Where Israel's God delights to dwell
He fixes there his lofty throne,
And calls the sacred place his own."

4 The north gives up—the south no more
Keeps back her consecrated store:
From east to west the message runs,
And either India yields her sons.

5 Auspicious dawn!—thy rising ray
With joy we view—and hail the day:
Great Sun of Righteousness! arise,
And fill the world with glad surprise.

513. 8s, 7s & 4s. Reed's Coll.

Victories of Christ.

1 GIRD thy sword on, mighty Saviour,
Make the word of truth thy car:
Prosper in thy course, triumphant;
All success attend thy war;
Gracious victor,
Bring thy trophies from afar.

2 Majesty combined with meekness,
Righteousness and peace unite
To ensure thy blessed conquests—

Take possession of thy right:
Ride triumphant,
Dressed in robes of purest light.

3 Blest are they that touch thy sceptre;
Blest are all that own thy reign;
Freed from sin—that worst of tyrants—
Rescued from its galling chain;
Jews and Gentiles,
All who know thee, bless thy reign.

514. 8s, 7s & 4s. KELLY.

Enlargement and Glory of the Church.

1 ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands!
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands.
Mourning captive!
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Lo! thy sun is risen in glory!
God himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasted triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

3 Enemies no more shall trouble;
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favour blest;
All thy conflicts
End in an eternal rest.

515. L. M. EPISCOPAL COLL.

1 TRIUMPHANT Zion! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead!
Though humbled long—awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength!

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thine excellence be known:
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
Thy glories shall the world confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God, from on high, has heard thy prayer;
His hand thy ruin shall repair:
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

516. 7s. Pratt's Coll.

1 "Give us room, that we may dwell,"
Zion's children cry aloud:
See their numbers—how they swell!
How they gather like a cloud!

2 Oh how bright the morning seems!
Brighter from so dark a night:
Zion is like one that dreams,
Filled with wonder and delight.

3 Lo! thy sun goes down no more
God himself will be thy light:
All that caused thee grief before
Buried lies in endless night.

4 Zion, now arise and shine!
Lo! thy light from heaven is come!
These that crowd from far are thine;
Give thy sons and daughters room.

517. L. M. Pratt's Coll.

Missionary Meeting.

1 ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
Before thy face, dread King! we stand;
The voice that marshalled every star
Has called thy people from afar.

2 We meet, through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line—to either pole—
The thunder of thy praise to roll.

3 Our prayers assist—accept our praise—
Our hopes revive—our courage raise—
Our counsels aid—to each impart
The single eye—the faithful heart!

4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come;
Recall the wandering spirits home:
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

518. 8s & 7s. Francis.

1 WITH our substance we will honour
Our Redeemer and our Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds our manor,
All were nothing to his word.

2 While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends, of every station,
Gladly join to spread his fame.

3 May his kingdom be promoted;
May the world the Saviour know;
Be our all to him devoted;
To our Lord our all we owe.

4 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations;
Praise him, all ye hosts above;
Shout with joyful acclamations,
His divine—victorious love.

519. L. M. Pratt's Coll.

Departure of Missionaries.

1 YE Christian heroes, go, proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire—
With holy zeal your hearts inspire;
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labours all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more;
Meet—with the blood-bought throng to fall
And crown our Jesus—Lord of all.

520. S. M. Pratt's Coll.

1 YE messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise, and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way!

2 The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage—go.

3 Go, spread the Saviour's fame;
Go, tell his matchless grace;
Proclaim salvation full and free
To Adam's guilty race.

4 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's—and will prevail
In spite of all his foes.

521. L. M. Pratt's Coll.

Subjection of the Nations to Christ prayed for

1 SOON may the last glad song arise,
Through all the millions of the skies—
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's!

2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee!
And over land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the sceptre of thy reign!

3 Oh let that glorious anthem swell;
Let host to host the triumph tell—
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns!

522. C. M. Vermont Coll.

Reign of Christ.

1 HASTEN, O Lord, the latter day,
When grace shall reign alone;
And all the nations of the world
Shall bow before thy throne.

2 Then shall pure converts crowd thy gates,
Press to the gospel sound;
And grace eternal sweetly shine,
To ravish all around.

3 Then shall the watchmen of the Lamb,
Raise the dear cross on high;
And from a clear refulgent light,
Shall all see eye to eye.

4 Lord, we would bless thee for a ray
Of such triumphant grace,
That leads to everlasting day,
And pure eternal bliss.

523. C. M. NEEDHAM.

Prayer for the spread of the Gospel.

1 GREAT God of grace, arise and shine,
With beams of heavenly light;
From this dark world of sin dispel
The long and doleful night.

2 No more may senseless idols share
The honours due to thee:
May every nation know thy name,
And thy salvation see.

3 No more may persecution dare
To lift her iron rod;
No longer shed the blood of saints
And plead a zeal for God.

4 With its own pure and native light,
Lord, may thy gospel shine:
May error fly like noxious mists
Before this light divine.

5 Whilst heaven-born truth her charms re-
May love each breast inspire; [veals,
Nor one base passion ever mix,
To quench this sacred fire.

LIFE, DEATH, RESURRECTION, JUDGMENT AND ETERNITY.

524. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Wisdom of redeeming Time.

1 GOD of eternity! from thee
Did infant time his being draw:
Moments and days, and months and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

2 Silent and swift they glide away
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wide sea,
The boundless gulf from which it rose.

3 With it the thoughtless sons of men
Before the rapid stream are borne
On to their everlasting home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.

4 Yet while the shore on either side
Presents a gaudy, flattering show,
We gaze, in fond amusement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.

5 Great Source of wisdom! teach our hearts
To know the price of every hour,
That time may bear us on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.

525. 7s & 6s. BURTON.

Flight of Time.

1 TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb:
Youth and vigour soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb:
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty, soon, above,
Far beyond the world's alloy
Secure in Jesus' love.

526. L. M. J. TAYLOR.

True Length of Time.

1 LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass,
And while we gaze, their forms are gone

2 "He lived,—he died;" behold the sum,
The abstract of the historian's page!
Alike in God's all-seeing eye,
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.

3 O Father! in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie,
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly;

To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds;
So shall we wake from death's dark night,
To share the glory that succeeds.

527. C. M. WATTS.

Time short and mispent.

1 HOW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our souls' affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story, or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on,
And, ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.

4 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

528. C. M. HOSKINS.

1 THE time is short!—Sinners, beware,
Nor trifle time away;
The word of great salvation hear,
While yet 'tis called to-day.

2 The time is short!—O sinners, now,
To Christ the Lord submit;
To mercy's golden sceptre bow,
And fall at Jesus' feet.

3 The time is short!—ye saints, rejoice—
The Lord will quickly come:
Soon shall you hear the Saviour's voice,
To call you to your home.

529. C. M. WATTS.

Time the period to prepare for Eternity.

1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do—where'er we be,
We're travelling to our grave.

3 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!

4 Awake, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

530. L. M. WATTS.

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' ensure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God hath given
T' escape from hell, and fly to heaven;
The day of grace—and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 Then what our thoughts design to do
Our hands, with all your might, pursue;
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

4 There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

531. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Tracing the steps of the Pious dead.

1 HOW swift the torrent rolls,
That bears us to the sea!
The tide that bears our thoughtless souls
To vast eternity!

2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honour, gone.

3 God of our fathers! hear;
Thou everlasting Friend!

While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

4 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

532. C. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

The Pilgrimage of Life.

1 OUR country is Immanuel's ground;
We seek that promised soil:
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.

2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bathed in tears;
Yet naught but heaven our hopes can raise,
And naught but sin our fears.

3 The flowers that spring along the road
We scarcely stoop to pluck;
We walk o'er beds of shining ore,
Nor waste one wishful look.

4 We tread the path our Master trod;
We bear the cross he bore;
And every thorn that wounds our feet,
His temples pierced before.

5 Our powers are oft dissolved away
In ecstasies of love;
And while our bodies wander here,
Our souls are fixed above.

6 We purge our mortal dross away,
Refining as we run;
And while we die to earth and sense,
Our heaven is here begun.

533. L. M. Gibbons.

1 ARISE, our souls, on wings sublime
Beyond the vanities of time;
Remove the parting veil and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born, by a new, celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
While we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And death is but returning home.

4 To dwell with God, to taste his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above,
And the sweet expectation now,
Is the young dawn of heaven below

534. S. M. Doddridge.

A timely Improvement of Life.

1 THE swift-declining day,
How fast its moments fly!
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.

2 Ye mortals! mark its pace;
Improve the hours of light;
And know, your Maker can command
An instantaneous night.

3 On the dark mountain's brow
Your feet shall quickly slide,
And from its airy summit, dash
Your momentary pride.

4 What most demands your care,—
O be it still pursued;
Lest slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

5 Then shall new lustre break
Through horror's darkest gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light
In a celestial home.

535. C. M. Montgomery.

Heaven and Earth.

1 WHILE through this changing world we roam,
From infancy to age,
Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home,
His rest at every stage.

2 Thither his raptured thought ascends,
Eternal joys to share;
There his adoring spirit bends,
While here he kneels in prayer.

3 From earth his freed affections rise,
To fix on things above,
Where all his hope of glory lies,
And love is perfect love.

4 Ah! there may we our treasure place,
There let our hearts be found,
That still where sin abounded, grace
May more and more abound.

5 Henceforth our conversation be
With Christ before the throne:
Ere long we eye to eye shall see,
And know as we are known.

536. C. M. WATTS.

Our bodies frail and God our Preserver.

1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone;
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God who built us first;
Salvation to the Almighty name
That reared us from the dust.

5 While we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

537. C. M. J. NEWTON.

Vanity of mortal Life.

1 THE evils that beset our path,
Who can prevent or cure?
We stand upon the brink of death,
When most we seem secure.

2 If we to-day sweet peace possess,
It soon may be withdrawn;
Some change may plunge us in distress,
Before to-morrow's dawn.

3 Disease and pain invade our health,
And find an easy prey;
And oft, when least expected, wealth
Takes wings and flies away.

4 The gourds from which we look for fruit,
Produce us often pain;
A worm unseen attacks the root,
And all our hopes are vain.

5 Since sin has filled the earth with wo,
And creatures fade and die;
Lord, wean our hearts from things below,
And fix our hopes on high!

538. L. M. Pratt's Coll.

Vanity of the World and happiness of Heaven.

1 HOW vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties,
That bind us to a world like this!

2 The evening cloud—the morning dew—
The withering grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
The glory of a passing hour!

3 But, though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a land, whose confines lie
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we're travelling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

539. S. M. Lutheran Coll.

Religion a support in Life.

1 WHEN gloomy thoughts and fears
The trembling heart invade,
And all the face of nature wears
A universal shade,—

2 Religion can assuage
The tempest of the soul;
And every fear shall lose its rage
At her divine control.

3 Through life's bewildered way,
Her hand unerring leads;
And o'er the path her heavenly ray
A cheering lustre sheds.

4 When reason, tired and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid;
Thou, blest supporter of the mind,
How powerful is thine aid!

5 O let us feel thy power,
And find thy sweet relief,
To cheer our every gloomy hour,
And calm our every grief.

540. C. M. LOGAN.

Trust in God in old Age.

1 ALMIGHTY Father of mankind,
On thee our hopes remain;
And when the day of trouble comes,
We shall not trust in vain.

2 In early years thou wast our guide,
And of our youth the friend;
And as our days began with thee,
With thee our days shall end.

3 Thou wilt not cast us off, when age
And evil days descend;
Thou wilt not leave us in despair,
To mourn our latter end.

4 Therefore in life we'll trust to thee,
In death we will adore;
And after death will sing thy praise,
When time shall be no more.

541. C. M. STEELE.

Admonition to prepare for Death.

1 LIFE is a span—a fleeting hour—
How soon the vapour flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That ev'n in blooming—dies.

2 The once loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

4 Cease then, fond nature, cease thy tears—
Thy Saviour dwells on high;
There everlasting spring appears—
There joys shall never die.

542. C. M. STEELE.

1 WHEN youth and age are snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
And bow at God's command.

2 While love still prompts the rising sigh,
With awful power impressed,
Let this dread truth, "We too must die!"
Sink deep in every breast.

3 May this vain world o'ercome no more!
Behold the opening tomb:
It bids us use the present hour;
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this instructive scene
Let every heart obey!
Nor be the faithful warning vain
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 Lord! let us to our refuge fly!
Thine arm alone can save:
Give us, through Christ, the victory,
To triumph o'er the grave!

543. C. M. STEELE.

Hope in Christ a Support in Death.

1 WHEN Death appears before our sight
In all his dire array,
Unequal to the dreadful fight,
Our courage faints away.

2 How shall we meet this potent foe,
Whose frown our souls alarms?

Dark horror sits upon his brow,
And victory waits his arms.

3 Oh, for the eye of faith divine,
To pierce beyond the grave!
To see that friend, and call him mine,
Whose arm alone can save.

544. C. M. WATTS.

1 GREAT God, we own the sentence just,
And nature must decay;
We yield our bodies to the dust,
To dwell with fellow clay.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
Our Jesus, our Redeemer lives,
Our Lord, our Saviour comes.

3 The mighty Conqueror shall appear
High on a royal seat,
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquished at his feet.

545. L. M. BROWNE.

1 WE cannot shun the stroke of death—
Lord, help us to surmount the fear;
That when we must resign our breath,
Serene our summons we may hear.

2 'Tis sin gives venom to the dart—
In us let every sin be slain;
From secret faults, Lord, cleanse each heart,
From wilful sins our hands restrain.

3 May we, our God, with holy zeal,
Closely the ends of life pursue,
Seek thy whole pleasure to fulfil,
And honour thee in all we do!

4 Let all our bliss and treasure lie,
Where in thy light we light shall see;
The soul may freely dare to die,
That longs to be possessed of thee.

546. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Our Lives in the hands of God.

1 SOV'REIGN of life! before thine eye,
Lo, mortal men, by thousands die!

One glance from thee at once brings down.
The proudest brow that wears a crown.

2 Banish'd at once from human sight
To the dark grave's unchanging night;
Imprison'd in that dusty bed,
We hide each solitary head.

3 The friendly band no more shall greet;
Accents, familiar once, and sweet;
No more the well-known features trace,
No more renew the fond embrace.

4 Yet if our Father's faithful hand
Conduct us thro' this gloomy land,
Our souls with pleasure shall obey,
And follow where he leads the way.

547. 8s, 7s & 4s. Mrs. Gilbert.

Support in Death.

1 WHEN the vale of death appears,
Faint and cold this mortal clay,
O our Father, sooth our fears,
Light us through this darksome way:
Break the shadows,
Usher in eternal day.

2 Starting from this dying state,
Upward bid our souls aspire;
Open thou the crystal gate,
To thy praise attune each lyre:
Dwell for ever,
Dwell on each immortal wire.

3 From the sparkling turrets there,
Oft we'll trace our pilgrim way,
Often bless thy guardian care,
Fire by night, and cloud by day;
While our triumphs
At our Leader's feet we lay.

548. L. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

The peaceful Death of the Righteous.

1 SWEET is the scene when Christians die,
When holy souls retire to rest:
How mildly beams the closing eye!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore;

3 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
Fanned by some guardian angel's wing:
O grave! where is thy victory now,
And where, O death, where is thy sting!

549. P. M. POPE.

The Dying Christian to his Soul.

1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh! quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
Oh! the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature—cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

2 Hark!—they whisper—angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away:"
What is this absorbs me quite?—
Steals my senses—shuts my sight—
Drowns my spirits—draws my breath?—
Tell me, my soul—can this be death?

3 The world recedes—it disappears—
Heaven opens on mine eyes!—mine ears
With sounds seraphic ring!—
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
"O grave! where is thy victory!
O death! where is thy sting!"

550. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Submission under the Loss of Friends.

1 PEACE! 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand
That blasts our joys in death;
That mars that form to us so dear,
And gathers back the breath.

2 'Tis he—the King and Lord supreme
Of all the worlds above,
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.

3 'Tis he, who justice might demand
Our souls a sacrifice;
Yet scatters, with unwearied hand,
A thousand rich supplies.

4 Silent we own Jehovah's name;
We kiss the scourging hand;
And yield our comforts, and our life,
To his supreme command.

551. C. M. Watts.

Blessed are the Dead who die in the Lord.

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven pro-
For all the pious dead; [claims
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blessed:
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They 're present with the Lord!
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

552. C. M. Anonymous.

Death and Heaven.

1 AND let our feeble bodies fail,
And let them faint and die;
We soon shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high:
Shall join the glorified saints,
And find our long sought rest;
That only bliss for which we pant,
In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
We now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain;
We suffer on our three score years,
Till our Deliv'rer come;
And wipe away his servants' tears,
And take his exiles home.

3 O what are all our suff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count us meet
With that enraptur'd host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away:

But let us find our friends again,
In that eternal day.

553. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Near Approach of Salvation.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day!
Welcome each closing year!

3 Not many years their round shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
Ye mortal powers decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

554. C. M. WATTS.

A Prospect of the Resurrection

1 HOW long shall death the tyrant reign,
And triumph o'er the just;
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust!

2 When shall the tedious night be gone?
When will our Lord appear?
Our fond desires would pray him down,
Our love embrace him here.

3 Let faith arise and climb the hills,
And from afar descry
How distant are his chariot wheels,
And tell how fast they fly.

4 We hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise!"
And lo, the graves obey,
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.

5 O may our humble spirits stand
Among them, cloth'd in white!

The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

6 How shall our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward through the skies
On love's triumphant wing.

555. L. M. Merrick.

Hope of a Resurrection.

1 FATHER of all! our souls defend,
On thee our steadfast hopes depend;
Thee let us bless, the faithful guide,
Whose counsels o'er our life preside.

2 Though to the grave we must descend,
(For thus has heaven's high will ordain'd)
Yet hope e'en there, our constant guest,
Shall smooth the pillow of our rest

3 Though death awhile reign o'er our frame.
Thou from the grave our life will claim;
And to our eyes, in full survey,
The op'ning paths of life display.

4 Those paths that to thy presence bear;
For plenitude of bliss is there;
And pleasure's streams unmix'd with wo,
At thy right hand for ever flow.

556. C. M. Edinburgh Coll.

1 ALL nature dies, and lives again:
The flow'r that paints the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield;

2 Resign the honours of their form
At winter's stormy blast;
And leave the naked, leafless plain
A desolated waste.

3 Yet soon reviving plants and flow'rs
Anew shall deck the plain;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.

4 So to the dreary grave consign'd,
Man sleeps in death's dark gloom,
Until th' eternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.

5 O may the grave become to us
The bed of peaceful rest;
Whence we shall gladly rise at length,
And mingle with the blest!

6 Cheer'd by this hope, with patient mind
We'll wait heaven's high decree;
Till the appointed period come
When God shall set us free.

557. S. M. PRATT'S COLL.

Christ's second Coming.

1 IN expectation sweet,
We'll wait, and sing, and pray,
Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,
And see an endless day.

2 He comes!—the Conqueror comes!
Death falls beneath his sword;
The joyful prisoners burst their tombs,
And rise to meet their Lord.

3 Thrice happy morn for those
Who love the ways of peace!
No night of sorrow e'er shall close,
Or shade their perfect bliss.

558. 8s, 7s & 4s. OLIVER.

1 LO! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain!
Thousand, thousand saints, attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes—and comes to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see!

3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day—
"Come to judgment!—
Come to judgment!—come away."

4 Yea, amen, let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Make thy righteous sentence known!
Oh come quickly—
Claim the kingdom for thine own!

559. 7s. KELLY.

1 HARK!—that shout of rapturous joy,
Bursting forth from yonder cloud!
Jesus comes!—and through the sky,
Angels tell their joy aloud.

2 Hark!—the trumpet's awful voice
Sounds abroad, through sea and land;
Let his people now rejoice!
Their redemption is at hand.

3 See! the Lord appears in view!
Heaven and earth before him fly!
Rise, ye saints, he comes for you—
Rise to meet him in the sky.

4 Go, and dwell with him above,
Where no foe can e'er molest;
Happy in the Saviour's love!
Ever blessing, ever blest.

560. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

1 AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?

3 But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

4 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Flee to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

561. C. M. Heber's Coll.

The last Harvest.

1 THE angel comes; he comes to reap
The harvest of the Lord!
O'er all the earth with fatal sweep
Wide waves his flaming sword.

2 And who are they, in sheaves to bide
The fire of vengeance bound?
The tares, whose rank luxuriant pride
Choke the fair crop around.

3 And who are they, reserved in store
God's treasure-house to fill?
The wheat, a hundred fold that bore
Amid surrounding ill.

4 O King of mercy! grant us power
Thy fiery wrath to flee!
In thy destroying angel's hour,
O gather us to thee!

562. C. P. M. C. Wesley.

The last Judgment.

1 O GOD, our inmost souls convert,
And deeply on each thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give us to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

2 Before us place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell us, Lord, shall we be there
To meet a joyful doom.

3 Be this our one great business here,
With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss to insure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

4 Then, Father, then our souls receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above;

Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

563. 7s. Bp. Heber.

1 IN the sun and moon and stars
Signs and wonders there shall be;
Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity.

2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
Tossed with stronger tempests, rise;
Darker storms the mountain sweep,
Redder lightning rend the skies.

3 Evil thoughts shall shake the proud,
Racking doubt and restless fear;
And, amid the thunder-cloud,
Shall the Judge of men appear.

4 But though from that awful face
Heaven shall fade and earth shall fly,
Fear not ye, his chosen race,
Your redemption draweth nigh!

564. 8s, 7s & 4s. Union Coll.

The Judgment welcomed by the Righteous.

1 LO! he cometh—countless trumpets
Wake to life the slumbering dead;
'Midst ten thousand saints and angels
See their great, exalted Head:
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Son of God.

2 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints behold the Judge appear!
Truth and justice go before him—
Now the joyful sentence hear:
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine.

3 "Come, ye blessed of my Father,
Enter into life and joy;
Banish all your fears and sorrows;
Endless praise be your employ:"
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome to the skies!

565. C. M. Watts.

Banishment from God intolerable.

1 THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When we must stand before our Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all our joys—
Thou Sovereign of each heart—
How could we bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word—"Depart."

3 O! wretched state of deep despair,
To see our God remove,
And fix our doleful station where
We must not taste his love.

4 Oh tell us that our worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show us some promise in thy book,
Where our salvation stands.

566. S. M. Montgomery.

Reward and Punishment.

1 OH where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound—
Or pierce to either pole!

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above;
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
Oh what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death!"

5 Thou God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banished from thy face,
For ever more undone.

567. C. M. Butcher.

The Light of Eternity.

1 "STAND still, refulgent orb of day!"
The Jewish victor cries:
So shall at last an angel say,
And tear it from the skies.

2 A flame intenser than the sun
Shall melt his golden urn;
Time's empty glass no more shall run,
Nor human years return.

3 Then with immortal splendour bright,
That glorious orb shall rise,
Which through eternity shall light
The new created skies.

4 On the bright ranks of happy souls
Those blissful beams shall shine;
While the loud song of triumph rolls,
In harmony divine.

5 O let not sordid, base desire,
The soul's dark rayless night,
Unfit us for heaven's sacred choir,
Or God's eternal light!

568. L. M. Steele.

Eternity anticipated.

1 ETERNITY is just at hand,
And shall we waste our ebbing sand?
And careless view departing day,
And throw our inch of time away?

2 Be this our chief, our only care—
Our high pursuit—our ardent prayer—
An interest in the Saviour's blood,
Our pardon sealed, and peace with God.

3 But should our brightest hopes be vain;
The rising doubts how sharp their pain!
Our fears, O gracious God, remove,
Confirm our title to thy love.

4 Search, Lord—oh search the inmost heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart;
From guilt and error set us free,
And guide us safe to heaven and thee.

569. C. M. Watts.

Holiness of Heaven.

1 NOR eye hath seen—nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense, nor reason known
What joys the Father has prepared
For those that love his Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;—
No wanton lips, nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But followers of the Lamb.

570. L. M. Montgomery.

Preparation for Heaven.

1 HEAVEN is a place of rest from sin,
But all who hope to enter there,
Must here that holy course begin,
Which shall their souls for rest prepare.

2 Clean hearts, O God, in us create,
Right spirits, Lord, in us renew:
Commence we now that higher state,
Now do thy will as angels do.

3 In Jesus' footsteps may we tread,
Learn every lesson of his love;
And be from grace to glory led,
From heaven below to heaven above.

571. C. M. Steele.

Glories of Heaven.

1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of joy and pure delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

Fair distant land!—could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,

How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 No cloud those blissful regions know—
Realms ever bright and fair!
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

4 Oh may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love!
Till wings of faith and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.

572. C. M. Wesley's Coll.

The Heavenly Rest.

1 Lord, we believe a rest remains
To all thy people known;
A rest, where pure enjoyment reigns,
Where thou art loved alone.

2 Eternal Spirit, make us know
That we shall enter in;
Blest Saviour, now thy power bestow,
And wash us from each sin.

3 Oh take this hardness from the heart,
This unbelief remove;
To us the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy love.

4 Come, our Redeemer, come away,
Into our souls descend;
No longer from thy creatures stay,
Our Author and our end.

573. P. M. Union Coll.

1 There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given:
There is a tear for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found alone—in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sins and sorrows driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise—and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart with anguish riven;

It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

574. C. M. WATTS.

The Hope of Heaven our support in Trials

1 WHEN we can read our title clear
To mansions in the skies,
We bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe our weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against our souls engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then we can smile at satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May we but safely reach our home,
Our God, our heaven, our all.

4 There shall we bathe our weary souls
In seas of heavenly rest;
While not a wave of trouble rolls
Across our peaceful breast.

575. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

1 JERUSALEM, our happy home,
Oh how we long for thee!
When will our sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall we see?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy garden and thy pleasant green,
Our study long have been!
Such sparkling light, by human sight,
Has never yet been seen.

4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should we stay from thence?
What folly 'tis that we should dread
To die and go from hence.

5 Reach down, reach down, thine arm of grace,
And cause us to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths never end.

6 Millions of years around may run,
Our song shall still increase,
To praise the Father and the Son,
Who brought us home to bliss.

7 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

576. C. M. Watts.

The Heavenly Canaan.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, trembling, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;—

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream—nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

577. C. M. STENNETT.

1 ON Jordan's stormy banks we stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where our possessions lie.

2 Oh! joyful and transporting scene,
That rises to our sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God in light for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds—no poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow—pain and death—
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall we reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall we see our Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

578. C. M. WATTS.

Martyrs glorified.

1 "THESE glorious minds!—how bright they shine
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day?"

2 From torturing pains to endless joys
On fiery wheels they rode,
And strangely washed their raiment white
In Jesus' dying blood.

3 Now they approach th' eternal God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps, and sacred songs
Adore the Holy One.

4 The unvailed glories of his face
Among his saints reside,
While the rich treasure of his grace
Sees all their wants supplied.

5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast:
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.

6 The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock
Where living fountains rise;
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

579. L. M. Bp. Kenn.

Morning.

1 AWAKE, our souls, and with the sun
Our daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay our morning sacrifice.

2 Our precious time misspent, redeem,
Each present day, our last esteem;
Improve our talents with due care;
For the great day ourselves prepare.

3 In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience, as the noontide, clear
Think how the all-seeing God, our ways
And all our secret thoughts surveys.

4 Lord, we our vows to thee renew;
Scatter our sins like morning dew;
Guard our first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself our spirits fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All we design, or do, or say;
That all our powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

580. L. M. Watts.

1 GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies;

2 Oh, like the sun may we fulfil
The appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep our heavenly way.

3 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

4 Give us thy counsel for our guide,
And then receive us to thy bliss;
All our desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this.

581. L. M. Hawkesworth.

1 IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
We safely passed the silent night:
Again we see the breaking shade,
We drink again the morning light.

2 New-born, we bless the waking hour;
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be;
Our conscious souls resume their power,
And spring, our guardian God! to thee.

3 O guide us through the various maze
Our doubtful feet are doomed to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around each head

4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep our eyes oppress;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

5 That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave our eyes:
Thy light shall give eternal day;
And we immortal then shall rise.

582. C. M. Mrs. Steele.

1 LORD of our lives! O may thy praise
Employ our noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out our days,
And fills the circling hours!

2 Preserved by thine almighty arm,
We pass the shades of night,
Serene, and safe from every harm,
And see returning light.

3 When sleep, death's semblance, o'er us spread.
And we unconscious lay,

Thy watchful care was round each bed,
To guard our feeble clay.

4 O let the same almighty care
Our waking hours attend;
From every danger, every snare,
Our heedless steps defend.

5 Smile on our minutes as they roll,
And guide our future days;
And let thy goodness fill each soul
With gratitude and praise.

583. 7s.

1 NOW the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come;
Lord, may we be thine to-day,
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt, and clear our sight;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we stand, and watch and pray.

3 Keep our haughty passions bound;
Save us from our foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

4 When our work of life is past,
O receive us then at last;
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

584. C. M. Gentlemen's Mag.

1 ON thee, each morning, O our God,
Our waking thoughts attend;
In thee are founded all our hopes,
In thee our wishes end.

2 The soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys;
And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares
A sacrifice of praise.

God leads us through the maze of sleep,
And brings us safe to light;
And, with the same paternal care
Conducts our steps till night.

4 When evening slumbers press our eyes,
With his protection blest,
In peace and safety we commit
Our wearied limbs to rest

5 Our spirits, in his hand secure,
Fear no approaching ill,
For, whether waking or asleep,
Thou, Lord, art with us still.

585. C. M. STEELE.

1 GOD of our lives, our morning song
To thee we cheerful raise;
Thine acts of love 'tis good to sing,
And pleasant 'tis to praise.

2 Preserved by thine almighty arm,
We passed the shades of night,
Serene, and safe from every harm,
To see the morning light.

3 While numbers spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep we closed our eyes,
And rose from sweet repose.

4 Oh let the same almighty care
Through all this day attend:
From every danger—every snare,
Our heedless steps defend.

5 Smile on our minutes as they roll,
And guide our future days;
And let thy goodness fill each soul
With gratitude and praise.

586. L. M. BP. KENN.

Evening.

1 GLORY to thee, our God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep us, O keep us, King of kings,
Under thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive us, Lord, through thy dear Son,
The ill that we this day have done;
That with the world, ourselves and thee,
We, ere we sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach us to live, that we may dread
The grave as little as our bed;
To die, that these vile bodies may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O may our souls on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep our eyelids close;
Sleep that may us more vigorous make,
To serve our God when we awake.

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly choir;
Sing praise to heaven's eternal Sire.

587. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

1 INDULGENT God, whose bounteous care
O'er all thy works is shown,
O let our grateful praise and prayer
Ascend before thy throne!

2 What mercies has this day bestowed!
How largely hast thou blest!
The cup with plenty overflowed,
With cheerfulness each breast.

3 Now may sweet slumbers close our eyes,
From pain and sickness free;
And let our waking thoughts arise
To meditate on thee.

4 So bless each future day and night,
Till life's fond scene is o'er;
At length to realms of endless light
Enraptured let us soar.

588. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

1 THE man of humble, upright heart,
As his peculiar care,
The Lord himself has set apart,
And when he calls will hear.

2 With pious awe your hearts survey,
And every sin repent;
Let due contrition close the day,
And future guilt prevent.

3 Your sacrifice the Lord will own,
If thus you seek his face,
Thus humbly bow before his throne,
And trust his pardoning grace.

589. S. M. Village Hymns.

1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
In mercy guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

3 And if we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

4 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

590. P. M. Anonymous.

1 THE sun is set, the day is clos'd;
The night is calm, the world's compos'd,
And cares are laid aside;
So fly our days without control,
Like rolling spheres around the pole.
Or swift as meteors glide.

2 Our life at best is but a span,
Few are the days allow'd to man,
To number here in pain;
Each moment clips the little space,
Contracts the span, cuts short the race,
And winds the mortal chain.

3 Soon will the wheel to pieces break,
The fountain dry, the fabric shake,
And night its curtain spread;
Our sun must set, our night will come,
These feeble forms in yonder tomb,
Must mingle with the dead.

4 Well, if our days must end so soon,
Our morning sun go down at noon,
The present we'll improve;
We'll watch the moments as they fly,
Improve them all as they pass by,
And serve the God we love.

591. L. M. Steele.

1 GREAT God, to thee our evening song
With humble gratitude we raise;
Oh let thy mercy tune each tongue,
And fill our hearts with lively praise.

2 Our days unclouded as they pass,
And every gently rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 Thy love and power, celestial guard,
Preserve us from surrounding harm:
Can danger reach us while the Lord
Extends his kind, protecting arm?

4 Let this blest hope our eyelids close;
With sleep refresh our humble frame;
Safe in thy care may we repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

592. L. M. Watts.

Morning and Evening.

1 OUR God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies, from above,
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of our sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all our drowsy powers.

3 We yield our powers to thy command;
To thee we consecrate our days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

593. S. M. Stennett.

1 HOW various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Each morning shall thy mercies show
Each night thy truth record.

2 Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawn'd on our early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form our lips to praise.

3 Each object we beheld
Gave pleasure to our eyes;
And nature all our senses held
In bands of sweet surprise.

4 But pleasures more refin'd
Awaited that bless'd day,
When light arose upon our mind,
And chas'd our sins away.

5 How new thy mercies, then!
How sov'reign, and how free!
Our souls that had been dead in sin
Were made alive to thee.

594. 7s. ANONYMOUS.

Funeral Hymns.

1 CLAY to clay, and dust to dust!
Let them mingle—for they must!
Give to earth the earthly clod,
For the spirit's fled to God.

2 Never more shall midnight's damp
Darken round this mortal lamp;
Never more shall noon-day's glance
Search this mortal countenance.

3 Deep the pit, and cold the bed,
Where the spoils of death are laid:
Stiff the curtains, chill the gloom,
Of man's melancholy tomb.

4 Look aloft! The spirit's risen—
Death cannot the soul imprison:
'Tis in heaven that spirits dwell,
Glorious, though invisible.

5 Thither let us turn our view;
Peace is there, and comfort too:
There shall those we love be found,
Tracing joy's eternal round.

595. L. M. WATTS.

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new treasure to thy trust
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in thy silent dust.

2 No pain, no grief, no anxious fear
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes

Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch its soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed thro' the grave, and blessed the bed:
Then rest, dear saint, till from his throne,
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break, sacred morning, from the skies!
Then, clothed anew in bright array,
Immortal form! to life arise,
And swell the song of endless day.

596. L. M. Fawcett.

1 THOU, God of mercy! wilt indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When righteous persons fall around,
When tender friends and kindred die.

2 Yet not one anxious, murmuring thought
Should with our mourning passions blend,
Nor should our bleeding hearts forget
Th' almighty, ever-living Friend.

3 Beneath a numerous train of ills,
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;
Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,
O'er every gloomy fear prevail.

4 Parent, Protector, Guardian, Guide!
Thou art each tender name in one;
On thee we cast our every care,
And comfort seek from thee alone.

5 Our Father God! to thee we look,
Our rock, our portion, and our friend!
And on thy gracious love and truth
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

597. L. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

1 AS fades the landscape from the sight,
When evening shades obscure the light;
So fades, alas! the joys of earth,
And wither ere they scarce have birth.

2 As fades the lovely blooming flow'r,
Frail smiling solace of an hour;
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasures only bloom to die.

3 As fades our friendship's early joy,
The seeming gold is half alloy;
That tie that binds the human heart,
The closer drawn, will sooner part.

4 Thus fade our sweetest comforts here,
Our dearest friends soon disappear;
When the loud call from God is giv'n,
They sleep in death to wake in heaven

5 But there are joys that never fade,
Where these privations ne'er invade;
Where virtue its rewards shall prove,
And triumph in redeeming love.

598. L. M. Meth. Coll.

1 THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold.
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipt by the wind's untimely blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows:
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

599. C. M. Doddridge.

Death and Burial of Christ.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
To heaven's desired abode?—

How should we wish the hours more slow
Which keep us from our God?

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
'Twas there the Saviour's body lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way:
Up to the Lord his saints shall fly
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground!
Ye saints! ascend the skies.

600. C. M. PRATT'S COLL.

A Warning from the Grave.

1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given:
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven!

2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks on every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

3 Turn, mortal turn!—thy danger know!
Where'er thy foot can tread
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!

601. C. M. PRATT'S COLL.

The House appointed for all Living.

1 HOW still and peaceful is the grave,
Where life's vain tumult 's past,
Th' appointed house, by heaven's decree,
Receives us all at last!

2 The wicked there from troubling cease—
Their passions rage no more;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.

3 All, levelled by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb,
Till God in judgment call them forth,
To meet their final doom.

602. S. M. Anonymous.

Uncertainty of Life.

1 To-morrow, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And, if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this winged hour,
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thine almighty power
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;
Oh, be it still pursued—
Lest, slighted once, the season fair,
Should never be renewed.

5 To *Jesus* may we fly
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beam should die
In sudden, endless night.

603. 11's. Anonymous.

The Bower of Prayer.

1 To leave my dear friends, and with neighbours to part,
And go from my home, affects not my heart
Like the thought of absenting myself for a day,
From that blessed retreat where I've chosen to pray.

2 Sweet bower, where the pine and the poplar have spread,
And woven their branches a roof o'er my head;
How oft have I knelt on the evergreen there,
And poured out my soul to my Saviour in prayer.

3 The early shrill notes of a loved nightingale,
That dwelt in the bower, I observed as my bell,
To call me to duty, while birds in the air
Sung anthems of praises as I went to prayer.

4 How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed by the pine,
The ivy, the balsam, and wild eglantine;
But sweeter, O sweeter superlative were
The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer.

5 For Jesus my Saviour oft deigned to meet,
And bless with his presence my humble retreat,
Oft fill me with rapture and blessedness there.
Inditing in heaven's own language my prayer.

6 Dear bower, I must leave you, and bid you adieu,
And pay my devotions in parts that are new,
Well knowing my Saviour resides everywhere,
And can in all places give answer to prayer.

604. C. M. Doddridge.

Death of a Minister.

1 Now let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drowned in grie
That view a Saviour nigh?

2 What though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade?
What though the prophet and the priest
Are numbered with the dead?

3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust—
The aged and the young—
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute th' instructive tongue;—

4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us—and his voice
Still animates the heart.

5 Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

605. L. M. PIERPONT.

Ordination Hymn.

1 O THOU, who art above all height!
Our God, our Father, and our Friend!
Beneath thy throne of love and light,
Let thine adoring children bend.

2 We kneel in praise, that here is set
A vine that by thy culture grew;
We kneel in prayer that thou wouldst wet
Its opening leaves with heavenly dew.

3 Since thy young servant now hath given
Himself, his powers, his hopes, his youth
To the great cause of truth and heaven,
Be thou his guide, O God of truth!

4 Here may his doctrine drop like rain,
His speech like Hermon's dew distil,
Till green fields smile, and golden grain,
Ripe for the harvest, waits thy will.

5 And when he sinks in death—by care,
Or pain, or toil, or years oppressed—
O God! remember thou our prayer,
And take his spirit to thy rest.

606. L. M. FROTHINGHAM.

1 O GOD, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above!
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love

2 That truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place;
With power proclaimed, in peace received—
Our spirits' light, thy Spirit's grace.

3 That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek, and make us free,
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with thee.

4 Direct and guard the youthful strength
Devoted to thy Son this day;
And give thy word full course at length
O'er man's defects and time's decay.

607. L. M. Montgomery.

On laying the foundation stone of a Chapel.

1 THIS stone to thee in faith we lay,
We build the temple, Lord, to thee;
Thine eye be open, night and day,
To guard this house and sanctuary.

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And, when thou hearest, O forgive!

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still, by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 Hosanna! to their heavenly King,
When children's voices raise that song,
Hosanna! let thy servants sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.

5 But will indeed Jehovah deign
Here to abide no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

6 That glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.

608. 7s. Montgomery.

On opening a new place of Worship.

1 LORD of hosts, to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise;
Thou thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply;
Hallelujah!—hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

609. L. M. PIERPONT.

1 O BOW thine ear, Eternal One!
On thee each heart adoring calls;
To thee the followers of thy Son
Have raised, and now devote these walls.

2 Here let thy holy days be kept;
And be this place to worship given,
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

3 Here may thine honour dwell; and here,
As incense, let thy children's prayer,
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
Rise on the still and holy air.

4 Here be thy praise devoutly sung;
Here let thy truth beam forth to save,
As when, of old, thy spirit hung
On wings of light o'er Jordan's wave.

5 And when the lips, that with thy name
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
On others may devotion's flame
Be kindled here, and purely burn.

610. L. M. WILLIS.

1 THE perfect world by Adam trod,
Was the first temple—built by God;
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And raised its pillars, one by one.

2 He hung its starry roof on high—
The broad illimitable sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

3 The mountains in their places stood—
The sea, the sky—and "all was good;"
And, when its first pure praises rang,
The "morning stars together sang."

4 Lord! 'tis not ours to make the sea
And earth and sky a house for thee;
But in thy sight our offering stands,
An humbler temple, "made with hands."

611. L. M. Cowper.

1 OUR God, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat:
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

4 Behold at thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord;
Come thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.

5 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear:
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own.

612. L. M. Dyer.

Public Humiliation.

1 GREAT Framer of unnumbered worlds,
And whom unnumbered worlds adore!
Whose goodness all thy creatures share,
While nature trembles at thy power:

2 Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,
That wakes the wind, and lifts the sea;
And man, who moves the lord of earth,
Acts but the part assigned by thee.

3 While suppliant crowds implore thine aid,
To thee we raise the humble cry;
Thine altar is the contrite heart,
Thine incense, a repentant sigh.

4 O may our land in this her hour,
Confess thy hand, and bless the rod,
By penitence make thee her friend,
And find in thee a guardian God!

613. C. M. Anonymous.

1 WHEN Abram, full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And, with an humble fervent prayer,
For guilty Sodom sued;

2 With what success, what wondrous grace,
Was his petition crowned!
The Lord would spare, if in the place
Ten righteous men were found.

3 And could a single holy soul
So rich a boon obtain?
Great God, and shall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain?

4 Columbia, guilty, as she is,
Her numerous saints can boast;
And now their fervent prayers ascend,
And can those prayers be lost?

5 Are not the righteous dear to thee,
Now as in ancient times?
Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrah in its crimes?

6 Still are we thine, we bear thy name,
Here yet is thine abode;
Long hast thy presence blessed our land;
Forsake us not, O God.

614. L. M. 61. Kippis.

Thanks given for National Prosperity.

1 HOW rich thy gifts, almighty King!
From thee our public blessings spring:
The extended trade, the fruitful skies,
The treasures liberty bestows,
The eternal joys the gospel shows,
All from thy boundless goodness rise.

2 With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs.
Here still may God in mercy reign;
Crown our just counsels with success,
With peace and joy our borders bless,
And all our sacred rights maintain.

615. L. M. Rippon's Coll.

1 PRAISE to the Lord who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's prayer,
And, though deliverance long delay,
Answers in his well-chosen day.

2 Salvation doth to God belong;
His power and grace shall be our song;
The tribute of our love we bring
To thee, our Saviour and our King!

3 Our temples guarded from the flame,
Shall echo thy triumphant name;
And every peaceful private home
To thee a temple shall become.

4 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thine honoured sight;
Hence in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour to persevere.

616. L. M. Aikin.

In time of War.

1 WHILE sounds of war are heard around,
And death and ruin strow the ground;
To thee we look, on thee we call,
The Parent and the Lord of all.

2 Thou, who hast stamped on human kind
The image of a heaven-born mind,
And in a Father's wide embrace
Hast cherished all the kindred race;

3 Great God! whose powerful hand can bind
The raging waves, the furious wind,
O bid the human tempest cease,
And hush the maddening world to peace.

4 With reverence may each hostile land
Hear and obey that high command,
Thy Son's blest errand from above—
"My creatures, live in mutual love!"

617. C. M. Doddridge.

For a meeting of Ministers.

1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give;

Now let them, from the mouth of God,
Their solemn charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

3 All to the great tribunal haste,
The account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, how should we appear?

4 May they, that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

618. C. M. BROWNE.

For a Charitable Occasion.

1 O HOW can they look up to heaven,
And ask for mercy there,
Who never soothed the poor man's pang,
Nor dried the orphan's tear!

2 The dread Omnipotence of heaven
We every hour provoke,
Yet still the mercy of our God
Withholds the avenging stroke.

3 And Christ was still the healing friend
Of poverty and pain,
And never did imploring wretch
His garment touch in vain.

4 May we with humble effort take
Example from above,
And thence the active lesson learn
Of charity and love.

5 But chiefly be the labour ours
To shade the early plant;
To guard from ignorance and guilt
The infancy of want;

6 To graft the virtues, ere the bud
The canker worm has gnawed,
And teach the rescued child to lisp
Its gratitude to God.

619. L. M. Doddridge.

For the Beginning or End of the Year.

1 OUR helper, God! we bless his name;
The same his power, his grace the same:
The tokens of his friendly care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

2 We midst ten thousand dangers stand,
Supported by his guardian hand;
And see, when we survey our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far his arm hath led us on;
Thus far we make his mercy known;
And, while we tread this desert land,
New blessings shall new songs demand.

620. P. M. Wesley's Coll.

For a New Year.

1 COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear!

2 His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

3 Our life as a dream, our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

4 O that each in the day of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do."

5 O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word—
"Well and faithfully done! Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

621. 7s. Fawcett.

1 BLESS, O Lord, the opening year
To each soul assembled here;
Clothe thy word with power divine,
Make us willing to be thine.

2 Shepherd of thy blood-bought sheep!
Teach the stony heart to weep;
Let the blind have eyes to see,
See themselves, and look on thee!

3 Let the minds of all our youth
Feel the force of sacred truth;
While the gospel-call they hear,
May they learn to love and fear.

4 Show them what their ways have been,
Show them the desert of sin;
Then thy dying love reveal,
This shall melt a heart of steel.

5 Where thou hast thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run;
Scatter darkness, doubts and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears,

6 Bless us all, both old and young;
Call forth praise from every tongue;
Let the whole assembly prove
All thy power, and all thy love.

622. S. M. Beddome.

Purposes on beginning a New-Year.

1 OUR few revolving years,
How swift they glide away!
How short the term of life appears,
When past—but as a day!

2 A dark and cloudy day,
Clouded by grief and sin;
A host of enemies without,
Distressing fears within.

3 Lord, through another year
If thou permit our stay,
With diligence may we pursue
The true and living way!

623. 7s. J. Newton.

Uncertainty of Life. New-Year.

1 SEE! another year is gone!
Quickly have the seasons past!
This we enter now upon
Will to many prove their last.

Mercy hitherto has spared,
But have mercies been improved?
Let us ask, Are we prepared,
Should we be this year removed?

2 Some we now no longer see,
Who their mortal race have run,
Seemed as fair for life as we,
When the former year begun.
Some—but who God only knows—
Who are here assembled now,
Ere the present year shall close,
To the stroke of death must bow.

3 If from guilt and sin set free
By the knowledge of thy grace,
Welcome, then, the call will we
To depart and see thy face.
To thy saints while here below,
With new years new mercies come;
But the happiest year they know,
Is the last that leads them home.

624. L. M. Doddridge.

For the Opening or Closing the Year.

1 GREAT God! we sing that mighty hand
By which supported, still we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shows;
That mercy crowns it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And, peaceful, lay before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 Though death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

625. C. M. Browne.

Reflections at the Close of the Year.

1 AND now, our souls, another year
Of our short life is past:
We cannot long continue here;
And this may be our last.

2 Part of our doubtful life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift our fleeting moments run—
The few which yet remain!

3 Awake, our souls! with all our cares
Our true condition learn;
What are our hopes—how sure, how fair,
And what our great concern?

4 Now a new space of life begins,
Set out afresh for heaven:
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
Through Christ, so freely given.

5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

626. 8s & 7s. Bp. Horne.

Autumnal Warnings.

1 SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound:—

2 "Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread:
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead:

3 "What though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you:
Summer gives to autumn place.

4 "Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach this truth concerning,
Heaven and earth shall pass away."

5 On the tree of life eternal,
O let all our hopes be laid:
This alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

627. C. M. Christian Psalmist.

Thanks for an abundant Harvest.

1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love!
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine:
The plants in beauty grew:
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild, refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own and bless thy gracious sway;
Thy hand all nature hails;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

628. C. M. Anonymous.

Wedding Hymn.

1 SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast;
O Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy presence crown,
And bless their nuptial bands.

3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best;
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking each their share.

5 True helpers may they prove indeed,
In prayer, in faith, and hope,
And see with joy a goodly seed,
To build their household up.

6 As Isaac and Rebekah give
A pattern chaste and kind,
So may this married couple live;
And die in friendship join'd.

7 On every soul assembled here,
Now make thy face to shine;
Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer,
Than richest food or wine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

629. C. M. Bp. Heber.

Early Religion.

1 BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God!

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage!

5 O thou who giv'st us life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own!

630. L. M. Stennett.

1 HOW soft the words our Saviour speaks!
How kind the promises he makes!
A bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor will he quench the smoking flax.

2 The humble poor he won't despise,
Nor on the contrite sinner frown
His ear is open to their cries;
He quickly sends salvation down.

3 When piety, in early minds,
Like tender buds begins to shoot,
He guards the plants from threat'ning winds,
And ripens blossoms into fruit.

4 With humble souls he bears a part
In all the sorrows they endure:
Tender and gracious is his heart,
His promise is for ever sure.

5 He sees the struggles that prevail
Between the powers of grace and sin;
He kindly listens while they tell
The bitter pangs they feel within.

6 Though press'd with fears on every side,
They know not how the strife may end;
Yet he will soon the cause decide,
And judgment unto victory send.

631. C. M. Watts.

Advantages of early Religion.

1 HAPPY the child whose tender years
Receive instructions well;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

2 When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flower when offered in the bud
Is no vain sacrifice.

3 'Tis easier work if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
While sinners, who grow old in sin,
Are hardened in their crimes.

4 'Twill save us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.

5 To thee, almighty God! to thee
Our childhood we resign:
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

6 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ our youngest breath:
Thus, we're prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

632. C. M. Doddridge.

Young persons encouraged to seek Christ.

1 YE hearts with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 The soul that longs to see my face,
Is sure my love to gain;
And those that early seek my grace,
Shall never seek in vain.

3 What object, Lord, our souls should move,
If once compared with thee?
What beauty should command our love,
Like what in Christ we see?

4 Away, ye false delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here we fix our lasting choice,
And here true bliss we find.

633. C. M. Salisbury Coll.

Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

1 IN the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb;

2 Remember thy Creator, God;
For him thy powers employ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, thy joy.

3 He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of blest eternity.

4 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The path of heavenly truth:
The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than pure religious youth.

634. C. M. COWPER.

Prayer for Youth.

1 BESTOW, O Lord, upon our youth
The gift of saving grace,
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

3 Ye careless ones, oh, hear betimes
The voice of saving love!
Your youth is stained with num' rous crimes,
But mercy reigns above.

4 For you the public prayer is made;
Oh, join the public prayer!
For you the sacred tear is shed;
Oh, shed yourselves a tear!

5 We pray that you may early prove
The Saviour's quickening grace;
Too young you cannot taste his love,
Or seek his smiling face.

635. C. M. PRATT'S COLL.

Pleasure of instructing the Young.

1 BLEST work! the youthful mind to win,
And turn the rising race
From dark and dangerous paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

2 Children our kind protection claim;
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Redeemer love.

3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way
To guide untutored youth,
And show the mind which went astray
The way, the life, the truth!

4 Thy Spirit, Father! on us shed,
And bless this good design:
The honours of thy name be spread;
Be all the glory thine.

636. L. M. CAWOOD.

For Children.

1 IN Israel's fane, by silent night,
The lamp of God was burning bright;
And there, by viewless angels kept,
Samuel, the child, securely slept.

2 A voice unknown the stillness broke;
"Samuel!" it called, and thrice it spoke:
He rose; he asked whence came the word?
From Eli? No—it was the Lord.

3 Thus early called to serve his God,
In paths of righteousness he trod;
Prophetic visions fired his breast,
And all the chosen tribes were blest.

4 Speak, Lord! and, from our earliest days,
Incline our hearts to love thy ways;
Thy wakening voice hath reached our ears;
Speak, Lord, to us; thy servants hear.

637. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Old Age approaching.

1 ETERNAL God, enthron'd on high!
Whom angel hosts adore;
Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh;
Thy presence we implore.

2 O guide us down the steep of age,
And keep our passions cool;
Teach us to scan the sacred page,
And practise every rule.

3 Our flying years time urges on,
What's human must decay;
Our friends, our young companions, gone,
Can we expect to stay?

4 Ah! no—then smooth the mortal hour,
On thee our hope depends;
Support us with almighty power,
While dust to dust descends.

638. S. M. · MONTGOMERY.

For Sunday Schools.

1 WITHIN these walls be peace;
Love through our borders found;
In all our little palaces
Prosperity abound.

2 God regardeth humble things;
Here, though the proud despise,
The children of the King of kings
Are learning to be wise.

3 May none who thus are taught,
From glory be cast down,
But all through faith and patience brought
To an immortal crown.

639. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

1 BLEST is the man whose heart expands
At melting pity's call,
And the rich blessings of whose hands
Like heavenly manna fall.

2 Mercy descending from above,
In softest accents pleads;
O! may each tender bosom move
When mercy intercedes.

3 Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way
To guide untutor'd youth,
And lead the mind that went astray
To virtue and to truth.

4 Children our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his name
And their Creator love.

5 Delightful work, young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

6 Almighty God, thine influence shed,
To aid this good design:
The honours of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

640. C. M. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

For a blessing for Food.

1 FOUNTAIN of being, Source of good,
At whose almighty breath
The creature proves our bane or food,
Dispensing life or death.

2 Thee we address with humble fear;
Vouchsafe thy gifts to crown;
Father of all, thy children hear,
And send a blessing down.

3 O may our souls for ever pine
Thy grace to taste and see;
Athirst for righteousness divine,
And hungry after thee.

641. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Goodness of God in the Seasons.

1 GREAT God, at whose all-powerful call,
At first arose this beauteous frame,
Thou bidst the seasons change, and all
The changing seasons speak thy name.

2 Thy bounty bids the infant year,
From winter storms recovered, rise;
When thousand grateful scenes appear,
Fresh opening to our wondering eyes.

3 The new delight how great, to see
The earth in vernal beauty dressed,
While in each herb, and flower, and tree,
Thine opening bounty shines confessed.

4 Aloft, full beaming, reigns the sun,
And light and genial heat conveys;
And while he leads the seasons on,
From thee derives his quickening rays.

5 Indulgent God! from every part
Thy plenteous blessings largely flow;
We see; we taste; let every heart
With grateful love and duty glow.

642. C. M. Addison.

The Traveller's Hymn.

1 HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
They pass unhurt through burning climes,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 Thy mercy sweetens every soil,
Makes every region please;
The hoary frozen hills it warms,
And smooths the boisterous seas.

4 Though by the dreadful tempest tossed
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

5 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
And, praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

643. L. M. C. Wesley.

The Mariner's Hymn.

1 GLORY to thee, whose powerful word
Bids the tempestuous wind arise;
Glory to thee, the sovereign Lord
Of air, and earth, and seas, and skies!

2 Let air, and earth, and skies obey,
And seas thine awful will perform
From them we learn to own thy sway,
And shout to meet the gathering storm.

3 What though the floods lift up their voice
Thou hearest, Lord, our louder cry;
They cannot damp thy children's joys,
Or shake the soul when God is nigh.

4 Roar on, ye waves! our souls defy
Your roaring to disturb our rest;
In vain to impair the calm ye try,
The calm in a believer's breast.

644. L. M. 61. Anonymous.

LORD of the Sea!—thy potent sway
Old Ocean's wildest waves obey;
The gale that whistles through the shrouds,
The storm that drives the frighted clouds—
If but thy whisper order peace,
How soon their rude commotions cease!

2 Lord of the Sea!—the silent hour,
And deep, dull calm, confess thy power;
The sun that pours his welcome light,
The moon that makes the dark scene bright,
The guiding star, the favouring wind,
Display a good and sovereign mind.

3 Lord of the Sea!—the seamen keep
From all the dangers of the deep!
When high the white-capped billows rise,
When tempests roar along the skies,
When foes or shoals awaken fear—
O! in thy mercy be thou near!

4 Lord of the Sea!—when safe from harm,
The sailor rests in slumbers calm,
May dreams of home his spirit cheer,—
Dreams that shall never false appear;
May thoughts of friends, and peace, and thee
His solid consolations be!

5 Lord of the Sea!—a sea is life
Of care and sorrow, wo and strife!
With watchful pains we steer along,
To keep the right path, shun the wrong
God grant, that after all our roam,
We gain an everlasting home!

645. L. M. Rippon's Coll.

Deliverances.

1 WHAT hath God wrought! might Israel say,
When Jordan roll'd its tide away,
And gave a passage to their bands,
Safely to march across its sands.

2 What hath God wrought! might well be said
When Jesus, rising from the dead,
Scatter'd the shades of Pagan night,
And bless'd the nations with his light.

3 What hath God wrought! O blissful theme!
Are we redeem'd and call'd by him?
Shall we be led the desert through?
And safe arrive at glory too?

4 The news shall every harp employ,
Fill every tongue with rapt'rous joy,
When we shall join the heavenly throng,
To swell the triumph and the song?

646. C. M. Wesley Coll.

Relying on God in Time of Trial.

1 FATHER of lights, thy needful aid
To us that ask, impart;
Mistrustful of ourselves, afraid,
Of our own treacherous heart.

2 In spite of our resolves, we fear
Our own infirmity;
And, tremble at the trial near,
And cry, O God, to thee!

3 Our only help in danger's hour,
Our only strength thou art!
Above the world, and all its power,
And greater than our heart.

4 If on thy promised grace alone
We faithfully depend,
Thou surely wilt preserve thine own,
And keep us to the end.

647. C. M. Bishop Heber.

In Times of Distress and Danger.

1 OH God that madest the earth and sky,
The darkness and the day,
Give ear to this thy family,
And help us when we pray!
For wide the waves of bitterness
Around our vessel roar,
And heavy grows the pilot's heart,
To view the rocky shore!

2 The cross our Master bore for us,
For him we fain would bear;
But mortal strength to weakness turns,
And courage to despair!
Then mercy on our failings, Lord!
Our sinking faith renew!
And when his sorrows visit us,
Oh send his patience too.

648. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

Faith in God in Times of Scarcity.

1 SHOULD famine o'er the mourning field
Extend her desolating reign,
Nor spring her blooming beauties yield,
Nor autumn swell the fruitful grain:

2 Should lowing herds, and bleating sheep,
Around their famished master die;
And hope itself despairing weep,
While life deplores its last supply.

3 The God of our salvation lives;
Our nobler life he will sustain;
His word immortal vigour gives,
Nor shall our glorious hopes be vain.

649. C. M. Heginbotham.

Comfort in Sickness and Death.

1 WHEN sickness shakes the languid frame,
Each dazzling pleasure flies;
Phantoms of bliss no more obscure
Our long-deluded eyes.

2 The tottering frame of mortal life
Shall crumble into dust;
Nature shall faint—but learn, our souls,
On nature's God to trust.

3 The man whose pious heart is fixed
On his all-gracious God,
In every frown may comfort find,
And kiss the chastening rod.

4 Nor him shall death itself alarm;
On heaven his soul relies;
With joy he views his Maker's love,
And with compo sure dies.

650. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Memory of the past.

1 HOW blest is he whose tranquil mind,
When life declines, recalls again
The years that time has cast behind,
And reaps delight from toil and pain.

2 So when the transient storm is past,
The sudden gloom and driving shower,
The sweetest sunshine is the last;
The loveliest is the evening hour.

651. 7s. J. NEWTON.

At Parting.

1 AS the sun's enlivening eye
Shines on every place the same;
So the Lord is always nigh
To the souls that love his name.

2 When they move at duty's call,
He is with them by the way;
He is ever with them all,
Those who go, and those who stay.

3 From his holy mercy-seat
Nothing can their souls confine;
Still in spirit they may meet,
And in sweet communion join.

4 For a season called to part,
Let us then ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

5 Father, hear our humble prayer!
Tender shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

652. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

God, the everlasting Light of good men.

1 YE golden lamps of heaven! farewell,
With all your feeble light:
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale emp'ress of the night!

2 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of our divine abode,

The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where we shall reign with God.

3 The father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

4 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into our eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amid those brighter skies.

5 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in our songs unite;
And, each the bliss of all shall share
With infinite delight.

653. C. M. Christian Psalmist.

The Saints in Glory.

1 HOW bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

2 Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

3 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

4 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

5 The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

6 'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear:
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

DOXOLOGIES.

654. S. M. Watts.

TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all who dwell below the skies
Their grateful praises bring.

655. S. M. Anonymous.

TO heaven's eternal King
Who rules supreme alone,
Let all on earth their praises bring,
And worship round his throne.

656. S. M. Anonymous.

1 THY name, Almighty Lord!
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word,
Thy truth for ever stands.

2 Far be thine honour spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

657. C. M. Anonymous.

TO him who reigns in worlds of light,
The Eternal King of heaven,
Be honour, majesty, and might,
And praise and glory given.

658. C. M. Anonymous.

1 TO God, let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love;
All grateful honours paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

2 Thou art the first and thou the last,
Time centres all in thee:
The Almighty God, who was, and is,
And evermore shall be!

659. C. M. Anonymous.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, who reigns above,
Yet loves his courts below;
O praise him for his works of love,
And all his goodness show!

2 That God, in whom we live and move,
Let every creature sing;
All glory to their Maker give,
And homage to their King.

660. L. M. Bp. Kenn.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly choir;
Sing praise to heaven's eternal Sire.

661. L. M. Anonymous.

1 ONE general song of praise arise
To God, whose goodness ceaseless flows;
Who dwells enthroned beyond the skies,
And life and breath on all bestows.

2 O bow to God, all ye that live
Submissive to his holy will,
To God, eternal praises give,
And all his just commands fulfil.

662. L. M. Anonymous.

LET all with humble hearts adore
The bless'd, supreme, immortal Power:
To him may all our thoughts arise,
A pure and holy sacrifice.

663. 7s. Anonymous.

GRATEFUL notes and numbers bring
While Jehovah's praise we sing;
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be thy glorious name adored.

664. 11s. Anonymous.

COME, let us adore him, come, bow at his feet,
O give him the glory, the praise that is meet,
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

665. H. M. Anonymous.

GLORY to God on high!
For ever bless his name:
His wondrous love proclaim.
To him be praise | By all on earth
And glory given | And all in heaven.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

1. 8s, 8s & 6s. ANONYMOUS.

The Beauty and Glory of Religion.

1 SOFT are the fruitful showers that bring
The welcome promise of the spring,
And soft the vernal gale:
Sweet the wild warblings of the grove,
The voice of nature and of love,
That gladden every vale.

2 But softer in the mourner's ear
Sounds the mild voice of mercy near,
That whispers sins forgiven;
And sweeter far the music swells,
When to the raptured soul she tells
Of peace and promised heaven.

3 Fair are the flowers that deck the ground,
And groves and gardens blooming round,
Unnumbered charms unfold:
Bright is the sun's meridian ray,
And bright the beams of setting day,
That robe the clouds in gold.

4 But far more fair the pious breast,
In richer robes of goodness dress'd,
Where heaven's own graces shine;
And brighter far the prospects rise
That burst on faith's delighted eyes,
From glories all divine.

2. 8s, 8s & 6s. BLACKLOCK.

Benevolence.

1 HAIL, Source of pleasure ever new!
While thy kind dictates we pursue,
We taste a joy sincere;
Too high for little minds to know,
Who on themselves alone bestow
Their wishes and their care.

2 By thee inspired, the generous breast,
In blessing others only blest,
With kindness large and free,
Delights the widow's tears to stay,
To teach the blind their smoothest way,
And aid the feeble knee.

O God! with sympathetic care,
In others' joys and griefs to share,
Do thou our hearts incline;
Each low, each selfish wish control,
Warm with benevolence each soul,
And make us wholly thine.

3. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Joy in the Holy Spirit.

1 OUR souls do magnify the Lord,
Our spirits do rejoice,
In him our Saviour and our God;
We hear his joyful voice.

We need not go abroad for joy,
We have a feast at home,
Our sighs are turned into songs,
The comforter is come.

3 Down from above the blessed Dove
Is come into each breast,
To witness God's eternal love;
This is our heavenly feast.

4 This makes us Abba Father cry,
With confidence of soul;
It makes us cry, our Lord, our God,
And that without control.

5 There is a stream which issues forth
From God's eternal throne,
And from the Lamb a living stream,
Clear as the crystal stone.

4. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Rock.

1 WE'VE found the rock the travellers cried,
O Halla Hallelujah,
The stone that all the prophets tried;
O Halla Hallelujah.

Come children drink the balmy dew,
O Halla Hallelujah,
'Twas Christ that shed his blood for you,
O Halla Hallelujah.

2 This costly mixture cures the soul,
Which sin and guilt had made so foul;
O that you would believe in God,
And wash in Christ's most precious blood.

3 Here 's glory, glory in each soul,
Come mourner feel the current roll;
Welcome dear friends, 'tis known to-night,
It shines around with dazzling light.

4 And in this light we'll soar away,
Where there 's no night but open day;
O children, children, bear the cross,
And count the world below as dross.

5. 5s, 5s & 11s. ANONYMOUS.

The Lord will Provide.

1 YE tried sons of God,
Ye still shall have food,
Your trials and sorrows shall all work for good.

2 In Jesus confide,
He'll always provide;
You never can want when the Lord 's on your side.

3 Look through the dark cloud,
To God cry aloud,
Who knows when and how to supply you with food.

4 He views all your cares,
He sees all your tears,
And when help is wanted, he always appears.

5 He formed us anew,
And all things will do;
And we shall see wonders the wilderness thro'.

6 He comes from above,
With blessings of love,
And we shall for ever his faithfulness prove.

6. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Fear Not.

1 YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears,
Be mercy all your theme;

Mercy, which like a river flows
In one continued stream.

2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell;
God will these powers restrain;
His mighty arm their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 Fear not the want of outward good,
He will for his provide;
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heaven beside.

4 Fear not that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone;
He 's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.

5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting;
He will from sin and wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.

6 You in his wisdom, power, and grace,
May confidently trust;
His wisdom guides, his power protects
His grace rewards the just.

7. 7s & 6s. ANONYMOUS.

The Jewels of the Lord.

1 YE jewels of our Master,
Who shine with heavenly rays,
Amid the beams of glory,
Reflect immortal blaze.
Ye diamonds of beauty,
With pleasing lustre crowned;
Of heavenly extraction,
To Zion's city bound.

2 When we beheld your order,
And harmony of soul,
And heard divinest numbers
In pure devotion roll,
And gems immortal glowing
With such enlivening grace,
We viewed the Saviour's image,
Impressed on every face.

3 Speak often to each other,
To cheer the fainting mind;

And often be your voices
In pure devotion joined;
Though trials may await you,
The crown before you lies;
Take courage, brother pilgrims,
And soon you'll win the prize.

4 Ye shall be mine says Jesus,
In that auspicious day,
When I make up my jewels,
Released from cumb'rous clay;
He'll polish and refine you,
From worthless dross and tin,
And to his heavenly kingdom,
Will bid you enter in.

5 On that important morning,
When bursting thunders sound,
And nimble lightnings waving,
Shall wing the gloom profound;
Lift up your heads rejoicing,
And clap your joyful hands;
Lo, you're redeemed for ever,
From death's corrupted bands.

6 As Aaron with his girdle,
In shining jewels dress'd,
Bore all the tribes of Israel
Inscribed upon his breast;
So will the Priest of Zion,
Before the Father's throne,
Present the heirs of glory,
And God the kindred own.

7 The golden bells will echo
Around the sacred hill;
And sweet immortal anthems
The vocal regions fill;
In everlasting beauty,
The shining millions stand,
Safe on the Rock of ages,
Amid the promised land.

8 We'll range the wide dominion
Of our Redeemer round,
And in dissolving raptures
Be lost in love profound;
While all the flaming harpers
Begin the lasting song,

With hallelujahs rolling
From the unnumbered throng.

8. 8s & 7s. ANONYMOUS.

Mourning Souls.

1 POOR mourning souls in deep distress,
Making sad lamentation,
Find themselves lost in wickedness,
And under condemnation;
While thunderbolts from Sinai's mount,
Do sound with loudest terror,
They feel as naught in God's account—
Are drowned in grief and sorrow.

2 How can we live, how can we breathe,
Under this sore temptation,
Conclude our day of grace is o'er;
Lord, hear our lamentation,
For we are weary of our life,
Of pains and bitter crying;
Our wants are great, our minds in strait,
Our spirits almost dying.

3 But who is he that looketh forth,
Sweet as the blooming morning,
Fair as the moon, clear as the sun,
'Tis Jesus Christ adorning.
Jesus can clothe each naked soul;
Jesus for us hath died,
And now we can with pleasure sing,
Our wants are all supplied.

9. 8s & 7s. ANONYMOUS.

Christian Union.

1 OUR souls in love together knit,
Cemented, joined in one,
One heart, one voice, one faith, one mind,
'Tis heaven on earth begun.
Our hearts did burn while Jesus spake,
And glowed with sacred fire;
He stooped, and talked, and kindly blessed,
And filled our large desire.

CHORUS.

A Saviour! let creation sing,
A Saviour! let all heaven ring,
He 's all with us, we feel him ours,

His fulness in our souls he pours;
'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er;
We're following those who've gone before;
We soon shall reach the blissful shore,
There we shall meet to part no more.

2 We're soldiers fighting for our God,
Let trembling cowards fly;
We'll stand unshaken, firm, and bold,
For Christ to live and die,
Let devils rage and hell assail,
We'll fight our passage through;
Though foes increase, and friends desert,
We'll seize the crown in view.

3 The little cloud increases fast,
In heaven are signs of rain;
We wait to feel the heavenly shower,
And all its moisture drain.
A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
Till glides a heavenly flood;
The earth awake, the nations shake,
Till all shall praise our God.

4 When thou thy jewels shall make up,
And set the starry crown,
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaimed by thee thine own,
May we, a little band of love,
Be children saved by grace;
From glory into glory changed,
Behold thee face to face.

10. 8s & 7s. ANONYMOUS.

1 COME, my Christian friends and brethren,
Bound for Canaan's happy land,
Come unite and walk together,
Christ the Saviour gives command.

2 Lay aside this party spirit,
Slight your Christian friends no more,
Come unite through Jesus' merit,
Zion's peace again restore.

3 We'll not bind a brother's conscience,
This to God alone is free,
Nor contend for non-essentials,
But in Christ united be.

4 Here's the word, the grand criterion,
This shall all our doctrine prove:
Christ the centre of our union,
And the bond is Christian love.

5 Here our hands, our hearts and spirit,
Now in fellowship we give;
Now we'll love, and peace inherit,
Show the world how Christians live.

6 Now we'll join in sweet communion,
Round the table of our Lord;
Lord confirm our Christian union,
By thy spirit and thy word.

7 Happy day! O joyful hour,
Thank the Lord, his name we bless;
Send thy word, my Lord, with power,
Fill the world with righteousness.

11. H. M. ANONYMOUS.

1 BEHOLD, how good a thing
It is to dwell in peace!
How pleasing to our King
This fruit of righteousness
When brethren all in one agree:
Who knows the joys of unity!

2 When all are sweetly joined,
(True followers of the Lamb,)
The same in heart and mind,
And think and speak the same,
And all in love together dwell;
The comfort is unspeakable.

3 Where unity takes place,
The joys of heaven we prove:
This is the gospel grace,
The unction from above,
The Spirit on all believers shed,
Descending swift from Christ our Head.

4 In him when brethren join,
And follow after peace,
The fellowship divine
He promises to bless;
He fills them with his choicest store,
He gives them life for ever more.

12. C. M. Anonymous.

1 ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by his grace,
And bids us each to each restored,
Together seek his face.

2 He bids us build each other up,
And gathered into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope,
We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which he on one bestows,
We all delight to prove,
The grace through every vessel flows,
In purest streams of love.

4 E'en now we think and speak the same,
And cordially agree,
United all, through Jesus' name
In perfect harmony.

5 We all partake the joy of one,
The common peace we feel;
A peace to sensual minds unknown
A joy unspeakable.

6 And if our fellowship below,
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know,
When round his throne we meet.

13. 8s. Anonymous.

1 FROM whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquered by love!
It fastens our souls in such ties,
That nature and time can't remove;
It could not in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a paradise lost,
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it has cost.

2 Our friends are indeed to us dear,
Our hearts are united in love,
Where Christ is we soon shall appear,
In yonder blest mansion above;
O! why so unwilling to part,
Since there we shall all meet again?
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
At a distance we cannot remain.

3 And when we shall see that bright day,
United with angels above,
No longer confined to our clay,
O'erwhelmed in the ocean of love,
O ! then with our Jesus we'll reign,
And all his bright glories shall see,
And sing Alleluia, amen,
Amen, even so, let it be.

14. 8s, 8s, 8s, 8s & 7s. ANONYMOUS.

ATTEND, ye saints, and hear us tell
The wonders of Immanuel,
Who saved us from a burning hell,
And brought our souls with him to dwell,
And gave us heavenly union.

2 When Jesus saw us from on high,
Beheld our souls in ruin lie,
He looked on us with pitying eye,
And said to us as he passed by,
"With God you have no union."

3 Then we began to weep and cry,
And looked this way and that, to fly,
It grieved us so that we must die ;
We strove salvation for to buy :
But still we had no union.

4 But when we hated all our sin,
Our dear Redeemer took us in,
And with his blood he washed us clean ;
And oh ! what seasons we have seen
Since first we felt this union.

5 We praised the Lord both night and day,
And went from house to house to pray,
And if we met one on the way,
We found we'd something still to say
About this heavenly union.

6 We now with saints can join to sing,
And mount on faith's triumphant wing,
And make the heavenly arches ring
With loud hosannas to our King,
Who brought our souls to union.

7 O come backsliders, come away,
And learn to do as well as say,

And learn to watch as well as pray,
And bear your cross from day to day
And then you'll feel this union.

5 We soon shall leave all things below,
And quit these climes of pain and wo,
And then we'll all to glory go,
And then we'll see, and hear, and know
And feel a perfect union.

15. 7s. Anonymous.

1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of Peace:
Bid our jars for ever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove;
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear:
To thy church the pattern give;
Show how true believers live.

5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.

16. L. M. Anonymous.

Tranquillity.

1 AWAY our doubts, begone each fear,
The wonders of the Lord appear,
The wonders which our Saviour wrought;
O how delightful is the thought!

2 The wonders of redeeming love,
When first our hearts were drawn above;
When first we saw our Saviour's face,
And triumphed in his pard'ning grace.

3 Long had we mourned like one forgot,
Long had our souls for comfort sought,

Jesus was witness to our tears,
And Jesus sweetly calmed our fears.

4 He cleansed our souls, he changed our dress
And clothed us with his righteousness;
He spake at once our sins forgiven,
And we rejoiced as if in heaven.

5 The world with all its pomp withdrew,
And was as nothing in our view;
Redeeming grace was all our theme,
And life appeared an idle dream.

6 These are the wonders we record,
The marv'lous goodness of the Lord;
O for a tongue to speak his praise,
To tell the triumphs of his grace!

17. 6s & 4s. ANONYMOUS.

Gospel Invitations.

1 O CARELESS sinners come,
Pray now attend,
This world is not your home,
It soon will end:
Jehovah calls aloud,
Forsake the thoughtless crowd,
Pursue the road to God,
And happy be.

2 No happiness you'll find,
While thus you go,
No peace unto your mind,
But pain and wo:
Attend you every day,
While far from God you stray,
O sinners come away,
And ever live.

3 But if you will refuse,
Down, down you'll go,
And with the wicked choose
The road to wo;
Alas, how can you slight
The rays of gospel light,
And sink in endless night,
Where silence reigns.

4 We look on you again,
And hoping say,
Why wont you leave your sin,
And come away
From Satan's cruel power,
And live for evermore,
And bless the joyful hour
That life begun.

5 All hail, we welcome then
Your happy flight
From Kedar's tents of sin,
To glory bright;
We'll travel on with you,
And bid this world adieu,
And endless joys pursue,
Till all is ours.

6 There we will range around
The blissful plains,
Where pleasure has no bound,
And glory reigns;
We 'll fall at Jesus' feet,
Where joys are all complete,
And blissful raptures meet
For evermore.

18. 8s, 7s & 4s. ANONYMOUS.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus, ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power:
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify,
True belief and true repentance,
Will not fail to bring you nigh;
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requires,
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies:
"It is finish'd;"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

5 Lo! the Son of God ascending
To his Father and our God;
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good.

6 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven,
Sweetly echo with his name;
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

19. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Invitation to the Youth.

1 YOUNG people all, attention give,
While we address you in God's name;
You who in sin and folly live,
Come hear the counsel of your friend.
We've sought for bliss in glitt'ring toys,
And rang'd the 'luring scenes of vice;
But never knew substantial joys,
Till we obey'd our Saviour's voice.

2 He spake at once our sins forgiv'n,
And wash'd our load of guilt away;
He gave us glory, peace, and heaven,
And thus we found the heavenly way.
And now, with trembling sense, we view
Huge billows roll beneath our feet;
For death and judgment wait for you,
Who slight the force of gospel truth.

3 Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone,
By fleeting time, or conquering death;
Your morning sun may set at noon,
And leave you ever in the dark.

Your sparkling eyes, and blooming cheeks,
Must wither like the blasted rose;
The coffin, earth, and winding sheet,
Will soon your active limbs enclose.

4 Ye heedless ones that wildly stroll,
The grave will soon become your bed,
Where darkness reigns, and vapours roll
In solemn silence round your head.
Your friends will pass the lonesome place,
And with a sigh move slow along,
Still gazing on the spires of grass
With which your graves are overgrown.

5 O! careless youth think on the state
Of all, who do free grace refuse;
For soon with you 'twill be too late
The way of life in Christ to choose.
Come, lay your carnal weapons by,
No longer fight against your God;
But with the gospel now comply,
And heaven shall be your great reward.

20. P. M. ANONYMOUS.

1 WITH singing we praise
The original grace,
By our heavenly Father bestow'd
Our being receive
From his bounty, and live
To the honour and glory of God.

2 For thy glory we were
Created to share,
Both the nature and kingdom divine!
Created again
That our souls may remain
In time and eternity thine.

3 With thanks we approve
The design of thy love,
Which hath join'd us in Jesus' name;
So united in heart,
That we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

4 Hallelujah we sing,
To our Father and King,

And his rapturous praises repeat;
To the Lamb that was slain,
Hallelujah again,
Sing all heaven and fall at his feet!

21. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

1 WE'RE glad we ever saw the day
We met to sing, and preach, and pray;
Here 's glory, glory in each soul,
Which makes us praise our Lord so bold.

2 Lord keep us safe while passing through,
And fill our souls with meekness too;
Redeeming grace that pleasing song,
We'll sing as we do pass along.

3 We hope to praise him when we rise,
And shout salvation through the skies;
Sing glory, glory in the air,
Meet all our Father's children there.

22. P. M. ANONYMOUS.

Social Worship.

1 YE happy children who follow Jesus,
Into the house of prayer and praise,
Who are join'd in union while love increases
Resolv'd this way to spend your days;

Although we are hated by the world and Satan,
And flesh, and such as know not God,
Yet happy moments and joyful seasons,
We oft times find on Canaan's road.

2 Whilst we've been waiting on lovely Jesus,
We've felt some streams coming from above,
Our hearts have burned with holy raptures.
We long to be absorb'd in love;
Then let us hold fast what is given,
And trust in God for time to come,
Sure we shall find our way to heaven,
So farewell brethren, we're going home.

23. 7s & 6s. ANONYMOUS

Longing for Heaven.

1 O WHEN shall we see Jesus,
And reign with him above;

And from that flowing fountain
Drink everlasting love?
When shall we be deliver'd
From this vain world of sin,
And with our blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now we are his soldiers,
Our Captain 's gone before,
He 's given us our orders,
And bid us not give o'er;
If we continue faithful
A righteous crown he 'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace we are determin'd,
To conquer, though we die;
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love, we'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
We'll bid you all adieu;
And O dear friends be faithful,
And on your way pursue.

24. 8s & 7s. ANONYMOUS.

Blind Bartimeus.

1 MERCY, O thou Son of David!
Thus blind Bartimeus prayed;
Many by thy grace are saved,
O wilt thou vouchsafe thine aid.

2 For his crying many chid him,
But he cried the louder still,
Till his gracious Saviour bid him
Come, and ask me what you will.

3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging us'd to live;
But he ask'd, and Jesus granted
Alms which none but Christ could give.

4 Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Turn our darkness into day;
Straight he saw and drawn by kindness,
Follow'd Jesus in the way.

5 Now methinks we hear him praising,
Publishing to all around;

Friends is not our case amazing?
What a Saviour we have found!

6 O that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advis'd by me;
Surely they would come unto him,
He would cause them all to see.

25. 7s. ANONYMOUS.

The unconverted Thief.

1 JESUS CHRIST has power alone
To subdue a heart of stone;
And the moment grace is felt,
Then the hardest heart will melt.

2 When the Lord was crucified,
Two transgressors with him died;
One with vile blasphemous tongue
Scoff'd at Jesus as he hung.

3 Thus he spent his wicked breath,
In the very jaws of death;
Perish'd as too many do,
With a Saviour in their view.

4 But the other, touch'd with grace,
Saw the danger of his case;
Faith receiv'd to own his Lord,
Whom the Scribes and priests abhorr'd.

5 Lord, he prayed, remember me,
When in glory thou shalt be;
Soon with me, the Lord replies,
Thou shalt be in paradise.

6 This was wond'rous grace indeed,
Grace vouchsaf'd in time of need;
Sinners trust in Jesus' name,
You will find him still the same.

7 But beware of unbelief,
Think upon the harden'd thief!
If the gospel you disdain,
Christ to you has died in vain.

26. 11s. ANONYMOUS.

The Supper.

1 A FOUNTAIN in Jesus, which runs always free,
For washing and cleansing such sinners as we;

Our sins, though like crimson, made white as
the wool,
No lack in the fountain, but always is full.

2 All things are now ready, he invites us to
come,
The supper is made by the Father and Son;
Rich bounties, rich dainties, here we may re-
ceive,
A living for ever, if we will believe.

3 The guests which were bidden refused the
For they were not ready nor willing at all, [call,
To be stripped of their honour, and part with
their store, [poor.
For a feast that was given and made for the

4 If they are not ready and wish to delay,
My house shall be filled, the Father doth say;
The highways and hedges, the halt and the
blind, [mine.
Shall come and be welcome, the supper is

5 He decks us with jewels, and rings of rich
kind,
A garment not woven, but richly refined;
Redeemed by Jesus, made heirs with their
King,
A plan of the Father in glory to sing.

27. 8s & 7s. ROBINSON.

Grateful Recollections.

1 COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune our hearts to sing thy grace!
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach us some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, O fix us on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

3 Here we raise our Ebenezer,
Hither by thy grace we're come;
And, we hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought us when as strangers,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to save our souls from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

5 Oh! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily we're constrained to be;
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind our wandering souls to thee.

6 Prone to wander, Lord, we feel it,
Prone to leave the God of love;
Here's the heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

28. 8s & 7s. ANONYMOUS.

Expostulation.

1 NOW the Saviour stands a pleading,
At the sinner's bolted heart;
Now in heaven he's interceding,
Undertaking sinners' part.

CHORUS.

Sinners, can you hate this Saviour?
Will you thrust him from your arms?
Once he died for your behaviour,
Now he calls you to his charms.

2 O be wise before you languish
On the bed of dying strife!
Endless joy, or dreadful anguish,
Turn upon th' events of life.

3 Now he's waiting to be gracious,
Now he stands and looks on thee;
See what kindness, love and pity,
Shines around on you and me.

4 Open now your hearts before him,
Bid the Saviour welcome in;
Now receive, and O adore him!
Take a full discharge from sin.

5 Come, for all things now are ready,
Yet there's room for many more;
O ye blind, ye lame and needy,
Come to wisdom's boundless store.

29. 8s & 7s. ANONYMOUS.

The Bible.

1 PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford;
All we want for life or pleasure,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword.
Let the world account us poor,
Having this, we need no more.

2 Food to which the world's a stranger,
Here the hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger,
Though it fills, it never cloys
On a living Christ we feed,
He is meat and drink indeed!

3 When our souls are faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds our minds,
Cordials to revive us quickly,
Healing med'cines here we find.
To the promises we flee,
Each affords a remedy.

4 Shall we envy then the miser,
Doting on his golden store?
Sure we are, or should be wiser,
We are rich, 'tis he is poor.
Jesus gives us in his word,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword.

30. 7s & 6s. ANONYMOUS.

The Good Physician.

1 HOW lost was our condition,
Till Jesus made us whole!
There is but one Physician
Can cure the sin-sick soul.
Next door to death he found us,
And snatched us from the grave,
To tell to all around us
His wondrous power to save.

2 The worst of all diseases
Is light compared to sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within.

'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness, all combin'd
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.

3 O then this great Physician,
(How matchless is his grace!
Accepted our petition,
And undertook our case.
First gave us sight to view him,
For sin our eyes had sealed;
Then bade us look unto him;
We looked, and we were healed.

4 A risen living Jesus,
Seen by an eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
Come then to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only look and live.

31. H. M. ANONYMOUS.

Strength from Heaven.

1 BY whom was David taught
To aim the dreadful blow,
When he Goliah fought,
And laid the Gittite low?
No sword or spear the stripling took,
But chose a pebble from the brook.

2 'Twas Israel's God and King
Who sent him to the fight,
Who gave him strength to sling,
And skill to aim aright.
Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,
Because young David's God is yours.

3 Who ordered Gideon forth,
To storm the invader's camp,
With arms of little worth,
A pitcher and a lamp?
The trumpet made his coming known,
And all the host was overthrown.

4 Oh! we have seen the day,
When with a single word,
(God helping us to say,

Our trust is in the Lord,)
Our souls have quelled a thousand foes,
Fearless of all that could oppose.

5 But unbelief, self-will,
Self-righteousness and pride,
How often do they steal
Our weapons from our side!
Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's friend,
Will help his servants to the end.

32. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

In me ye shall have peace.

1 YE saints, attend the Saviour's voice,
Spoke in his word of grace;
He says, and in it O rejoice!
In me ye shall have peace.

2 Tho' storms and tempests round you roar,
And foes and fears increase;
He says, and what could he say more?
In me ye shall have peace.

3 What though affliction still abound,
Nor do temptations cease;
He says, and O how sweet the sound!
In me ye shall have peace.

4 What though your hearts with sorrow bleed,
And sighs and tears increase;
He says, and O 'tis true indeed!
In me ye shall have peace.

5 Though you shall pass through death's cold flood,
To gain your wished release;
He says, and sure he'll make it good;
In me ye shall have peace.

33. 10s & 11s. ANONYMOUS.

We will trust and not be afraid.

1 BEGONE, unbelief, our Saviour is near,
And for our relief will surely appear:
By prayer let us wrestle, and he will perform;
With Christ in the vessel, we smile at the storm.

2 Tho' dark be our way, since he is our guide,
'Tis ours to obey, 'tis his to provide;
Tho' cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word he hath spoken will surely prevail.

3 His love in time past forbids us to think
He'll leave us at last in troubles to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer we have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help us quite through.

4 Being willing to save, he watched o'er our path, [death;
When, Satan's blind slaves, we sported with
And can he have taught us to trust in his name,
And thus far have brought us to put us to shame?

5 Why should we complain of want or distress;
Temptations or pain? He told us no less;
The heirs of salvation, we know from his word, [Lord.
Through much tribulation must follow their

6 How bitter the cup, no heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up, that sinners might live! [mine;
His way was much rougher and darker than
Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall we repine?

7 Since all that we meet shall work for our good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;
Tho' painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song!

34. 8s, 8s & 6s. ANONYMOUS.

Regeneration.

1 WAKED by the gospel's powerful sound,
Our souls in sin and thrall we found,
Exposed to dreadful wo;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
The sinner must be born again,
Or down to ruin go.

2 God's justice then we did behold,
And guilt lay heavy on each soul,
It was a dreadful load:
This solemn truth did still remain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or feel the wrath of God.

3 We heard some tell how Christ did give
His life to let the sinner live,
But him we could not see;
We read the Bible, it was plain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or die eternally.

4 But as our souls with dying breath,
Lay sighing in our sin and death,
Christ Jesus we did see;
Free grace and pardon he proclaimed,
We trust we then were born again,
In gospel liberty.

5 Now with the saints we'll join to tell
How Jesus saved our souls from hell,
To sing redeeming love;
Ascribe the glory to the Lamb,
The sinner now is born again,
To dwell with Christ above.

35. H. M. ANONYMOUS.

Christian Salutation.

1 PEACE be unto this house,
The Son of Peace draw near:
But has our Master's Son
A tabernacle here?
If so, then we will here remain,
If not, adieu, we'll go again.

2 Our Master sent us here,
His Son a bride to find.
If to him you appear,
If to him you are kind;
If so, come go with us to-day
If not, we'll go another way.

3 Lord, send thy Spirit forth,
Incline the heart also;
Lord, grant Rebecca's voice,
I with the man will go;
'Twould make thy servants all rejoice,
To hear one speak with such a voice.

36. P. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Lord is in his Garden.

1 THE Lord into his garden comes;
The spices yield a rich perfume,

The lilies grow and thrive:
Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flow to every vine,
Which makes the dead revive.

2 We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the shining throne,
From Jesus' grace on high;
It comes like floods we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet for more we cry.

But when we come to reign above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply;
Jesus will lead his armies through,
To living fountains where they flow,
Which never will run dry.

4 There we will reign, and shout and sing,
And make the upper regions ring
When all the saints get home;
Come on, come on, my brethren dear
Soon we shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

5 Amen, amen, each soul replies,
We're bound to meet him in the skies,
And claim our mansion there:
Now here's our heart, now here's our hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

6 There on that peaceful happy shore,
We'll sing and shout our sufferings o'er,
In sweet redeeming love:
We'll shout and praise our conquering King,
Who died himself, that he might bring
Us rebels near to God.

37. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Way.

1 JESUS our all to heaven is gone,
He whom we fix our hope upon;
His track we see, and we'll pursue
The narrow way, till him we view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment

The king's highway of holiness
We'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way we long have sought,
And mourned because we found it not;
Our grief, our burden long has been,
Because we were not freed from sin.

4 The more we strove against its power,
We felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late we heard our Saviour say,
"Come hither, souls, I AM THE WAY."

5 Now will we tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour we have found,
We'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "BEHOLD THE WAY TO GOD."

38. 11s. ANONYMOUS.

Precious Promises.

1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word;
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land or the sea,
As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever be.

3 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
I now am thy God and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.

4 When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of wo shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flames shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

6 E'en down to old age all my people shall prove,
Impartial, eternal, unchangeable love; [adorn,
And, when hoary hairs shall their temples
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes; [shake,
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

39. P. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Impartial Song.

1 THE great God of love has shown us the way,
And taught us the impartial song;
The Spirit is come, and the work is begun,
And we all are united in one.

2 Now sin begins to die, grace gains the victory,
And pride falls a prey to the ground:
We lift up our heads as we rise from the dead,
And the glory of God shines around.

3 Salvation we see for all is most free;
The members of Christ are all one;
We'll march uniform, and with courage face
In the battle our Saviour's begun. [the storm,

4 United in one the race we will run,
Press forward by faith without fear;
Such glory pursue, as the world never knew,
Never will till the gospel they hear.

5 Now let us be true, our journey pursue,
Toward heaven our glorious home;
Press on by the word Christ left on record.
Singing glory to Jesus—Amen.

40. 10s & 11s. ANONYMOUS.

The Christian's Warrant.

1 THO' troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Tho' friends all should fail and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us whatever betide,
The promise assures us, *the Lord will provide.*

2 The birds without barn or store-house are fed,
From them let us learn to trust in our Head;
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as it's written, *the Lord will provide.*

3 His call we'll obey like Abraham of old,
We know not the way, but faith makes us bold;
For tho' we are strangers, we have a sure guide,
And trust in all dangers, *the Lord will provide.*

4 When Satan appears to stop up the path,
And fills us with fears, we'll triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us (tho' oft he has tried)
This heart-cheering promise, *the Lord will provide.*

5 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions, *the Lord will provide.*

6 No strength of our own goodness we claim,
Our trust is all thrown over Jesus' own name;
In this our strong tower for safety we hide,
The Lord is our power, *the Lord will provide.*

7 When life sinks apace and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us thro';
Nor fearing, nor doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, *the Lord will provide.*

41. 6s & 9s. ANONYMOUS.

The Happy Convert.

1 O HOW happy are they,
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above;
Tongue can never express,
The sweet comfort and peace,
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favour divine,
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
What at first I believed,
When a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus' name.

3 'Twas a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know;
And the angels could do nothing more,

Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long,
Was my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation might see.
He hath lov'd me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love,
I was carried above
All my sin, and temptation, and pain;
And I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 I then rode on the sky,
Freely justified I;
Nor did envy Elijah his seat;
My glad soul mounted higher,
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

7 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood;
Of my Saviour possess'd,
I was perfectly blest,
And was filled with the fulness of God.

42. 8s, 8s & 6s. ANONYMOUS.

The spread of the Gospel.

1 COME, brethren, let us join and sing,
The growing empire of our King,
Who spilt his precious blood;
His life a ransom gave for all,
That he might save our souls from thrall,
And bring us home to God.

2 He rides victorious through the land,
His saints rejoice, his heralds stand,
And they aloud do call;
Sinners repent, to Jesus fly,
While he in mercy passes by,
And offers grace to all.

3 The wilderness doth sweetly ring,
With prayers and praises to the King,
Who sits on Zion's hill;
The towns and cities hear the voice,
The sinners mourn, the saints rejoice,
With praise our hearts are fill'd.

4 Ride on all-conquering King, ride on,
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,
Let heaven and earth agree,
To sound aloud thy worthy fame,
Till all our souls shall be on flame,
To rise and reign with thee.

43. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

A Dialogue on the Children of God.

1 WHAT poor despised company,
Of travellers are these;
Who walk in yonder narrow way,
Along the rugged maze?

2 Ah, these are of a royal line,
All children of a King;
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And lo, for joy they sing.

3 Why do they then appear so mean?
And why so much despis'd?
Because of their rich robes unseen,
The world is not appriz'd.

4 But some of them seem poor distress'd,
And lacking daily bread;
Ah! they're of boundless wealth possess'd,
With hidden manna fed.

5 But why keep they that narrow road,
That rugged thorny maze?
Why that's the way their leader trod,
They love and keep his ways.

6 Why must they shun the pleasant path,
That worldlings love so well?
Because that is the road to death,
The open road to hell.

7 What is there then no other road,
To Salem's happy ground?
Christ is the only way to God,
None other can be found.

44. 8s, 8s & 6s. Anonymous.

Excitement to Duty.

1 WHENE'ER we look into the word,
And read about our dearest Lord,
The friend of sinful man;
And trace our Saviour's footsteps there,
What humble love, what holy fear,
Through all his conduct ran!

2 And when we view his love to God,
Those steps in which the Saviour trod,
We long to tread them too;
We long to be inspir'd by zeal,
To execute our Father's will,
As Jesus us'd to do.

3 We read that he, on duty bent,
To lonely places often went,
To seek his Father there;
The early morn and dewy ground,
Can witness they the Saviour found,
Engag'd in fervent prayer.

4 And did our Saviour use to pray,
Before the light unveil'd the day,
And shall we backward be?
No, dearest Lord, forbid the thought,
Help us to fight as Jesus fought,
Each foe that we do see.

5 And now, dear friends, who love his name,
Who love to imitate the Lamb,
And more of Jesus know;
Come let us all surround his throne,
And see what blessings on his own,
Our Saviour will bestow.

45. 5s & 6s. Anonymous.

Victory over the World.

1 O tell us no more
Of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles
With us now is o'er.

2 A country we've found,
Where true joys abound;

To dwell we're determined
On this happy ground.

3 Our souls don't delay,
He calls us away,
Rise, follow the Saviour,
And bless the glad day.

4 No mortal doth know
What Christ can bestow;
What light, strength, and comfort;
Go after him, go.

5 Great spoils we shall win
From death, hell, and sin,
'Midst outward afflictions
Shall feel Christ within.

6 And when we're to die,
Receive us we'll cry,
For Jesus doth love us,
We cannot tell why.

7 But this we do find,
We to him are join'd,
He'll not live in glory
And leave us behind.

46. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The New Creation.

1 ATTEND, while God's exalted Son
Doth his own glories show:
"Behold I sit upon my throne,
Creating all things new.

2 Nature and sin are pass'd away,
And the old Adam dies;
My hands a new foundation lay,
See the new world arise.

3 I'll be a sun of righteousness
To the new heav'ns I make;
None but the new-born heirs of grace
My glories shall partake."

4 Mighty Redeemer! set us free
From our old state of sin;
Oh, make our souls alive to thee,
Create new pow'rs within:

5 Renew our eyes, and form our ears,
And mould our hearts afresh;
Give us new passions, joys, and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.

6 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell;
In the new world that grace has made,
We would for ever dwell.

47. 7s. COOKHAM.

Encouragement for the Weak.

1 CAST thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon his word;
Thou wilt soon have cause to bless
His eternal faithfulness.

2 Human counsels come to naught;
That shall stand which God hath wrought,
His compassion, love, and power,
Are the same for evermore.

3 Heaven and earth may pass away,
God's free grace shall not decay;
He hath promis'd to fulfil
All the pleasure of his will.

4 Jesus, Guardian of thy flock,
Be thyself our constant rock;
Make us by thy powerful hand,
Long as Zion's mountain stand.

48. L. M. H. STOWELL.

The Mercy Seat.

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the Mercy Seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet—
It is the blood-bought Mercy Seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Tho' sunder'd far—by faith they meet
Around one common Mercy Seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd—
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no Mercy Seat.

5 There! *there*, on eagle wing we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet.
And glory crowns the Mercy Seat.

49. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The High-Way to Zion.

1 SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great Deliv'rer sing;
Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 See the fair way his hand hath rais'd;
How holy, and how plain!
Nor shall the simplest trav'llers err,
Nor ask the track in vain.

3 No rav'ning lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound;
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
Thro' all the path are found.

4 A hand divine shall lead you on
Thro' all the blissful road;
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

5 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on ev'ry head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled.

50. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Asking the way to Zion.

1 ZION, the city of our God,
How glorious is the place!
The Saviour, there, has his abode,
And sinners see his face.

2 Firm against ev'ry adverse shock,
Its mighty bulwarks prove;
'Tis built upon the living rock,
And wall'd around with love.

3 There all the fruits of glory grow,
And joys that never die;
And, streams of grace and knowledge flow,
The soul to satisfy.

4 Come, set our faces Zion-ward,
The sacred road inquire;
And, let a union to the Lord
Be henceforth your desire.

5 The gospel shines to give you light,
No longer, then, delay;
The Spirit waits to guide you right,
And Jesus is the way.

6 O Lord, regard thy people's pray'r,
Thy promise now fulfil;
And, young and old by grace prepare
To dwell on Zion's hill.

51. L. M. COWPER.

Prayer.

1 PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray,
They learn to pray when first they live.

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject; if sin distress;
In every case, still watch and pray.

3 'Tis pray'r supports the soul that's weak,
Tho' thought be broken, language lame,
Pray; if thou canst, or canst not, speak:
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4 Depend on him; thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not, his promise must prevail;
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

52. 7s. ANONYMOUS.

Weeping Mary.

1 MARY to her Saviour's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn,
Spice she brought and sweet perfume;
But the Lord she lov'd was gone.

For a while she weeping stood,
Struck with sorrow and surprise,
Shedding tears a plenteous flood,
For her heart supplied her eyes.

2 Jesus, who is always near,
Though too often unperceiv'd,
Came his drooping child to cheer,
Kindly asking why she griev'd.
Though at first she knew him not,
When he call'd her by her name,
Then her griefs were all forgot,
For she found he was the same.

3 Grief and sighing quickly fled,
When she heard his welcome voice,
Just before she thought him dead,
Now he bids her heart rejoice.
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day;—
You who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

4 He who came to comfort her,
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear,
Tho' you now are tempest toss'd,
On his word your burden cast,
On his love your thoughts employ,
Weeping for a while may last,
But the morning brings the joy.

53. 8s, 8s & 6s. MRS. HEMANS.

Devout Aspirations.

1 GREAT Father of the human race,
Oh! give our souls an humble place
Within thy presence near.
When troubles rise, and billows roll,
Do thou our fainting hearts control,
Still may we hold thee dear!

2 In every path of mortal life,
When the world's cares are big with strife,
To find them soothed in thee;
No other friend on earth to find.
So condescending and so kind,
May we thy goodness see.

3 Then when the hour of death draws nigh,
And breaks asunder every tie,
Will thou, O God, attend!
Yes! in the agonies of death
Receive our last expiring breath—
Be thou our constant friend.

54. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

"I will sup with him and he with me."

1 SAVIOUR of all, to thee we bow,
And own thee faithful to thy word:
We hear thy voice, and open now
Our hearts to entertain our Lord.

2 Come in, come in, thou heav'nly guest,
Delight in what thyself hast giv'n:
On thine own gifts and graces feast,
And make the contrite heart thy heav'n.

3 Beneath thy shadow let us sit,
Call us thy friends, and love, and bride;
And bid us freely drink and eat
Thy dainties, and be satisfied.

4 The heav'nly manna faith imparts:
Faith makes thy fulness all our own;
We feed upon thee in our hearts,
And find that heav'n and thou art one.

55. 7s, 6l. ANONYMOUS.

"Called in one hope of your calling."

1 CENTRE of our hopes thou art,
End of our enlarg'd desires:
Stamp thine image on our heart
Fill us now with heav'nly fires;
Cemented by love divine,
Seal our souls for ever thine!

2 Let us altogether rise,
To thy glorious life restor'd
Here regain our paradise,
Here prepare to meet our Lord:
Here enjoy the earnest giv'n,
Travel hand and hand to heav'n!

56. 7s, 8l. ANONYMOUS.

Hope maketh not ashamed.

1 PARTNERS of a glorious hope,
Lift your hearts and voices up:
Jointly let us rise and sing,
Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King:
While we walk with him in light,
God doth still our hearts unite:
Dearest fellowship we prove,
Fellowship in Jesus' love.

2 Still, O Lord, our faith increase;
Cleanse from all unrighteousness:
Sweetly each with each combin'd,
In the bands of duty join'd,
Feel the cleansing blood applied,
Daily feel that Christ hath died;
Ev'ry vile affection kill;
Root out ev'ry seed of ill.

3 Hence may all our actions flow,
Love, the proof that Christ we know:
Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we belong to thee:
Love, thine image love, impart,
Stamp it on our face and heart;
Only love to us be giv'n;
Lord, we ask no other heav'n.

57. 7s & 6s. ANONYMOUS.

We would see Jesus.

1 "SIR, we would see Jesus!"
The blessed Prince of love,
He only can relieve us,
And all our grief remove:
O tell us as a preacher,
Where Jesus Christ doth dwell,
Describe his charming features,
His glowing beauty tell.

2 "Sir, we would see Jesus!"
The sinner's constant friend;
We know he won't deceive us,
But love us to the end.

His blessed word assures us,
His tempted flock shall stand;
His mighty arm secures us,
From all the hostile band.

3 "Sir, we would see Jesus!"
The glorious King of grace;
A sight of him would ease us,
And fill our hearts with peace;
We would behold his beauty,
And run into his arms,
And learn the christian duty
Amidst those blessed charms.

4 "Sir, we would see Jesus!"
And at his feet adore;
His ways, although all glorious,
We humbly would explore.
O tell us where to find him,
And how we may him know;
Where does the rose of Sharon,
That spotless lily grow.

5 "Sir, we would see Jesus!"
And hearken to his voice;
O this would greatly please us,
And make our hearts rejoice.
That sound is so transporting,
It ends the sinner's strife;
That sound is so inviting,
It brings the dead to life.

58. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

The worth of Truth.

1 THE worth of truth no tongue can tell,
'Twill do to buy, but not to sell;
A large estate that soul hath got,
Who buys the truth and sells it not.

2 Truth, like a diamond, shines most fair,
More rich than pearl and rubies are,
More worth than gold and silver coin,
O, may it ever in us shine.

3 'Tis truth that binds, and truth makes free,
And sets the soul at liberty
From sin and Satan's heavy chain,
And then within the heart doth reign.

4 They have a freedom then indeed,
That doth all freedom else exceed,
Freedom from guilt, freedom from wo,
And never more shall bondage know.

5 O, happy they, who in their youth
Are brought to know and love the truth;
For none but they whom truth makes free,
Can e'er enjoy true liberty.

6 Truth like a girdle let us wear,
And always keep it clean and fair;
And never let it once be told,
That truth by us was ever sold.

59. S. M. C. WESLEY.

Divine Charge.

1 A CHARGE to keep, we have;
A God to glorify;
Our never dying souls to save,
And fit them for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
Our calling to fulfil,
O may it all our pow'rs engage,
To do our Master's will.

3 Arm us with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And, thy poor servants, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help us to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assur'd, if we our trust betray,
We shall for ever die.

60. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Grace of God.

1 AMAZING grace! (how sweet the sound,)
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd!

3 Through many dangers toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promis'd good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease;
I shall possess within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

61. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Afflicted Saint.

1 AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear,
His faithful word declares to thee,
That as thy days thy strength shall be.

2 Let not thy heart despond and say,
"How shall I stand the trying day?"
He has engag'd by firm decree,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong,
And though the conflict should be long.
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee,
For as thy days, thy strength shall be.

4 When call'd to bear the weighty cross
Of sore affliction, pain or loss;
Or deep distress, or poverty,
Still as thy days, thy strength shall be.

5 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And as thy days, thy strength shall be.

62. 8s & 7s. ANONYMOUS.

Heavenly manna.

1 BRETHREN, we have met to worship
And adore the Lord our God,
Will you pray with all your power,
While we try to preach the word?

All is vain unless the spirit
Of the holy One, come down;
Brethren pray, and holy manna
Will come streaming all around.

2 Brethren, don't you see poor sinners
Slumb'ring on the brink of wo?
Death is coming, hell is moving,
Can you bear to see them go?
There are fathers, there are mothers,
And their brethren sinking down.

Brethren, there's the poor backslider
Who was once near heaven's door,
Alas! he has betray'd his Saviour,
And is worse than e'er before.
But the Saviour proffers pardon,
If he will repent and turn.

4 Sisters, will you join and help us,
Moses' sister helped him,
Will you seek the trembling mourner
That is lab'ring hard with sin?
Tell him all about the Saviour,
Tell him that he will be found.

5 Let us love our Lord supremely,
Let us love each other too;
Let us strengthen one another,
Till our Lord makes all things new;
And when we get home to heaven,
At his table we'll sit down,
Christ will gird himself and serve us,
With sweet manna all around.

63. 7s & 6s. ANONYMOUS.

The true penitent.

1 DROOPING souls no longer grieve,
Heaven is propitious;
If on Christ you do believe,
You shall feel him precious;
Jesus Christ is passing by,
Calls the mourners to him;
For all sinners he did die,
Now look up and view him.

2 From his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs the healing lotion,

See the consolating tide
Boundless as the ocean;
See the living current move,
For the sick and dying;
Now resolve to feel his love,
Or to perish crying.

3 Grace's store is always free,
Drooping souls to gladden;
Jesus says, come unto me,
Weary, heavy laden;
Though your sins like mountains high,
Rise and reach to heaven,
Soon as you on Christ rely,
All shall be forgiven.

4 Now we think we hear one say,
I will go and prove him;
If he take my guilt away,
Surely I will love him;
Yes, I see my Saviour smile,
Smiling moves my burden,
All is grace, for I am vile,
Yet he seals my pardon.

5 Streaming mercy, how it flows!
Now I know I feel it;
Half has never yet been told,
Still I want to tell it;
Jesus' blood has heal'd my wounds,
O! the wond'rous story,
I was lost, but now am found,
Glory, glory, glory.

64. P. M. ANONYMOUS.

COME, my brethren, let us try,
For a little season,
Ev'ry burden to lay by,
Come, and let us reason.
What is this that casts you down?
Who are those that grieve you?
Speak and let the worst be known,
Speaking may relieve you.

65. 5s & 6s. ANONYMOUS.

The Birth of Christ.

1 FROM the regions of love,
Lo! an angel descended,

And told the strange news,
How the babe was attended:
Go shepherds, and visit
This wonderful stranger,
With wonder and joy,
See your Christ in the manger.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Through whom we've obtained pardon,
We'll praise him again
When we pass over Jordan.

2 Glad tidings I bring
To you and each nation;
Glad tidings of joy,
Now behold your salvation;
When sudden a multitude
Raise their glad voices,
And shout the Redeemer,
While heaven rejoices.

3 Now glory to God
In the highest is given,
Now glory to God
Is re-echoed through heaven;
Around the whole earth,
Let us tell the glad story;
And sing of his love,
His salvation and glory.

4 Enraptured we rise
With delight and desire,
Such love so divine
Sets the soul all on fire;
Around the bright throne
Hosannas are ringing,
O when shall we join them
And ever be singing!

66. P. M. MOORE.

1 O, HOW charming, O how charming
Was the radiant band of music, music, music, music,
O, how charming was the radiant band
Of music playing through the air!
Angelic armies tun'd their harps,
Angelic armies tun'd their harps,

Enraptur'd spirits play'd their parts;
Angelic armies tun'd their harps;
Shout! Shout! the great Messiah's come to reign!

2 Gabriel descending, Gabriel descending,
Brought the joyful news; O joyful, joyful, joyful, joyful,
Brought the joyful news of our Redeemer's birth,
The heavenly host sang "Peace on earth,"
Good will to men they did proclaim,
Good will to men they did proclaim,
The Saviour's born in Bethlehem!
Good will to men they did proclaim,
Shout! Shout! the great Redeemer's come to reign!

3 They saw his star arising, saw his star arising, [rising,
In the eastern sky, then rising, rising, rising.
Saw his star arising in the eastern sky,
The day spring opening from on high!
The types and shadows fled away,
The types and shadows fled away;
Through brightness of the gospel day!
The types and shadows fled away,
Shout! Shout! the King of glory was born that day.

4 Shepherds ador'd him, wise men found him,
Glory be to God! O, glory, glory, glory, glory,
Wise men found him by the rising star,
And come to worship from afar;
Their golden gifts they did present,
Their golden gifts they did present,
And spices of the sweetest scent;
Their golden gifts they did present,
Shout! Shout! the King of glory God has sent!

5 Jews and Gentiles join'd in concert,
To praise their infant King, O praise him. praise him, praise him, praise him,
Jews and Gentiles prais'd their infant King,
And loud hosannas sweetly sang!
With Gabriel and the shining throng,
With Gabriel and the shining throng,
We'll praise our God "for his dear Son!"

With Gabriel and the shining throng,
Shout! Shout! the King of Glory's come to reign!

6 I am happy, I am happy,
Glory be to God! O, glory, glory, glory, glory,
I am happy, glory be to God,
My soul's on flame for the realms above!
I feel the bliss his wounds impart,
I feel the bliss his wounds impart,
I find my Saviour in my heart;
I feel the bliss his wounds impart:
Shout! Shout! the King of glory's come to reign!

67. P. M. ANONYMOUS.

1 HARK! whence that voice,
Hark! hear the joyful shouting,
See! see what splendour
Spreads its beams around us,
Turning dark midnight
Into noon-tide glory,
As it approaches.

2 With pomp majestic,
See the heavenly vision
Swiftly descending,
While attending angels
Pour acclamations,
And celestial chanting,
Wake our attention.

3 Fear not ye shepherds,
'Tis the Prince of Peace comes,
Full of compassion,
Full of love and pity,
Bringing salvation
For the lost of mankind,
For ruin'd nations.

4 Go pay your homage,
To your infant Saviour,
Laid in a manger,
See the Lord of glory,
Meanly attended,
Yet the great Redeemer,
Yon star shall guide you

5 Give God the glory,
All ye hosts celestial,
Peace dwell on earth,
And man enjoys the favour;
Rais'd from death's dungeon,
Heirs to life eternal,
Through a Mediator.

68. 11s & 10s. ANONYMOUS.

1 HAIL the blest morn, when the great Mediator,
Down from the region of glory descends,
Shepherds, go worship the Lord in the manger;
Lo! for his guards the bright angels attend.

CHORUS.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning.
Shine on our darkness, and lend us your aid;
Star in the East the horizon adorning,
Guides where the infant Redeemer was laid.

2 Lo! on his cradle, the dew-drops were shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumbers reclining,
Lord and Redeemer, and Saviour of men.

3 Say, shall we yield him, with costly devotion,
Odours of Eden, an offering divine;
Gems from the mountain and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine.

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayer's of the poor

5 Low at his feet, we in humble prostration,
Lose all our sorrow, and trouble, and strife;
There we receive his divine consolation,
Flowing afresh from the fountain of life.

6 He is our friend in the midst of temptation,
Faithful supporter, whose love cannot fail,
Rock of our refuge and hope of salvation.
Light to direct us thro' death's gloomy vale.

69. 11s. ANONYMOUS.

1 AS shepherds in Jewry were guarding their sheep,
Promisc'ously seated estranged from sleep,
An angel from heav'n presented to sight,
And thus he accosted the watchers by night:
Dismiss all your sorrows and banish your fears,
For Jesus your Saviour in Jewry appears.

2 Though Adam the first in rebellion was found,
Forbidden to tarry on hallowed ground;
Yet Adam the second appears to retrieve
The loss you sustain'd by the Devil and Eve.
Then, shepherds, be tranquil; this instant arise,
Go visit your Saviour and see where he lies.

3 A token I leave you, whereby you may find,
This heav'nly stranger, this friend to mankind;
A manger's his cradle, a stall his abode,
Thus meekly appears your Saviour and Lord.
Then, shepherds, be humble, be meek, and lie low,
For Jesus your Saviour's abundantly so.

4 This wonderful story no sooner they hear,
Than thousands of angels in glory appear;
They join in the concert, and this was the theme,
All glory to God, and good will towards men.
Then, shepherds, strike in, join your voice to the choir,
And catch a few sparks of celestial fire.

5 Hosanna! the angels in ecstasy cry,
Hosanna! the wondering shepherds reply;
Salvation, redemption are enter'd in one,
All glory to God for the birth of his Son.
Then, shepherds, adieu, we commend you to God,
Go visit the Son in his humble abode.

6 To Bethlehem's city the shepherds repair'd,
For full confirmation of what they had heard;
They enter'd the stable with aspect so mild,
And there they beheld both the mother and child.

Then make proclamation, divulge it abroad,
That both Jews and Gentiles may hear of the
Lord.

70. 10s & 11s. ANONYMOUS.

The fulness of Christ.

1 A FULNESS resides in Jesus our head,
And ever abides to answer our need;
The Father's good pleasure has laid up in store
A plentiful treasure to give to the poor.

2 Whate'er be our wants we need not to fear,
Our num'rous complaints his mercy will hear;
His fulness shall yield us abundant supplies:
His power shall shield us when dangers arise.

3 The fountain o'erflows our woes to redress,
Still more he bestows, and grace upon grace;
His gifts in abundance we daily receive;
He has a redundance for all that believe.

4 Whatever distress awaits us below,
Such plentiful grace will Jesus bestow,
As still shall support us, and silence our fear:
For nothing can hurt us while Jesus is near.

5 When troubles attend, or danger or strife,
His love will defend and guard us thro' life:
And when we are fainting, and ready to die,
Whatever is wanting his hand will supply.

71. P. M. ANONYMOUS.

Christ our all.

1 VAIN delusive world adieu,
With all your creature good;
Only Jesus we pursue,
Who bought us with his blood!
All thy pleasures we forego,
We trample on thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will we know,
And Jesus crucified!

2 Here will we set up our rest,
Each fluctuating heart,
From the haven of his breast,
Shall never more depart.

Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide;
Only Jesus will we know,
And Jesus crucified!

3 Him to know is life and peace.
And pleasure without end;
This is all our happiness,
On Jesus to depend!
Daily in his grace to grow,
And always in his love abide·
Only Jesus will we know,
And Jesus crucified!

4 O that we could all invite,
This saving truth to prove;
Show the length, the breadth, the height.
And depth of Jesus' love!
Fain we would to sinners show,
The blood by faith alone applied;
Only Jesus will we know,
And Jesus crucified!

72. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Christ all in all.

1 YE diff'rent sects, who all declare,
"Lo, here is Christ, or Christ is there!"
Your stronger proofs divinely give,
And show us where the Christians live!

2 Your claim, alas! ye cannot prove;
Ye want the genuine mark of love:
Thou only, Lord, thine own canst know
For sure thou hast a church below.

3 Scatter'd o'er all the earth they lie,
Till thou collect them with thine eye
Draw by the music of thy name,
And charm into a beauteous frame.

4 For this the pleading Spirit groans,
And cries in all thy banish'd ones:
Love, greatest of thy gifts impart,
And make us of one mind and heart.

5 Join ev'ry soul that looks to thee,
In bonds of perfect charity:
Now, Lord, thy glorious fulness give,
And all in all for ever live.

73. 11s & 8s. ANONYMOUS.

The glory of Christ.

1 O THOU in whose presence our souls take delight,
On whom in affliction we call;
Our comfort by day, and our song in the night,
Our hope, our salvation, our all.

2 Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,
To feed in the pastures of love;
Say why in the valley of death should we weep?
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 O why should we wander as aliens from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when our sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears we have shed.

4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare have you seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents our beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone?

5 This is our beloved, his form is divine,
His vestments shed odours around;
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

6 The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow
In the vales, on the banks of the streams;
On his cheek in the beauty of excellence glow,
And his eyes as the sun's radiant beams.

7 His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadow of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfum'd with his breath.

8 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

9 Love sits on his eyelids, and scatters delight
Through all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight,
And praise him with fulness of joy.

10 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;

He speaks, and eternity fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

74. 11s. ANONYMOUS.

Love to Christ.

1 O JESUS, our Saviour to thee we submit,
With love and thanksgiving fall down at thy feet;
In sacrifice offer our souls, flesh, and blood;
Thou art our redeemer, who brought us to God.

2 We love thee, we love thee, we love thee, our love,
We love thee, our Saviour, we love thee, our Dove:
We love thee, we love thee, and that thou dost know,
But how much we love thee we never can show.

3 We're happy, we're happy, O wondrous account!
Our joys are immortal, we stand on the mount;
We gaze on our treasure, and long to be there,
With Jesus and angels, our kindred so dear.

4 O who's like our Saviour? he's Salem's bright King!
He smiles and he loves us, and learns us to sing;
We'll praise him, we'll praise him, with notes loud and shrill,
While rivers of pleasure our spirits do fill.

75. 8s. NEWTON.

Longing for Christ.

1 HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer we view;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Then lose all their loveliness too!
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when we are happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses our gloom,
And makes all within us rejoice:

We should, did we always him see,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortals so happy could be,
Our summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
We're all to his pleasure resign'd;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in our mind:
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear:
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with us there

4 Dear Lord, if indeed we are thine,
If thou art our sun and our song,
Say, why do we languish and pine?
And why are our winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from our sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore:
Or take us to thee upon high,
Where winter and clouds are no more

76. 8s, 8s, 8s, 8s & 7s. ANONYMOUS.

Praise to Christ.

1 REJOICE, O earth, the Lord is King,
To him your humble tribute bring,
Let Jacob rise, and Zion sing,
And all the world with praises ring,
And give to Jesus glory.

2 O may the saints, of ev'ry name,
Unite to serve the bleeding Lamb;
May jars and discords cease to flame,
And all the Saviour's love proclaim,
And give to Jesus glory.

3 We long to see the Christians join,
In union sweet, and love divine,
And glory through the churches shine,
And Gentiles crowding to the sign,
To give to Jesus glory.

4 O may the distant lands rejoice,
And mourners hear the Bridegroom's voice,
While praise their happy tongues employs,
And all obtain immortal joys,
And give to Jesus glory.

5 Our souls grow happy while we sing,
We feel that we are on the wing,
We'll shout salvation to our King,
Till we to heav'n our trophies bring,
And give to Jesus glory.

6 Then tears shall all be wip'd away,
And Christians never go astray;
When we are freed from cumbrous clay,
We'll praise the Lord in endless day,
And give to Jesus glory.

77. 5s & 6s. ANONYMOUS.

1 YE servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad,
His wonderful name;
The name all victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still he is nigh,
His presence we have:
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation,
To Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God,
Who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud,
And honour the Son;
Our Jesus' praises
The angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore,
And give him his right;
All glory and power,
And wisdom and might;
All honour and blessing,
With angels above,
And thanks never-ceasing,
And infinite love.

78. 7s. ANONYMOUS.

Give us Jesus.

1 GRACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear,
Our requests vouchsafe to hear;
Hear our never-ceasing cry,
Give us Jesus, or we die.

2 Wealth and honour, we disdain,
Earthly pleasures, Lord, are vain;
These can never satisfy;
Give us Jesus, or we die.

3 Lord, deny us what thou wilt,
Only save our souls from guilt;
Suppliant, at thy feet we lie,
Give us Jesus, or we die.

4 Weak, unholy, and unclean,
We are much defil'd with sin,
On thy mercy we rely,
Give us Jesus, or we die.

5 Thou dost freely save the lost,
In thy grace alone we trust;
With our earnest suit comply,
Give us Jesus, or we die.

6 Thou hast promis'd to forgive
All who in thy Son believe;
Lord, we know thou canst not lie,
Give us Jesus, or we die.

79. 7s. ANONYMOUS.

"Lovest thou me?"

1 HARK, my soul,—it is the Lord!
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee!
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

2 "I deliver'd thee when bound,
And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a mother's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet I will remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done,—
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is still so faint,
Yet I love thee, and adore:
O for grace to love thee more!

80. 8s & 7s. ANONYMOUS.

The good Shepherd.

1 LET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
Come and bid our jarring cease;
Come, O come, and reign for ever,
God of love, and Prince of Peace:
Visit now thy precious Zion,
See thy people mourn and weep,
Day and night thy lambs are crying,
Come good Shepherd feed thy sheep.

2 Many follow men's inventions,
And submit to human laws;
Hence division and contentions
Sully the Redeemer's cause:
Hence we suffer persecution,
While the foolish virgins sleep:
All is uproar and confusion,
Come good Shepherd lead thy sheep.

3 Some of Paul, some of Apollos,
Some of Cephas, few agree;
Jesus let us hear thee call us,
Help us Lord to follow thee:
Then we'll rush through what incumbers
Ev'ry hind'rance overleap;
Fearing not their force or numbers,
Come good Shepherd feed thy sheep.

4 Come good Lord, with courage arm us,
Persecution we'll not fear;
Nothing Lord we know can harm us,
While our loving Shepherd's near:

Glory! glory! give him glory,
Strong is he and he will keep;
He will clear our way before us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

81. 7s. Anonymous.

1 JESUS, shepherd of the sheep,
Gracious is thine arm to keep
All thy flocks with tender care,
Fed in pasture large and fair.

2 Thee the sheep profess and own,
Thee they love, and thee alone,
Known of them, and known to thee,
They will never from thee flee.

3 Strangers they will not obey,
Thee they follow as the way:
They delight to find thee near;
They delight thy voice to hear.

4 Lead to pastures fair and green,
Where thy lovely face is seen;
Bid us to the fountain go,
Where the living waters flow.

5 Walk before us in the way,
Keep us lest we run astray;
Teach us in thy steps to tread,
Make us like our living head.

6 When thy sheep in judgment stand,
Place us there at thy right hand;
Speak the sentence of the blest,
Bid us enter endless rest.

82. L. M. 6L. D. R. Thompson.

Worthy the Lamb.

1 WORTHY the Lamb of boundless sway,
In earth and heaven the Lord of all;
Ye princes, rulers, powers obey,
And low before his footstool fall:
Let earth rejoice; the Lamb was slain,
He rose; he lives; he lives to reign.

2 Riches and all that decks the great
From worlds unnumber'd hither bring;
The tribute pour before his seat,
And hail the triumphs of our King.
Wisdom and strength are his alone,
Honour has built his lofty throne.

3 From heav'n, from earth loud bursts of praise
The mighty blessings shall proclaim,
Blessings that earth to glory raise,
Creation's voice shall hymn the fame;
Higher! still higher swell the strain,
The Lamb shall ever, ever reign.

83. 8s & 7s. ANONYMOUS.

Christ the Source of Pleasure.

1 SAVIOUR, richest source of pleasure,
Fountain whence our comfort flows,
More to be desired than treasure,
Treasure which this world bestows:
Dearest source of consolation,
Refuge to the poor distress'd,
Thou canst calm our perturbation,
Thou canst give the weary rest.

2 Bid the billows, loudly raging,
Calmly at thy voice subside;
Bid the clouds, that storms presaging,
Soon to distant quarters glide.
As the evening sun declining,
Sheds around a softer ray,
May thy milder radiance shining,
Calmly gild our closing day.

3 As the soul, released from trouble,
Views with joy its sorrows past,
Views them as an empty bubble
On the billowy ocean cast:
Oh! how sweet in retrospection,
Pains and sorrows well endured;
'Twas through suffering—sweet reflection,
Christ our brightest hopes procured.

4 Let us, then, on him reclining,
For his sake our patience prove;
Sure we oft, without repining,
Suffer much for those we love.

Soon this path, so dark and dreary,
Shall in fairer scenes expand;
Soon the traveller, faint and weary,
Shall behold the promised land.

84. 5s & 6s. ANONYMOUS.

Following Christ.

1 APPOINTED by thee
We meet in thy name,
And meekly agree
To follow the Lamb;
To trace thine exa.nple,
The world to disdain,
And constantly trample
On pleasure and pain.

2 O what shall we do
Our Saviour to love;
To make us anew,
Come, Lord, from above:
The fruit of thy passion,
Thy holiness give!
Give us the salvation
Of all that believe!

3 O Jesus, appear,
No longer delay
To sanctify here,
And bear us away:
The end of our meeting
On earth let us see;
Triumphantly sitting
In glory with thee!

85. 7s. ANONYMOUS.

The Christian Warfare.

1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear,
Foes we have, but we've a friend,
One who loves us to the end;
Forward then with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—Come home.

2 In the world a thousand snares
Lay to take us unawares;
Satan with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart;
But from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—Come home.

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so apt to turn our feet;
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes we have within;
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ will also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—Come home.

86. 8s. ANONYMOUS.

The Christian Soldier.

1 THY Soldiers, Lord, thou hast us made,
Thou art our Captain, King, and Head;
And under thee we still will fight,
The fight of faith with all our might.
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood
The ensign of our conquering Lord;
The Christian soldier's standard is,
And we will fight for King Jesus.

2 O make us, Lord, what we should be,
To boldly face the enemy;
That when alarm'd to call the Lord,
And pass the word to all the guard;
Grant us the weapons of thy word,
The Spirit's powerful two-edg'd sword,
To slay our foes where'er they be,
And own the victory won by thee.

3 Thou art our Lord, keep us we pray,
That we may run the heavenly way;
Nor from our duty e'er depart,
But live to Christ with all the heart.
Help us to walk in humbleness,
March in the way of holiness,
O make us pure and spotless too,
And fit to stand the grand review.

4 That when our General shall come,
With sound of trumpet, not of drum;
'Tis then our well dress'd ranks shall stand,
In full review at God's right hand;
And when our foes shall get the rout,
And Jesus wheels them left about;
Then we'll march up the heavenly street,
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.

5 The war is o'er, and we are free
To join the blood-wash'd company;
Our wages shall be harps of gold,
And joys of heaven which can't be told.
There we shall drink full draughts of wine.
The band of music we shall join;
And hallelujah's highest key
Shall be our theme eternally.

87. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

1 HARK! listen to the trumpeters,
They call for volunteers;
On Zion's bright and flow'ry mount,
Behold their officers:
Their garments white, their armour bright,
With courage bold they stand,
Enlisting soldiers for their King,
To march to Canaan's land.

2 It sets our hearts all in a flame,
His soldier's for to be;
We will enlist, gird on our arms,
And fight for liberty—
We want no cowards in our bands
Who will their colours fly;
We call for valiant-hearted men,
Who're not afraid to die.

3 To see his armies on parade,
How martial they appear;
All arm'd and dress'd in uniform,
They look like men of war.
They follow their great General,
The great all-conq'ring King,
His garments stain'd in his own blood,
King Jesus is his name.

4 Lift up your hearts, ye soldiers bold,
Redemption's drawing nigh;
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes both earth and sky.
In fiery chariots we shall ride,
And leave the world on fire,
And all surround the glorious throne,
And join the heavenly choir.

88. 7s & 6s. ANONYMOUS.

Enlisting Orders.

1 O DON'T you hear the alarm!
Hark! how the trumpet sounds,
It is the God of glory,
He sends his gospel round:
Come and accept the offer
Before it is too late;
For Jesus is now calling you
Into a happy state.

2 Come let us walk together,
And join both heart and hand;
For Jesus is our Captain,
'Tis he who leads the band.
The trumpets are now blowing,
For all the volunteers,
Come be a valiant soldier,
And cast away your fears.

3 O who will list for Jesus,
A soldier now to make,
And like a faithful subject,
His armour on you take:
Here's food and raiment plenty,
Enough and some to spare,
And all things else provided,
Which you shall need to wear.

4 And when the war is ended,
We'll lay our weapons by,
And soar aloft with Jesus,
To reign above the sky;
There we shall wear the laurel,
When all our foes are slain,
And take the large possession, where
Our Jesus ever reigns.

89. 7s. ANONYMOUS.

1 CHRIST is set on Zion's hill,
He receiveth sinners still!
Who will serve this blessed King!
Come enlist, and with us sing.
We his soldiers sure shall be,
Happy in eternity.

2 Zion's King our captain is,
Conquests we shall never miss;
Let the powers of hell engage,
Strive to hurt with all their rage.

3 Wicked men we do not fear,
Though they persecute us here;
True, they may our bodies kill,
But our King's on Zion's hill.

4 When this life's short space is o'er,
We shall live to die no more;
Therefore will we take the sword,
Fight for Jesus Christ our Lord.

5 Come, ye worldlings, come enlist,
'Tis the voice of Jesus Christ;
Whosoever will may come,
Jesus Christ refuseth none.

6 Be persuaded, take his pay,
All your sins he'll wash away
Now in Jesus' name believe,
Future happiness he'll give.
Yes, in heaven you'll surely be,
Praising God eternally.

90. 7s. ANONYMOUS.

Meeting of Friends.

1 WELL, dear friends, we've met again,
Met with joy in friendship's reign:
Oft has glowing hope aspir'd,
Oft have we in love retir'd,
Oft has death and sorrow reign'd.
Yet through grace we've met again.

2 Though a length of time has past,
Since in love we parted last;

Though in climes far distant wide,
In our duty we have sighed;
Yet we present oft have been,
Serving God through Christ his Son.

3 Bless the Lord, our God most high,
Who us made divinely nigh;
Nigh to him in heart and mind,
And in Christ our spirits join'd.
In this Gospel unity,
May we dwell eternally.

91. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Parting.

1 FAREWELL dear brethren in the Lord:
The gospel sounds the jubilee;
Our stammering tongues shall sound aloud,
From land to land, from sea to sea:
And as we preach from place to place,
We'll trust alone in God's free grace.

2 Farewell in bonds of union dear,
Like strings you twine about the heart;
We humbly beg your earnest prayer,
Till we shall meet no more to part;
Till we shall meet in heaven above,
Encircled in eternal love.

3 Farewell young people one and all,
While God will give us breath to breathe,
We'll pray to the eternal All,
That our dear souls in Christ may live;
That our dear souls prepar'd may be,
To dwell in bliss eternally.

4 Farewell, farewell! we look above;
Jesus our friend, to thee we call;
Our joy, our crown, our only love,
Our safeguard here, our heaven, our all
Our theme to preach, our song to sing,
Our only hope in death—Amen.

92. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

1 PILGRIMS witn pleasure let us part,
Since we are of one mind and heart;
No length of days, nor distant place,
Can ever break these bands of grace.

2 Parting with joy we'll join and sing,
The wonders of our Lord and King,
Our distant bodies may remove,
But nothing shall divide our love.

3 In vain may earth and hell combine,
To quench that love which is divine;
It will not cease with dying breath,
Nor cool when we are cold in death.

4 Now join'd in love in Jesus' name,
Let's part and fly to spread his fame;
That other souls may leave their wo,
And join with us in glory too.

5 A few more rolling days and years,
Shall bring a period to our tears;
We soon shall reach that blissful shore,
Where parting shall be known no more.

6 There shall our souls adore the hand,
That led us through this desert land;
Lose all our griefs, forget our pains,
And join in everlasting strains.

93. P. M. ANONYMOUS.

1 LET us rise and go to Zion's hill,
Where all the peace and glory dwells,
And sit and sing to God our King,
And praise his name forevermore.

We'll march to Canaan's land,
We'll land on Canaan's shore,
Where pleasures never end,
And troubles come no more;
We'll go and see what joys are there.

2 Fare you well dear friends, we must be gone
We have no home nor stay with you,
We'll take our staffs and travel on,
Till we a better world can view.

3 Travel on to blest eternity,
Where Jesus waits for us to come,
In death's dark gloom shout victory,
And rise to our eternal home.

4 Golden joys above, where Jesus dwells,
His love is full for every saint,
Fountain of life immortal flows,
Through heavenly worlds without restraint.

94. C. M. Anonymous.

1 LORD, when together here we meet,
And taste thy heavenly grace,
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loath to leave the place.

2 Yet, Father, since it is thy will
That we must part again,
O let thy precious presence still
With every one remain.

3 Thus let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love,
Till we around thy glorious throne,
Shall joyous meet above:

4 Where sin and sorrow from each heart,
Shall then for ever fly,
And not one thought, that we shall part,
Once intercept our joy.

95. 11s. Anonymous.

1 FAREWELL, my dear brethren, the time is at hand,
That we must be parted from this social band
Our sev'ral engagements do call us away,
Separation is needful, and we must obey.

2 Farewell, loving Christians, farewell for awhile, [smile;
We'll soon meet again if kind heaven should
And, while we are parted and scatter'd abroad,
We'll pray for each other, and wrestle with God!

3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be discharg'd,
The war is just ended, the treasure's enlarg'd;
With singing and shouting, tho' Jordan may roar,
We'll enter fair Canaan, and rest on the shore.

4 Farewell, ye young converts, who've listed for war,
Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near;
And though you must walk through this dark wilderness, [peace.
Your Captain's before you, he'll lead you to

5 The world, flesh, and Satan, and hell all unite,
And bold persecutors will strive to affright;
Yet Jesus stands for you, he's greater than they,
Let this animate you to march on the way.

6 Farewell, seeking mourners, with sad broken heart,
O haste to know Jesus, and choose the good part;
He's full of compassion, and mighty to save,
His arms are extended your souls to receive.

7 Farewell, careless sinners, for you do I mourn,
To think on your danger, and you unconcern'd;
I've heard of a judgment, where all must appear,
O there you'll stand trembling with tormenting fear.

8 Your frolicks and pastimes in which you delight,
Will serve to torment you in that dreadful fright,
You'll think on these sermons which you've heard in vain,
When hope's gone for ever of hearing again.

9 Farewell, faithful pilgrims, farewell all around,
Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump shall sound;
To meet you in glory I give you my hand,
The Saviour to praise in a pure social band.

96. L. M. Anonymous.

1 MY dearest friends in bonds of love,
Whose hearts in sweetest union move;
Your friendship's like a drawing band;
Yet we must take the parting hand,
Your comp'ny sweet, your union dear,
Your words delightful to mine ear,
And when I see that we must part,
You draw like cords around my heart.

2 How sweet the hours have pass'd away,
Since we have met to sing and pray;
How loath we've been to leave the place,
Where Jesus shows his smiling face.
O could I stay with friends so kind;
How would it cheer my drooping mind;

But duty makes me understand,
That we must take the parting hand.

3 Then since it is God's holy will,
We must be parted for a while,
In sweet submission all as one,
We'll say our Father's will be done.
How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears,
Your hearts with love have seem'd to flame,
Which makes me hope we'll meet again.

4 I hope you'll all remember me,
If you no more on earth I see;
An int'rest in your prayers I crave,
That we may meet beyond the grave.
O glorious day, O blessed hope!
My heart leaps forward at the thought,
When in that happy, happy land,
We'll no more take the parting hand.

97. 8s, 7s & 4s. ANONYMOUS.

1 FATHER, grant us all a blessing,
Send it down Lord from above,
Let us all go home with praising,
And rejoicing in thy love;
Farewell brethren,
Soon we all shall meet above.

2 Saviour, pardon all our folly,
Since we've in thy presence been,
Make us humble, make us holy,
Make us free from ev'ry sin;
Farewell brethren,
Soon we all shall meet again.

3 Let thy presence, Lord, go with us,
To each one's respective home,
Let the blessing of our Jesus
Rest upon us every one:
Farewell brethren,
Soon we all shall meet at home.

4 Then we'll sing and shout for ever,
Then will parting be no more;
Then, O then, we'll rest together,
On that fair and happy shore:
Farewell brethren,
Soon we'll meet, and part no more.

98. L. M. Anonymous.

1 FAREWELL, my friends, I must be gone,
I have no residence with you;
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world can view.
Farewell, farewell, farewell,
My loving friends, farewell.

2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortal's care nor bliss;
I leave you here, and travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.

3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound with cords of love;
Yet we believe his gracious word,
That soon we all shall meet above.

4 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for heav'n,
You've counted all things else but loss;
Fight on, the crown shall soon be given:
Fight on, fight on, fight on,
The crown shall soon be given.

5 Farewell, ye blooming sons of God,
Sore conflicts yet await for you;
But dauntless keep the heavenly road,
Till Canaan's happy land you view.
Farewell, &c.

6 Farewell, poor careless sinners, too,
It grieves my heart to leave you here;
Eternal vengeance waits for you,
O turn, and find salvation near.
O turn, O turn, O turn,
And find salvation near.

99. 8s & 7s. Anonymous.

1 WHITHER goest thou, pilgrim, stranger,
Wandering through this gloomy vale?
Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger,
And will not thy courage fail?
No! I'm bound for the kingdom;
Will you go to glory with me?
Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord.

2 Pilgrim thou dost justly call me,
Travelling through this lonely void;
But no ill shall e'er befall me,
While I'm blest with such a GUIDE.
Oh, I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

3 Such a Guide! no guide attends thee,
Hence for thee my fears arise;
If some guardian power defend thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes:
Oh, I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

Yes, unseen; but still believe me,
Such a guide my steps attend;
He'll in every strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end:
For I am bound for the kingdom, &c.

5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly rolling through the vale;
Should its boisterous waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail?
No! I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

6 No: that stream has nothing frightful,
To its brink my steps I'll bend;
Thence to plunge 'twill be delightful;
There my pilgrimage will end.
For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

7 While I gazed, with speed surprising,
Down the vale she plunged from sight:
Gazing still, I saw her rising,
Like an angel clothed in light!
Oh, she's gone to the kingdom,—
Will you *follow* her to glory?
Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord.

100. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Prodigal Son.

1 AFFLICTIONS, though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent;
They stopp'd the prodigal's career,
And taught him to repent.

2 His father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smil'd,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.

3 "Father, I've sinn'd—but O forgive!"
"I've heard enough," he said;
"Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourn'd as dead.

4 "Now let the fatten'd calf be slain,
And spread the news around;
My son was dead, but lives again,
Was lost, but now is found."

5 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.

101. 7s & 8s. ANONYMOUS.

The Convert's Song.

1 COME, all ye sons of Zion
Who are waiting for Salvation,
Have your lamps trimm'd and burning,
For behold the proclamation—
Saying, "all things now are ready
"For the poor, and for the needy;
"All my fatlings now are killed,
"And prepared on the table."

2 Arise, and get ready,
Hasten to the marriage supper
While the Bridegroom is calling,
And while poor sinners are falling.
See the Lord of Life descending,
And the judgment trumpet sounding
Now to gather all the nations
To the final Judgment Day.

3 O! what a happy meeting,
When Salvation is completed,
And all tribulation ended,
And the spotless robe prepared
For the bride to be adorned,
In the jasper wall be crowned,
Saying, "Worthy is the Lamb"
In the New-Jerusalem.

102. 8s & 7s. ANONYMOUS.

Perseverance.

1 GLORY to God that we have found
The pearl of our salvation!

We're marching thro' Emmanuel's ground,
Up to our heavenly station.
And we're resolved to follow on,
And never to forsake him:
But always keep the narrow way,
Till we do overtake him.

2 "Fear not," says he, "Ye little flock,
Ye're of immortal glory;
For ye are built upon the Rock,
And th' kingdom lies before you.
Fight on, fight on, ye heirs of bliss,
And tell the pleasing story,
I'm with my little flock always,
I'll bring them home to glory."

103. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Good Old Way.

1 LIFT up your heads, Emmanuel's friends,
And taste the pleasures Jesus sends;
Let nothing cause you to delay;
But hasten on the good old way.

CHORUS.

For we have sweet hope of glory in our souls;
We have sweet hope of glory in our souls;
We feel, we feel, we feel we're on our journey home.

2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,
Shall not prevent our victory;
If we but watch, and strive, and pray,
Like soldiers in the good old way.

3 Though Satan may his power employ,
Our happy moments to destroy;
Yet never fear, we'll win the day,
And shout and sing the good old way.

4 O good old way, how sweet thou art!
May none of us from thee depart;
But may our actions always say,
We're walking in the good old way.

5 And when on Pisgah's top we stand,
And view by faith the promis'd land,
Then we will shout, and sing, and pray
And march along the good old way.

104. 11s. ANONYMOUS.

The Saints' sweet Home.

1 MIDST scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to our souls is communion with saints,
To find at the banquet of mercy, there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home,
Prepare us, dear Saviour, for glory, our home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,
And their precious Jesus whose love cannot cease;
Though oft from thy presence in sadness we roam,
We long to behold thee in glory, our home.

3 We sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders our joy and communion with thee;
Though now our temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace when we're with thee at home.

4 We long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
But in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

105. 8s, 8s & 6s. ANONYMOUS.

Taking up the Cross.

1 O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love,
Which lifts our hearts to things above!
It bears on eagles' wing;
It gives our ravish'd souls a taste,
And makes us for some moments feast
With Jesus. Priest and King.

The things eternal we pursue,
A happiness beyond the view
Of those who basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen:
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
We neither have nor want.

Nothing on earth we call our own,
As strangers to the world unknown,
We all their goods despise:
We trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.

4 There is our house and portion fair,
Our treasure and our hearts are there,
And our abiding rest;
Then let the pilgrim's journey end,
And, O our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive us to thy breast.

106. 8s & 7s. ANONYMOUS.

Prayer for a Revival.

1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again:
Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high;
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Ev'ry plant should droop and die.

2 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen!
But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed;
Help can only come from thee.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in pray'r;
Let each one esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snare;

Break the tempter's fatal pow'r;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

107. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Christian's Solace.

1 THERE is a heaven o'er yonder skies,
A heaven where pleasure never dies,
A heaven I sometimes hope to see,
But fear again 'tis not for me.
But Jesus, Jesus is my friend,
O hallelujah, hallelujah,
Jesus, Jesus is my friend.

2 I travel through a world of foes,
Thro' conflicts sore my spirit goes;
The tempter cries I ne'er shall stand,
Or reach fair Canaan's happy land.

3 Come life, come death, come then what will,
His footsteps I will follow still;
Thro' dangers thick, and hell's alarms,
I shall be safe in his dear arms.

4 Then, O my soul, arise and sing,
Yonder's thy Captain and thy King,
With pleasing smiles he now looks down,
And cries "press on, and here's thy crown."

5 "Prove faithful then, a few more days,
Fight the good fight, and win the race,
And then thy soul with me shall reign,
Thy head a crown of glory gain."

108. 8s, 7s & 4s. ANONYMOUS.

Scorning the Message.

1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence—O, how tender!
Every line is full of love;
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel,
News from Zion's king proclaim,
To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,
"Free forgiveness in his name?"
How important!
Free forgiveness in his name!

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succour;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears:
And with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears:
Tender heralds—
Chase away the falling tears.

4 Who hath our report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon,
Offer'd to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it—
Offer'd to you by the Lord!

109. 12s. ANONYMOUS.

The Church in her purity.

1 THE time soon is coming by the prophets foretold,
When Zion in purity the world will behold,
For Jesus' pure testimony will gain the day,
Denomination selfishness will vanish away.

2 'Twill then be discover'd who for Jesus will be,
And who are in Babylon the saints then will see;
The line of division then, will fully be known,
Between the pure Kingdom, and defiled Babylon.

3 What beauty the church will then put on in the light,
All govern'd by Jesus Christ, who always leads right;
No spot on her countenance in that glorious day,
Unnecessary ceremonies vanish away.

4 Led on by the comforter, what sweet will be found,
What peace and what harmony, and love will abound;
Losing time, things for Jesus, will be counted all joy,
And helping each other a delightful employ.

5 The watchmen lift up their voice then, all as one;
East, west, north and southward, to and fro they will run; [cross,
In the spirit's pure testimony preach up the
And Mystery Babylon, must suffer the loss.

6 For truth cuts its way, and love will melt down its foes,
The pure word of God will conquer all who oppose; [love,
The church stand in purity, in peace, and in
In sight of her enemies she rises above.

7 Now let all who wish to see Millennium begin.
Come out and be separate, from sinners, and sin; [all sin,
For soon as the churches are redeem'd from
The time call'd Millennium will surely begin.

110. P M. ANONYMOUS.

The Royal Proclamation.

1 HEAR the Royal Proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,
Publish'd unto ev'ry creature,
To the ruin'd sons of nature.

CHORUS.

Jesus reigns, he reigns victorious,
Over heaven and earth most glorious;
Jesus reigns.

2 See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds boldly crying,
"Rebel sinners! royal favour
Now is offer'd by the Saviour."

3 Turn unto the Lord most holy,
Shun the paths of vice and folly,
Turn, O! turn, unto the Saviour,
Turn, or you are lost for ever.

4 Here is wine, and milk and honey,
Come and purchase without money;
Mercy like a flowing fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain.

5 Shout! ye tongues of ev'ry nation,
Christ has died for your salvation!
Shout with joyful acclamation,
To the prince of your salvation.

111. C. M. Anonymous.

The Song of Simeon.

1 LORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here;
O make our joys the same!

2 With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was fill'd,
When fondly in his wither'd arms
He clasp'd the holy child.

3 "Now I can leave the world," he cried;
"Behold thy servant dies;
"I've seen thy great Salvation, Lord,
"And close my peaceful eyes."

4 This is the light prepar'd to shine
Upon the Gentile lands;
Thine Israel's glory and their hope
To break their slavish bands.

5 Jesus, the vision of thy face
Hath overpow'ring charms!
Scarce shall we feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in our arms.

112. P. M. Moore.

Nothing true but Heaven.

1 THIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given,
The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow;
There's nothing true but heaven!

2 And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb;
There's nothing bright but heaven!

3 Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven;
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way;
There's nothing calm but heaven!

113. P. M. ANONYMOUS.

Heaven on Earth.

1 THIS world's not "all a fleeting show,
For man's *illusion* given;"
He that hath soothed a widow's wo,
Or wiped an orphan's tear, doth know
There's something here of heaven.

And he that walks life's thorny way,
With feelings calm and even;
Whose path is lit from day to day
By virtue's bright and steady ray;
Hath something felt of heaven.

3 He, that the Christian's course has run,
And all his foes forgiven;
Who measures out life's little span,
In love to God, and love to man,
On earth has tasted heaven.

114. 7s. ANONYMOUS.

Charity.

1 CHARITY, in all her ways,
Is the subject of these lays;
Let the Saints their voices raise,
In one gen'ral burst of praise.

CHORUS.

Give, O Lord, thine aid benign;
Give the sweetly flowing line;
Give the language to define
Charity, or Love Divine.

2 When the Lord his mercy shows;
When Religion brightly glows;
When the Soul with Love o'erflows;
CHARITY those gifts bestows.

3 CHARITY doth nothing ill;
Injur'd much, she beareth still;
Boasteth not her strength or skill;
But performs her Master's will.

4 Faith and Hope, the Scriptures say,
More than prophecies shall sway;
But should all these pass away,
CHARITY shall ne'er decay.

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THE END